ANOTHER GARDENER'S BED-BOOK

RICHARDSON WRIGHT

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ANOTHER
GARDENER'S BED-BOOK

Books by

RICHARDSON WRIGHT

ANOTHER
GARDENER'S BED-BOOK

THE GARDENER'S BED-BOOK

THE BED-BOOK OF TRAVEL

THE PRACTICAL BOOK OF OUTDOOR FLOWERS
The Standard Book for the Gardener

TRULY RURAL

A SMALL HOUSE AND LARGE GARDEN

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Strolling Peddlers, Preachers, Lawyers, Doctors, Players, and Others, from the Beginning to the Civil War

FORGOTTEN LADIES
Nine Portraits from the American Family Album

ANOTHER GARDENER'S BED-BOOK

A SECOND CROP OF SHORT AND LONG PIECES FOR THOSE WHO GARDEN BY DAY AND READ BY NIGHT

BY
RICHARDSON WRIGHT

PHILADELPHIA AND LONDON
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

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MADE IN THE
UNITED STATES OF
AMERICA

FIRST EDITION

REMEMBERING BLESSED ANNE, AND
FRECKLES AND RED HAIR AND KIDNEY
STEW AND CINNAMON BUN AND
"THE KING OF LOVE MY SHEPHERD IS"

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THE MONTH OF JANUARY

1. SECOND BLOOMING. Four years ago I ventured to leave on the doorstep of the unsuspecting garden public a chubby volume called, "The Gardener's Bed-Book." It was taken in, much to my surprise, and adopted as a sort of step-child by those who enjoy alternating their legitimate garden labors with the humors and oddities of a foundling mind.

This good fortune having attended the first volume, like the Delphinium I was then seized with the ambition to make a second blooming. After I shall have set down three hundred and sixty-five items, that ambition will be attained. The total will then be, in these two books, seven hundred and thirty bits and pieces. A staggering number, I confess, and justified only by the fact that they were produced through many phases of garden experience.

After the first excitement of a beginner's gardening, comes a lull. Many never pass that point. Dabblers and congenital amateurs, they are satisfied with their first experience. The work is too heavy. One blooming is enough for them.

Let the embers of that interest flame again, and the gardener is thereafter warmed by a burning enthusiasm that leaps forth with renewed energy as each new Spring breaks on the land. This second phase is characterized by a sophisticated wonder, by a persistent curiosity that leads from plant family to plant family. Whereas in the beginning

phase one Primrose was sufficient, in this second blooming all the Primroses of Asia are not enough to satisfy. We blush to own that a mere handful of Climbing Roses marks the ultimate reach of our ambition. The hunger is on us and we travel through group after group of plants and styles of growing them. Always working. Always learning. Always a little vexed with ourselves for being so greedy and making ourselves so much work. Always proud of the badge of our progress—hands russet with the soil ground in them.

When the gardener has gone through these two steps, he may reach a third and last phase—in which he becomes a sublime fool. Having learned much, he attains a new innocence. The Primrose by the river bank is more than a Primrose to him. The roots of the Poppy go far below the surface of his world and the spires of the Larkspur reach beyond the clouds.

For the amusement of both the first bloomers and the second, most of the unrelated items that follow on these pages are written. And if occasionally they stray into the upper ether of the sublime fools, they only indicate the hope that much gardening—perhaps the better part of it—still lies ahead of me.

Industrious and long-headed gardeners who have an impenetrable clayey soil now sift the furnace coal ashes onto it.

2. THE GREEN THUMB. There are some people—often very humble people—who seem gifted above others in their capacity for making plants

thrive. In the past century Max Leichtlin of Baden-Baden bore this reputation: when all the experts failed with them, the seeds and plants were sent to him, and invariably he made them grow. This gift has its own quaint name: you say of a man who can do this, that he has "the green thumb."

When your Christmas Poinsettia begins to drop its leaves, it is merely yawning before bed. Put it away in a cool place, water occasionally, and let it sleep!

3. PYRETHRUMS. Our attachment to a few plants of commonplace Pyrethrum sent me exploring through catalogs. If an ordinary Pyrethrum could give us such pleasure, what would the extraordinary hybrids do? Except in one case the American catalogs showed a pitifully meagre offering, whereas the first English list that I picked up listed thirteen double named varieties and sixteen singles. As in many other horticultural affairs, Britain led and we trailed miles behind. Or maybe they name more plants than we do.

Here is a "brave flower" as Parkinson would say, that gets forgotten and yet it is well deserving of revived interest. Planted in shoals of ten to a dozen, it makes a valiant display for six weeks in the late May and June border along with Iris, Lupines and Peonies. It asks sun and good drainage, a fairly rich loam of well-rotted compost—and to be let alone. A top-dressing of manure in the spring will be gratefully received. Either spring or fall does for a planting season. Old plants are easily increased by division, and they should be

divided after the first bloom in June. When raised from seed the proportion of plants bearing double flowers is problematical, so you had better start your collection by buying plants of named varieties from a nurseryman. But how tantalizing it is to read of these English hybrids—pink with golden centers, white with lavender, red shaded orange and sulphur yellow! Reginald Farrar even lists five alpine types for the rock garden.

Think up some bright idea for your garden club. By this time the president is usually grateful for suggestions.

4. A NEW WATER LILY. Recently there's been heard a wailing from owners of splendid and interesting gardens that are over-run with uninvited visitors, so over-run that garden privacy has become impossible. I have been caught both in "shorts" and without them. Most of my manly anatomy is known to at least three charming garden ladies who once descended on me unheralded. When we meet at flower shows the cordiality of our greeting is still tinctured with a slight degree of embarrassment. But then, I am more fortunate than my friend, the eminent horticulturist, who was mistaken for a Water Lily.

There was a new gardener on the place and he had been given orders to move the boxes of Lily roots in the pool. The owner happened by, and, somehow, he couldn't make his man understand where he wanted them placed. So he stripped to the buff and waded in. Scarcely had he reached

the middle of the pool when, from out of nowhere, appeared two carloads of garden club ladies. The owner did his best to stay under, but lack of breath finally forced him to the surface. Despite frantic signals from the gardener, the pilgrims lingered by the pond side. It is even reported that one near-sighted enthusiast, peering in the direction of the owner, exclaimed, "Well, I never saw that variety before!"

By sowing seed of Columbines this month in the greenhouse, you will have good-sized plants to set out in May.

5. CRACK PLANTS FOR CRAWLING GARDENS. The English, who are not invariably 100% felicitous in making popular phrases, refer to paved walks and terraces planted with creeping flowers as Crawling Gardens. All you need in the way of equipment for them is a lot of cracks, a sufficient diversity of plants, common-sense and an old kitchen knife.

The common-sense is required to see that none of the plants chosen are too high and that they are so placed that they don't interfere with walking. The knife you use on weeds. The diversity of crawlers is as follows:—

Achillea clavennae and *A. rupestris*
Ajuga reptans, Carpet Bugle, for a shady path
Alyssum serpyllifolium, with pale yellow flowers and gray foliage
Arabis alpina in single and double forms and *A. alpina rosea*
Arenaria or Sandworts—*A. verna caespitosa, A.*

montana and, for Southern gardens, the Corsican Sandwort, *A. balearica*

Armeria—the Thrifts—especially *A. maritima*

Asperula odorata, Sweet Woodruff

Aubrietia in variety

Campanula garganica, C. portenschlagiana—the Dalmatian Bellflower—*C. pusilla* and *C. muralis*

Dianthus alpinus, D. graniticus which needs lime, *D. neglectus*—the Glacier Pink and *D. deltoides*, the Maiden Pink

Draba or Whitlowgrass

Erinus alpinus and *E. roseum* for damp walks

Eschscholtzia caespitosa—a wee California Poppy

Gypsophila repens, G. repens rosea and *G. cerastoides*, which is commonly called the Mouse-Ear Gypsophila

Houstonia coerulea—Bluets—where the path is damp

Hypericum—St. Johnswort—*H. coris*, with blue foliage and golden flowers

Linarias—the Toadflaxes—*L. alpina, L. Rosea* and *L. hepaticaefolia*

Lychnis alpina—Arctic Campion—with pink flowers

Mazus pumilio and *M. reptans*, both shade lovers

Mints—Mentha requieni—which loves shade and moisture and *Calamintha alpina*

Papaver alpinum, Alpine Poppy—in white, rose, yellow and orange

Phlox subulata in variety and *P. amoena*, the pink trailer

Saponaria ocymoides or Rock Soapwort

Saxifrages—*Saxifraga decipiens* which loves semi-shade and *S. bathoniensis*

Silene schafta—Autumn Catchfly, for a fall bloomer, in rosy purple

Stonecrops—*Sedum acre, S. obtusatum, S. stoloni-*

ferum, S. sexangulare and for its gray-pink foliage and pink flowers, *S. Sieboldi*

Thymes—which thrive under the crushing foot—*T. serpyllum, T. S. coccineus* and *T. S. lanuginosa*

Tunica saxifraga—an old and faithful rose or white bloomer

Veronicas or Speedwells—*V. repens* and *V. rupestris*

Violas in Variety

As exotic plants will now be rousing from sleep, make preparations for re-potting them.

6. LONDON PRIDE. "But why all these jaw-creaking botanical names?" People who are just beginning to garden always ask that question. They see no reason why the "good, old-fashioned names" won't do. And, of course, the reason is that the "good, old-fashioned names" are not always applied to the same flower. An example would be the name "London Pride." In three counties of England this name is attached to *Dianthus barbatus* or Sweet William. However, a garden writer in 1703 speaks of Sweet William and London Pride as two different flowers. Thomas Tusser calls *Dianthus barbatus*, "Sweet John." Parkinson and the native of three shires refer to it as "London Tuft." In still other parts of England the name "London Pride" is applied to *Saxifraga umbrosa*, and so it was used as early as 1697. In Gloucestershire investigators found the name "London Pride" being applied to *Lychnis chalcedonica*, which in other parts of England

and America is called "Jerusaleum Cross," "Knight Cross," "None-such," and "Maltese Cross." Imagine, then, the confusion if we were to use the "good, old-fashioned names!"

Try propagating evergreens from tip cutting. They will require heat beneath, shade above and a constantly moist soil.

7. FLOWER ROOMS. Among the pleasant amenities now being added to country houses is the flower room. Here are kept vases for all types of bouquets, boxes in which to send off flowers to friends, and the tools necessary for the care of house plants. There should also be a sink with faucets high enough to fill the tallest vase, to the everlasting comfort of man and flower alike.

These rooms are given distinctive decoration. If anyone lacks an idea for a flower room, she might adopt the scheme of Amenhotep IV, an Egyptian king, and a great lover of flowers, who decorated his bedroom to represent a garden—the floor finished in the simulation of a Lily pond, from which sprang the pillars of the chamber, like flower stalks.

Inspect your trees and shrubs for scale. Take immediate measures against it with oil emulsion or some other dormant spray. You might first scrub off the scale.

8. TOWELS FOR THE OBESE. In many ways do we portly men lose out on the luxuries of this world, and not the least of our deprivations is in

the matter of towels. Towels, it seems, are made only for the slim and flat-fronted. Let the portly man rise from his bath, gird a towel about him, and a good quarter of his nether anatomy is left exposed to the four winds of heaven. Has it never occurred to towel manufacturers to make their towels longer? Give us huskies another foot and we'll be girded handsomely. Lacking it we can only shiver and quote Browning—

> Oh, the little more, and how much it is!
> And the little less, and what worlds away!

I would also like to raise my plaintive voice against the inherent weakness in the structure of many towels. Those of us who enjoy robust and brisk rubbing are obliged to temper our matutinal energy lest the towel come apart in our hands. Three good tugs across the small of a broad back, and the air is torn with a ripping. And shortly thereafter we are called to account for ruining the towels. Now a man can stand meekly the justified upbraiding of his wife on many things, but when he is so virtuous as to bathe without being told and then have the towels come apart in his hands then, sirs, he has reached the limit of human endurance.

A planting plan of the vegetable garden should be made now. Before ordering seed, calculate the family's requirements and consult their tastes.

9. BULL MARKET IN STONES. The skeleton of any real Japanese garden is composed of stones.

Each of these has a name and an attribute, sometimes poetical, sometimes moral. Some of the stones are feminine and passive, others masculine and active. On large places no less than 138 of them are used and the minimum for the smallest garden is five. As the Japanese deeply appreciate the beauty and associations of all kinds of rocks, they travel long distances to find them, take no end of pains to transport them safely back to their gardens and often pay huge sums for very choice specimens. At one time in the past century the craze for beautiful rocks reached such extravagant heights and people were paying such prodigious sums for them that, in 1830, an imperial edict limited what one might pay for a stone.

Even in these gardenless days of January you might order a load or two of manure and spread it over the vegetable patch.

10. GEOLOGICAL AFFAIR. In some parts of the country ardent rock gardeners are hard pressed for stones. Some actually exchange coin of the realm for them. Some beg, some borrow, some steal them. And there was the otherwise decorous matron of the mid-western city who even trotted out her best blandishments for them.

She lives in a round stone country—and who can make a rock garden with nigger heads? She wanted ledge rock or its nearest equivalent, and that nearest equivalent was being trod daily by her fellow citizens. She, having set her heart on that stretch of slate pavement, went about with grim

determination to obtain it. First she met the city father who had it in his keeping and began working on his susceptibilities. The slate was old. It was worn. It had dangerous cracks. How could he tolerate such a blot on their fair city? And in due time the stretch of pavement was condemned and hoisted from its bed and hauled miles into the country and a nice, even, blisteringly white cement sidewalk lies where once was soft gray slate. Still as a foil to Rock Cress and Primroses and Saxifrages and the hundred-and-one other alpine beauties, she might have done worse than select a worn slate pavement to lay up in shelving terraces.

The price of freedom from red spider in the greenhouse is constant vigilance and a strong spray of water.

11. GLASS HEDGES. The Germans, who are immensely clever in devising such ideas, are using large sheets of opaque glass between sections of their gardens instead of green hedges. They are held in iron frames fastened to posts. Thus no part of the garden is robbed of sunlight and yet destructive winds are successfully repelled.

Loose bark on trees harbors pests. Scrub it off with a stiff wire brush.

12. BEAUTIFUL LEAVED PLANTS. One night this winter I happened to pull down a forgotten old volume called "Beautiful Leaved Plants," published in London in the middle of the last century, and instantly I was torn between two con-

flicting emotions—the intriguing colors of these leaves and the bumptious gentleman who wrote the book. The leperous spotting of *Pavetta borbonica,* the golden veins of *Anoectochilus xanthophyllus* (what a name for an innocent greenhouse plant!) the beefsteaky ribs of *Caladium chantinii,* the white pencilings of *Maranta Vittata* and the red and green splashes of *Pteris Tricolor*—plants I shall never grow were I to live a thousand years—were naught compared with the learned appendages of the author. First, E. J. Lowe, assures the world that he is an Esquire, which gives him a social rating of sorts, then adds: F.R.A.S., F.L.S., F.Z.S., M.B.M.S. and finally presses down the good measure with three lines in small type naming all the other learned societies to which he pays dues and the books he has written. Little wonder that a man who staggered under such a weight of learning had to be, as he states, "Assisted by W. Howard, F.H.S."

This set me thinking. Imagine how we could spin out our titles with the initials of the American Rose Society, the American Iris Society, the Dahlia, the Peony, the Alpine, the Gladiolus, the Delphinium, Sweet Pea, Chrysanthemum, Orchid, the Squeedunk Garden Club and all the other floral organizations to which we gardeners grimly pay annual dues. We could soon make Mr. Lowe look very low indeed.

Buy those much-needed tools now. You will be able to pay for them before the avalanche of April and May bills.

13. ALTHEAS ALOFT. Although we are not given much (for pecuniary reasons) to such garden luxuries as standard Roses, standard Fuchsias, Lantanas and Heliotrope with which to accent the borders, we have indulged the vegetable garden to an alley of standard Roses of Sharon. They are ranged immediately behind the Iris that borders the paths and between them can be caught glimpses of trim Onion, Carrot and Beet rows.

In balanced pairs these Altheas hold aloft their flowery heads through August—the single red of Rubis, the double white of Jeanne d'Arc, the single blue of Coelestris, the single white of Totus Albus, the double pink of Duchess de Brabant and Anemone florus, that lifts up to the sun its double white flower cups delicately tinted at the centers.

Do not despair if these tree Altheas fail to leaf out the first week of spring—they are notoriously heavy sleepers. The first year after we set ours out in the vegetable garden some did not show a sign of leaf until July.

In your garden notebook make a list of those people you met at parties this winter and to whom you glibly promised to send plants in the spring.

14. THE PLANT'S THE THING. Many fond and hopeful exhibitors at flower shows labor under the impression that when an award is made by the judges, the honor goes to the exhibitor alone. In most classes it is the plant that receives the award, not the man or woman who grows it. Would that this might be understood by those

who submit "artistic displays." The lives of the judges would be happier and, perhaps, safer.

Tomorrow bring in a pan or two of Tulips or other bulbous flowers that have been making root growth under their blanket of ashes. Give them a cool temperature.

15. CAST IN A MOLD. As sugar attracts flies so does a seed catalog in a strange place lure gardeners. This I learned when, one sunny morning, on a deck of an Italy-bound steamer, I started reading a catalog. It was M. Henri Correvon's, and I was checking off the seeds I would order when I went to visit that grand old alpinist at Floraire. One by one gardeners stopped, apologized for intruding and then waxed enthusiastic. They, too, would eventually be going to Switzerland. Could I suggest seeds for them to order? In sheer defense I borrowed a typewriter from the purser and typed out several copies of a beginner's list.

That winter M. Correvon wrote me his impression of Americans. It was diplomatic and flattering, with this exception—he had always held that we lacked individuality, were cast in a mold and followed our leaders like silly sheep. Now he had proof of it. Someone in the States must have been lecturing and telling audiences what alpine seed to buy if they were to start a rock garden. That summer no less than fourteen different and unrelated gardening American ladies had come to Floraire and ordered precisely the same seeds. I did not explain to him, yet there were exactly four-

teen copies of the list I pounded out with my fat thumb and two index fingers that morning on the Conte Rossé's typewriter.

Since Spring is the ideal time for planting it, now is the time to plan that garden of small fruits—Blackberries, Raspberries, Currants and such.

16. THE ANCIENT BEE HIVE. From the earliest times the garden had its bee hives and the keeping of bees was accounted a necessary part of the gardener's work. In those days honey was the only means of sweetening food and drink. The art of boiling cane juice down to sugar was first introduced into China from Bengal in the early seventh century, but not until the thirteenth did Europe learn from Egypt the technique of refining sugar by the use of ashes. All through the Middle Ages the best sugar came from Egypt.

You can't be too forehanded about potting soil. See that you have plenty and that it is well mixed. The time for seed-sowing will be on you before you know it.

17. MIFFY LUPINS. Having seen how perennial Lupins thrive in English gardens and in some gardens here, we strove to emulate them, only to meet with failure. One group of advisers said to give them lime and another said to avoid lime. The latest report on Lupin culture is that they are a mean soil plant but will flourish like the proverbial Bay Tree under feeding at the right time. Raise the

seedlings in mean soil with no lime, says this authority; before they flower feed them nitrate of soda and manure water—and they will flower abundantly. There's just one catch in this, however: this forced feeding may cause them to flower themselves to death. . . . The real trick, I have since learned, is to inoculate the seed and to plant Lupins only in a well-drained spot where the soil is loosened with plenty of leafmold without being acid.

If you are teetering on the brink of garden expenditure you may find consolation in the fact that the famous gardens of Kalmiar at Delhi cost the equivalent of $5,000,000 to build.

18. FLOWERS FOR CITIES. The habit of adopting and growing one flower, tree or shrub is becoming a commonplace of civic endeavor. Portland and its Roses, Rochester and its Lilacs, Charleston and its Azaleas, Atlanta and its Peach Blossoms, Omaha and its Hollyhocks, are all examples of horticultural lure that cities have adopted. And now a wag has suggested that Reno adopt Love-Lies-Bleeding!

This month twigs of Pussywillow, Firebush and Forsythia can be brought indoors for forcing into bloom.

19. SUNDAY THOUGHT. I never knew what it was acutely to feel the presence of God until I ceased depending on ecclesiastical formulas and expecting

to encounter It only between church walls and in a crouching posture. Yet It did come, and so unheralded. No rush of angels' wings. No abrupt exaltation. There was

A sunset touch,
A fancy from a flower-bell, someone's death,
A chorus-ending from Euripides

and gradually It began trickling through. It seeped in slowly, as the tide creeps up a beach and laps round, to engulf it, an old tree trunk lying there. And though the tide recede, yet some of the salt tang always remains. Neither you nor I nor the old trunk are ever quite the same once It has saturated us.

Tomorrow may be the ideal windless day for you to venture forth with your gasoline torch and make a holocaust of those caterpillar nests.

20. SOIL SOLUTIONS. I am not convinced that peat moss and its various fertilizing combinations are the ultimate solution of all our soil problems, although tons of it have been used here and will be used. As a Rose bed mulch, it sheds water like a tin roof, nor have I found it completely satisfactory as a mulch on acid-loving plants. In fact, I wouldn't use it for a mulch at all. I prefer to consider it a carrying medium. Incorporated with ordinary soil, it requires several years to disintegrate thoroughly. Consequently, we have come to fall back on good old manure and compost heaps. We contribute a bale of peat moss to each compost

heap in the autumn, scattering lime through the heap to enliven the soil germs. Thus thoroughly mingled with liver rotting plant refuse, peat moss contributes its share to the ideal soil.

Should you be inclined to carpentry, now is an excellent season to repair trellises and garden furniture and to make others.

21. SEEDS. Perhaps, like most observant gardeners, you have always believed that Nature was an abundant and generous propagator, but did you ever realize how generous or how abundant she is? Contemplate, then, these figures: that a plant of Plantain may produce 14,000 seeds in the course of one season; the Shepherd's Purse, 64,000; Tobacco, 360,000; one capsule of the Maxillaria Orchid contains 2,000,000 seeds and the common Shield Fern produces 50,000,000 spores each year. The average Foxglove spike, it has been estimated, produces 100,000 seeds!

As sharp knives indicate a good cook, so do sharp tools indicate a provident gardener. Look over all of them tomorrow.

22. PETUNIA CONTEMPT. A weakness, found generally among advanced gardeners, is to scorn any flower easy of cultivation. The higher alpinists look down their noses at the lower alpinists who take delight in Creeping Phlox and Arabis. Rosarians of the 33° are not apt to have much sympathy with humble people who attain their horticultural ideals in Zinnias, Marigolds and

Nasturtiums. I have encountered Water Lily specialists who looked positively blank when you mentioned Delphiniums. And the exalted, esoteric air of the Lily-expert is proverbial. Toward all of these I apply St. Paul's precept and suffer them gladly. But the man I can't understand is the fellow who comes into my garden, gives one glance at the lovely ribbon fringing the Long Border, and remarks, "I don't see why you bother with Petunias."

One of these days I shall go to the stake—and gladly—to prove my belief that no other annual gives so much continuous beauty for so little work as Petunias.

For maximum bloom, Roses and Carnations in the greenhouse should be disbudded when the buds are small.

23. GARDEN-BOOK SALES. We account ourselves great gardeners today, and yet in this country we cannot support, without generous donations or club memberships, a financially successful popular garden magazine. Nor do our garden-books ever make a ripple in the vast ocean of books, though they be poured into it by the score.

These dark thoughts possess me as I begin this volume. And I sigh for the days when garden authors were held men of account and their works were snapped up by hungry readers. When Senor Monardes, the good Seville physician, took it into his head to write (the year was 1569) his "Joyful newes out of the newe founde world" with its descriptions of American plants, it was forthwith

translated into Latin by the great French botanist, Charles De L'Ecluse, then into Italian, Flemish, French and English. John Frampton's English translation, made in 1577, ran to four editions. Of the earlier printings of Pierandrea Mattioli's "Commentarii," 32,000 copies were sold, enough to put any novelist in the front rank today. Between 1652 and 1698 Culpepper's "English Physician" went through five editions, was reprinted constantly thereafter, a new edition appearing only a few years ago—a book life of more than two centuries! The "De Proprietatibus Rerum" by Bartholomew Anglicus, one of the great mediaeval works, was first published in 1269. In 1372 it was translated into French, in 1398 into English, later into Spanish and Dutch. In the thirty years from 1470 to 1500 it sold fourteen editions.

Consider these successes, and you understand why publishers and writers of garden-books today are men and women of such sad countenances.

If you want Hydrangeas to bloom by Easter, start growing them along now. They need no more than 50°.

24. CHOPS IN PANTALETTES. It is still customary in some restaurants and in homes when a crown roast is served to clothe the unfleshed shank of the chop bone in frilled paper pantalettes. Legs of ham and mutton were once thus enveloped above the knuckle. A French custom, this, descended from the time when to carve a roast, it was held by the leg. Today no one dreams of carving at table, and thereby a splendid domestic art has fallen into

desuetude and paper pantalettes become a childish anachronism.

I hate to see these old customs die. What an unthinkable epicurean loss it would be, for instance, if Corn on the cob, like the pantaletted crown roast, were banished from the table.

The ten annuals on which beginning gardeners can best cut their infant teeth are: Calendulas, Cornflowers, Cosmos, Drummond's Phlox, Marigolds, Nasturtiums, Pansies, Poppies, Sunflowers and Zinnias.

25. NO GREATER FLATTERY. Always try to grow in your garden some plant or plants out of the ordinary, something your neighbors never attempted. For you can receive no greater flattery than to have a gardener of equal intelligence stand before one of your plants and ask, "What is that?"

Tomorrow look over the glass in your forcing boxes. One of the mysteries of life is how so much of this manages to get broken.

26. EUONYMOUS DEFEAT. Successive drenchings with lime sulphur and vigorous scrubbings with a stiff brush haven't deterred the oyster shell scale on the Euonymous. These old plants have leaned against the Top Garden wall for ten years now. The younger plants seem to have resisted the inroads of the pest, but old age has weakened the other's resistance. While I dislike parting with such faithful friends—for they have kept their

green through many a dark winter day—I now hew them down. One must be philosophical about such destruction.

The ten herbaceous perennials for beginning gardeners are: Chrysanthemums, Coreopsis, Columbines, Hardy Candytuft, Oriental Poppies, Pinks, Peonies, Phlox, Shasta Daisy—or any of the Daisy tribe, Tall Bearded Iris.

27. MR. MICHAUX' NURSERY. In a New York newspaper for April 14, 1786, the following advertisement appeared: "Mr. Michaux, Botanist to His Most Christian Majesty, having purchased a lot of ground at Wehocken, near the Three Pidgeons, is erecting a garden there, which for magnificence, et cetera, will exceed anything of the kind in America. In it he will introduce many exotic and domestic botanical curiosities."

The "Most Christian Majesty" was the King of France and Wehocken was Weehawken, but where, we wonder, was the Three Pidgeons. Imagine stopping to and from Mr. Michaux' nursery to slake one's thirst at a tavern with such a quaint name!

Top dress the soil of your house plants with a sprinkling of sheep manure or one of the other dependable house plant foods.

28. PERSONALITIES IN PROGRAMS. While, to be of genuine service to its members, the garden club program should be kept practical, it can be light-

ened now and then with personalities. Say one personality each month. Here are four—Jean de la Quintinye, 1626-1700, the greatest fruit and kitchen gardener who ever lived; William Robinson, the grand old man of English gardening, who led us out of the slough of carpet bedding to the delights of the mixed herbaceous border; Bertrand Farr, the merchant in musical instruments, who became so captivated by flowers that he abandoned his business, established a nursery, and during his later career hybridized some outstanding Irises; Kaempfer, the German physician who gave the world its first glimpse of Japanese plants.

Take up one personality at each meeting, and the members will more easily survive the necessary but often dreary papers on plant diseases.

Although you may enjoy dawdling over catalogs, it is wiser to select the best seedsman, send in your order—and go on to something else.

29. A MELON RESOLUTION. Recently for the fourth time I have been reading a favorite garden-book that contains a notion which I have solemnly promised—and failed—to carry out three years running. It is to the effect that the Saracens in Spain used to soak their Melon seeds in honey to make the fruit sweeter. This year we shall not fail in that resolve to try the Saracenic experiment. Or perhaps some wise agriculturist has already done it —hence the Honey Dew! The Romans gave their Melon seeds a honey bath before planting. In his "Gardener's Labyrinth," Thomas Hyll suggests

soaking seeds in scented water and drying them in the sun before planting. "The fruites," he assures us, "will yielde the same savour as the licour in which the seedes were soked." Credulous fellows, those 16th century gardeners!

Examine the bird feeding trays tomorrow morning.

30. GIFTS AND GIVERS. There are many problems that the popular writers of etiquette codes completely ignore. I'm not much worried over which fork to use or how to answer a wedding invitation or when to wear a tail coat, but I am perplexed when some generous-hearted soul takes the trouble to dig up one of her favorite plants and lug it all the way to our garden as a present, the said plant being either a counterpart of a kind we have in abundance or a damned weed we have fought for years. Perhaps it might be set down, as one of the counsels of your garden perfection, to ask before you give. In gardening, the giver without the gift is often a Heaven-sent blessing.

This week is the time to sow seed of Torenia, Begonia semperflorens, *Abutilons,* Vinca rosea *and Heliotrope in the greenhouse.*

31. GARDEN GATE QUOTATIONS. How many people in these confusing times are turning to the garden as a sanctuary, a safe retreat from the bothers of the world! We could well carve over the garden gate those lines from Pope's "Ode to Solitude"—

Happy the man, whose wish and care
A few parental acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground. . . .

Or you might choose this one from Chaucer:—

Through me men go unto the blissful place
Of the heart's heal and deadly wounds' cure,
Through me men go unto the Well of Grace
Where green and lusty May doth ever endure;
This is the way to all good adventure;
Be glad, thou Reader, and thy sorrow offcast,
All open am I, pass in, and speed thee fast.

Collecting catalogs from the four corners of the world is a fascinating January indoor sport. Often the most obscure holds forgotten treasures.

LONG PIECE

A PROCESSION OF WOMEN

MOST of us look vaguely on the past of our country as a series of political and military marches and counter-marches. Here and there a figure is thrown into relief, but the ordinary person fades into the dim rabble. It would be interesting—and I suggest it as a winter's pastime—to idle through tales of the past as if watching the march of a great army of all kinds of men and women. Sit in the audience, as it were, and suddenly cry, "Stop!" The man or woman nearest the center of the stage halts, steps to the footlights and tells her story. Let's try it. . . .

From their accent, we gather that the men and women now passing are Yankees. Their gait is alert and independent. They are raw-boned, erect and each carries some ware. . . . "Stop!"

Before the footlights comes a little woman. Hannah David is her name, from East Jaffrey, New Hampshire. On her arm is slung a bandbox. Hannah's story is this: to make ends meet in her day—and her day was toward the beginning of the last century—she took to fashioning bandboxes. They were built of pliant strips of wood, usually oval, and lined with old newspapers. These were made in winter. When Spring came she started on the road, peddling them from town to town and to isolated farmhouses. At first she trudged on foot with only a few bandboxes, then, as business improved, came a buggy to carry her wares. Eventually trade grew to such an extent that she had to load up a wagon with bandboxes. Thus did Hannah Davis make a decent competence for herself and family . . .

The procession moves on. The dialect changes. The tempo becomes slower. There are darkies in the crowd. . . . "Stop!"

Margaret Haughery—and 'tis a fine old Irish name. Real Irish, too, for her maiden name was Gaffney. She was born in Baltimore and moved to New Orleans in 1836, with her husband. On his death, finding herself in reduced circumstances, she accepted work as a common domestic at an orphan asylum run by the Sisters. So well did she do her ordinary chores that, when the Sisters opened another orphan home in the country, she managed

it till the debts disappeared. This she accomplished by applying business methods to the running of the dairy. And when the institution was on its feet, she started a dairy of her own. This prospered, and was followed by a bakery in the heart of New Orleans. Although now making money, Margaret Haughery still drove her bread-cart around the streets of New Orleans as she had driven her milk-wagon. The remarkable fact about her was that all she made by her industry she spent on orphans. When she died, New Orleans erected a statue to her. . . .

The people in the crowd now are singing hymns ecstatically. Their faces are lifted as if they sought a vision. They are led by a tall, dishevelled, long-haired man. He has tramped and ridden thousands of miles in virtually every state of the Union. A fiery illiterate creature, his sermons spout brimstone and eternal damnation. Yet in his shadow walks a lovely little woman. . . . "Stop!"

Peggy Dow. In all the history of our itinerant preachers there never was such a faithful wife. On Lorenzo Dow's great gospel perambulations she followed him unfalteringly. While he stirred the backsliders, comforted the sick, cheered the down-hearted and spread the glad tidings of salvation up and down the countryside, Peggy was by his side to aid him. And not only did she suffer the hardships of the road, the indifference and inhospitality of many who would not accept her husband's preaching, but she also listened enraptured—ten to fifteen times a week—to his sermons! Much has been said of the burning zeal and arduous labors

of those itinerant preachers who brought the Gospel to the unchurched and neglected countryside of America; little, however, has been written of the fortitude of the wives of these preachers. Such a valiant woman was Peggy Dow. . . .

The procession moves. The marchers become more colorful. They strut across the stage. Their postures and speech reveal them as actors, showmen, fair folk, making a meagre pittance by amusing people who are hungry for laughter. Stage sets and costumes go along in wagons. Some are dancing masters on the side, some teach the guitar. Some . . . "Stop!"

The footlights pick out the slim figure of Miss Cheer, of the American Company of Comedians, the first organized troupe of professional actors to appear in this country. Their day is long before the Revolution. At Charleston there joined the company this lovely little person, fresh from successes in London's theatres but willing to take her chance in the wilderness of America. Up and down the Atlantic seaboard she rides in that wagon with the troupe, over rutted roads and through unbridged streams. Her repertoire is no less than forty plays. Year in and year out she amuses audiences with her acting and her singing. Even the Caribbean Islands enjoy her. Having given this pleasure to a vast concourse, she retires to a little town in Jamaica—and the world has forgotten her when her end comes.

That's the way you play this game. You may stop men or you may stop women. From the shift-

ing tides of America's past pluck them out and ask their stories. Some are sordid, some are colorful, some valiant indeed, some will make you laugh and some will make you weep. Most of them, though, record fortitude to an amazing degree—fortitude in physical danger, fortitude in times of sickness and famine and war, in circumstances of poverty and of great temptation.

Such are the fabrics of human beings from which the vast tapestry of America has been woven. And it is to memories of these people we can turn when the times demand fortitude of us.

THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY

1. GARDEN MANNERS. They tell the story of a botanist on one of the scientific expeditions to a desolate corner of the world, how he came across a rare plant, and, instead of rooting up the whole of it, took only a piece and replanted the rest. Would that some of our wild-flower enthusiasts exercised the same discrimination and thought!

That item I would place first if I ever wrote a book on garden manners. To it I would add the suggestion that a good gardener, however soiled and clumsy a person he may appear to be, is invariably worthy of respect. Gardeners perhaps suffer from the fact that, except for an occasional apron, the craft now wears no distinctive livery. Once the blue apron was their insignia and if one gardener wished to speak contemptuously of another, he would call him a "blue apron pretender." Now even a porter wears that blue apron.

Today the jockey displays his master's colors, the maid has her uniform, the chauffeur is clothed according to his rank, but the gardener is happy in baggy pants and an old coat. We must respect him for his intelligence and love for green growing things.

Grapes should be pruned before the end of this month. For abundant fruit use your pruning shears with intelligent ruthfulness.

2. FAREWELL TO CACTUS. I should probably bow my head in shame to confess it, but I really do not care for Cactus. The blandishments of the Cactus books—and there are several that fairly boil over with enthusiasm—now leave me tepid. Once, in a weak moment, I succumbed to their allure and began collecting specimens hardy in our Connecticut winters. The late and beloved W. A. Manda had assured me there were fully a hundred that would be safe. So I began growing some of them in pots ranged along the Top Garden wall. They throve —and I cursed every time I made a gesture in their direction. Finally, by adroit salesmanship, I convinced a visiting gardener that she really ought to have a collection of hardy Cactuses and gave her the whole lot. She was simply overcome with my prodigality and bore them off in triumph. Compared with the innocence of a beginning gardener, the innocence of a babe is gross sophistication.

Avoid making flats too big or of wood too thick. The ideal size is 3" deep, 12" wide and 18" long.

3. SOUPS FOR GOURMETS. Life has not been quite the same since I tasted these two soups. They have now raised our dining to an ecstasy.

The first is a concoction of Swedish origin and worthy of a king. Take two cans of consommé. Chop up an onion and an apple. Boil them in the consommé until they are softened beyond recognition. Then strain them off. To this delectable liquor add a small jar of cream and a generous dash

of currie powder. The savors are so blended in this soup as to defy detection.

The second came from Algiers. Roast shelled peanuts in an oven until they are deep brown and crisp. Then pulverize them. Stir this paste into a consommé stock until the consistency is that of pea soup. For the final fillip, add cream. This sounds awful, but it is really very good.

About this time you are usually safe in lifting the mulch off Crocus, Scillas and Chionodoxas.

4. GADDING GARDENERS. It is generally supposed that gardening is the habit of people who stay at home—stick-in-the-muds. For a matter of cold fact, there never were such gardeners as the British, nor is there a people more addicted to gadding about. The English have the good sense to know when to leave their gardens—and when to return to them. And when they do return they invariably bring back some plant for the garden. . . . But did you ever have a precious bit of root snatched from you by an eagle-eyed customs inspector? Oh, how we love our Plant Quarantine!

This is none too early to order garden labels. Buy enough of them in assorted sizes.

5. THREE NOBLE ASIATICS. It has taken six years and in those six these three conifers have begun to show their quality and possible stature. And

as they waxed nobler, the more have I admired them. Siberian Fir—*Abies sibirica,* Chinese Pine—*Pinus sinensis,* and Korean Spruce—*Picea Koriana.* They came as mere babes from that best of garden masters, "Chinese" Wilson. We placed them where eventually they will shield the frames from our penetrating west wind. In those six years they have leaped ahead. The Siberian Fir is a squat tree, like some of the stout *babas* I used to encounter in its native land—those fat, stubby, puff-cheeked women of Transbaikalia. The Chinese Pine grows by whorls, like so many Catherine wheels all a-spinning. The Korean Spruce, on the other hand, is like a rangy child, slim, awkward and wiry but capable of growing, nevertheless, into noble maturity.

Look over the panes of your hotbed glass
and see that they are well puttied.

6. BUXOM FLORA. Time and again the devastating thought has come to me, as I stood before a garden club and contemplated all the slim figures in the audience, that Flora is invariably pictured as a buxom creature. Unacquainted with the Hollywood diet or any other esoteric thinning process, Flora let her rounded curves increase, her girth widen, her cheeks grow plumper—and she was happy that they did. It is rather disconcerting, as one remembers this, to gaze upon row on row of Flora's adepts to whom a perfect 38 is their life's ideal and anything beyond that too horrible to contemplate.

As blue birds and such other box nesters make a fresh nest each year, clean out last year's nests.

7. FROM THE HOUSE OUT. Gardens should be made from the house out. Assume the attitude of Sister Anne and gaze out windows, sit on terraces and porches, linger in doorways and from these vantage-points visualize the garden that is to be. Follow this practice, and the garden will be a more satisfactory revelation of your tastes than if you made it from the property line in. Gardens made from the house out offer the same penetrating confidence as people who look you straight in the eye.

Seeds of Egg-plants, Tomatoes and prize Onions can now be sown in the greenhouse.

8. THREE DOZEN OF LILACS. If I were allowed to grow only a dozen of Lilacs my first choice would be: Laplace, Leon Gambetta, Paul Thirion, Mme. Antoine Buchner, Lucie Baltet, Vestale, Reaumur, Macrostachya, Turenne, Jules Simon, President Poincaré and Josikae.

Were Fate relenting and allowed me another dozen, I would select Necker, Marie Finon, Katherine Havemeyer, Le Notre, Claud Bernard, Lavoisier, Decaisne, Jeanne d'Arc, Edith Cavel, Mont Blanc, President Viger and Victor Lemoine.

Did that same Fate relent still further, these would be my third dozen—Belle de Nancy,

Lamartine, Mirabeau, Jules Ferry, Pasteur, Congo, Paul Hariot, William Robinson, Hugo Koster, Miss Willmott, Saturnale and Mme. Lemoine.

And even then, I would try to wheedle a few more—the species especially, such as *Villosa*, *Reflexa* and the delicately flowering *Chinensis metensis*.

Look over young staked trees and see that they are firmly lashed to the stake and the stake well in the ground.

9. THE SHADOW OF THE GROTTO. Are we about to be threatened with grottoes? After all, we do have artificial rockeries, and it would seem only a logical step to go from a rock garden in the back yard to a grotto in the same.

However ludicrous this may sound, let me remind you that every so often in garden history the grotto has broken out like a fever and run its course. The Greeks not only had a word for it but had it in quantity. The Romans went in heavily for garden caves. During the Renaissance the grotto received the attention of some of the finest workers in architecture and ceramics. Even as late as Alexander Pope the grotto was a favorite garden device and that strange little man took great pride in the grotto he made at Twickenham.

Since we are doubtless in for a recurrence of romanticism in garden design, we shall probably see the grotto advanced once more as the smart thing to have. And when it comes, don't say I didn't warn you!

About this time of year get your hotbeds ready. They'll require a foot of fresh horse manure at the bottom covered by four inches of loam. Also bank up the outsides.

10. BEGINNER'S LUCK. One of my neighbors down the road, having just gone in for gardening, managed to defy horticultural tradition and successfully set at naught the very best authorities. His heart was set on growing a Mountain Ash and he pondered long on its location. Also he labored diligently in digging the hole for it. When the sapling arrived, he followed the accepted practice —worked in what he believed to be fertilizer in the bottom of the hole, set the tree and generously scattered more of this fertilizer through the soil as the hole was filled up. Then he poured in buckets of water, guyed the tree against winds and rested from his labors. Ten days later he found that what he thought to be fertilizer was cement and he had used enough to make a substantial foundation. Nevertheless the tree leafed out, bore its crop of berries and promises to do so year after year. Such is the luck of beginners!

Examine the rock garden and repair spots that have been washed away by heavy rains.

11. UNATTAINABLE HEIGHTS. Two ambitions possess me, and life becomes a little dreary when I realize that I shall never be able to attain both of them. To reach their heights I would have to ac-

quire learning, experience and an extra supply of intuition. One is to read a score of music with the ease a book is read—to read the notes, say on a train, read them up and down and across all at the same time—and be able to hear the music. The other is to take one of these seed catalogs of specialists that are un-illustrated and un-annotated bald lists of botanical names—and visualize the flowers and leaf growth and habit of the plants merely from those Latin words. But long before I have scaled those heights I expect a certain Dark Gentleman will tap me on the shoulder. Perhaps learning such accomplishments easily will be the portion of gardeners and aspiring musicians in another life.

If you didn't clean your Gladiolus bulbs last fall, do so now.

12. LANDMARKS. From the earliest times trees have been used for landmarks, to point the bounds of property. In this country the settlers always chose for this purpose trees of good size and enduring quality, such as Oaks, Maples, Poplars, Pines, Hornbeam, Dogwood, Chestnut and Pignut. Even today many of the deeds made in rural sections along the Atlantic seaboard refer to trees as boundary points. Of course, no self-respecting property-owner would ever dream of cutting down his landmarks.

Recently one of our landmarks, through a combination of senility and a strong wind, was laid low. We sadly submitted it to the axe and saw and

then went about marking its place with a sensible, modern, permanent but unlovely concrete post.

Finish fruit tree pruning this week.

13. BRIDGET'S OAK. If you would hear this tale first-hand you will have to ask the master of the house, for Bridget is a bit reticent about the details of it, yet her pride in that tree is like unto that of a particularly fond and voluble mother expatiating upon her child. Here is the gist of the story:—

Years ago there came to the master at his country home a brace of pheasants, shot by a friend in Ireland, packed in cold storage and shipped overseas that they might demonstrate to an American household the gustatory triumph of a genuine Irish hot bird. As they were sent complete—feet, feathers, inwards and all, to Bridget in her kitchen fell the task of plucking and otherwise preparing them for the table.

In the process she discovered in the crop of one bird a perfect acorn, obviously swallowed just before the shot laid him low and therefore indubitably from an Oak of the Emerald Isle. Bridget, always a little nostalgic for the Owld Sod, planted this acorn near the kitchen door. She now sits contentedly in the shade of a real Irish Oak, while she shells the Limas on hot summer afternoons.

This year select one easily grown plant family and raise as many members of it as you can find kinds of seed.

14. AN UNDIETING ERA. The 18th Century in England produced not only some of the most important designers of furniture but also some of the most stupendous consumers of food and drink that the world has ever known. The quantities of good things appearing on their tables would appall us. The average menu for one meal would last most of us a week. Nor was this gourmandizing the habit of the rich classes alone: the English farmer of that age also ate stupendously when he had a chance. Witness this lachrymose record—one culled from many such to be found in the parish registers of old English country churches: "James Parson, who oft hath eat a shoulder of Mutton and a peck of Hasty Pudding at a Time, which caused his Death, buried March 27, 1744. Age 35."

Of course, there was a dreary sameness about the cuisine. Salt pork and mutton, products of the farm, were the main country dishes in winter, and each spring the countryside was "bled" and dosed itself with all manner of homemade and quack nostrums against the scurvy and other ailments attendant on their diet. The English people of that era were a race of food drunkards. However, temperance was effected not by legislation, but by the coming of the newspaper, by better roads which brought in more varied foods and by general education. It soon got out of fashion to eat a shoulder of Mutton and a peck of Hasty Pudding at one sitting.

Toward the end of this month, in the hot-bed can be sown seeds of annual vines

such as Cardinal Climber, Cypress Vine, Moonflower and Morning Glory. Sow a few seeds in small pots.

15. FLOWERS AND MODERNISM. How much modern rooms depend on flowers for their ultimate effect! And how carefully those flowers have to be selected and placed! Here is a list found this spring in an apartment recently decorated in the contemporary taste. A room with white parchment walls contained white Lilacs: in a room with walls of yellow straw marquetry were pink Sweet Peas and yellow Pansies. In a room with silver and gold walls were massed large bouquets of yellow and brown Iris. The most effective of all was a black and gold lacquer breakfast room where pale pink Peonies caught the morning sun.

Verbena venosa, *however weedy, is an annual well worth growing. Start the seed in the hotbed any time now.*

16. ALBERTUS MAGNUS. Garden clubs, in search of an interesting personality to discuss, might select Albertus Magnus, the mediaeval scholar, who is said to have operated the first hothouse of his time. He is soon to be made a saint, I understand, and can then join the other two patrons of gardening —St. Phocas and St. Fiacre. In fact, these two saints might be worth discussing. You can find an excellent account of them in "English Pleasure Gardens" by Rose Standish Nichols.

Lest you should think that it comes from the Greek, let me hasten to assure you that

the Buddleia was named for an early 18th century English botanist by the name of Adam Buddle!

17. HEREDITARY CACTUS. In the sunny bay window of this particular New England home a Cactus spread its branches in a graceful, care-free fashion like a dancer with sinuous arms. "I don't know its right name," the hostess said, "we've always called it, 'Aunt Carry's Cactus'." And she went on to explain that her great aunt had gotten it somewhere and nursed it through her life, that her mother in turn had grown it, and, in time, it descended to her. Hundreds of slips had been taken from it for friends during those long years. A fertile mother, it had given generously to that New England village. It was a true heirloom, as cherished as a tallboy or a grandfather's clock.

In the presence of such a plant (doubtless there are hundreds of them scattered over the country) I stand with deep reverence. It is a verdant symbol of the stability of home-life, of the little attentions that make home-life at once precious and noble and enduring . . . I have yet to encounter an Aunt Carry's cactus in the home of a divorcée.

I can scarcely await the coming of spring to see in flower the little group that consists of Grape Hyacinths, yellow Virginia Primrose and Narcissus King Alfred companioned by that white Creeping Phlox The Bride.

18. DRINKS FOR HORTULAN OCCASIONS. In the counterpart to this volume I suggested that certain

events in one's gardening career should not be permitted to pass without adequate libidinous celebration. When the planting of the Rose garden was accomplished, for example, it should be followed by a potion worthy the accomplishment. This sentiment brought me in numerous inquiries as to the nature of these libations. So I set them down here.

For the planting of the Rose Garden: Planter's Punch. This consists of Limes, sugar, water and rum in the proportions of one of sour, two of sweet, three of strong and four of weak. Then shake it till your arm drops off. It is rather difficult to make, however, without Jamaica rum.

For Lilac Sunday: The Pope's Dream—a dainty concoction of Lemon juice, soft sugar, the white of an egg and gin, shaken together furiously for five minutes and served in long glasses.

For the Flowering of the Tall Bearded Iris: Elderflower Wine Punch. Take three-quarters of Elderflower wine about four years old, when it begins to resemble Sherry, add a quarter of white grape juice, slices of orange and lemon and sufficient ice to cool and weaken the mixture a little. Serve between Susan Bliss and Dominion in robust stone mugs.

For the First Flowering of the Chrysanthemum: Beer, Stilton cheese and ship's biscuits.

It is none too early to turn over the compost heap.

19. NOBODIES. I have just been adjusting my thoughts to a tree that bears the romantic name

of *Sinowilsonia*—"Chinese Wilson." The descriptions all warned me that it was botanically interesting but without particular ornamental qualities. Compared with most of the trees and shrubs here it is just a nobody. It doesn't attempt to throw pink sprays like a Beautybush, or star itself with fragrant white flowers like a Mockorange or even flaunt white gobby fruit to the autumn rains like a Snowberry. It is just *Sinowilsonia.* And because it is just itself, I am going to keep it.

The world is full of nobodies trying to be somebodies. If only they would be nobody with all their might and main, they would probably prove a howling success. I venture to believe that the philosopher who said, "Know thyself," also whispered under his beard, "Be thyself."

Examine your Lilacs for the holes of borers. Go after them with a wire and shoot some creosote into the tunnels.

20. THE RETURN OF GENTILITY. Those of us who can remember five years back will recall the rough-neck era of the younger generation—that winter of loud wool stockings and tams. This, in time, was followed by the era of complete and undisguised freedom when, if we were to have believed the preachers, the world was being led headlong to the dogs. Now Youth has changed its style and we are in for an age of gentility. At dances girls now take the arms of their partners. Modesty is being enthroned once again. Care-free and careless mothers are being gravely disciplined by their children. Next we shall hear that all

débutantes are learning to cook, and before we know it they'll be boldly proclaiming the hope that when they marry they'll have children aplenty. There never was anything the matter with the younger generation; it just arrived at wisdom long before its elders.

Which reminds me of some quaint doggerel on Victorian manners I discovered the other day: The groom or best man forgot the ring and—

The bride, of course, fainted, for she was acquainted
With manners, and knew what was right;
They fanned her, and brought her some brandy and water,
And so they recovered her quite.

Since there have been some great improvements made recently in Phlox, study the catalogs for these new varieties and plan to discard kinds that have gone ratty on you.

21. GREEN ENVY. I rarely envy a man the possession of his wife, or his maidservant or his cattle or the stranger within his gates, but there are times when I maul the tenth commandment without a qualm. That is when he has a Meconopsis I cannot grow, an Eremerus that I have sworn to own, or a *Silene Hookeri* that defies my horticultural blandishments. In the presence of these I not only jettison the tenth, but also have misgivings about the sixth commandment.

If your garden watering system proved inadequate make plans now for extending it.

Get several firms to bid on the job—or else plan it out with your handy-man.

22. THE ARTISTIC KNIFE. One of the departments of gardening in which Americans have still to learn a great deal is the use of the pruning knife for beauty. We have been so obsessed with maintaining naturalistic effects and avoiding anything that smattered of formality that we have completely neglected the possibilities of training trees and shrubs into decorative shapes. Here and there we find fruit trees treated in the espalier fashion of the Continent, but it rarely enters our heads to do the same with flowering trees and shrubs. The beginner might try her apprentice hand in training a Forsythia fan-shape against a wall, then pass on to making a pink fan of Kelsey's Robinia. With diligent pruning and leading of the right branches, something unbelievably lovely could be made by training that pink and gray Bush Honeysuckle, *Lonicera Korolkowi*, against a wall or high fence. Certainly the great mauve tassels of *Buddleia alternifolia* could be fashioned into an arc of beauty, and in addition to growing them in the standard shape—on one stem—Bittersweets could be trained on parallel wires so that their berries made little lines of fire in the autumn.

While Clematis davidiana—*the bushy Clematis—does not produce enough flowers to satisfy most gardeners, the discerning, who are blessed with sensitive nostrils, will grow it for the unforgettable*

fragrance of its inconspicuous Hyacinth-like blooms.

23. MANURE TECHNIQUE. For the past few months my eyes have rested enviously on a manure heap in a farmer's yard up the road. It is the most lordly concentration of fertilizing virtues within a radius of twenty miles: I know, because I've seen 'em all. Come Hell or high water, I have vowed that some of this magnificent pile shall be mine. But how to acquire it is a problem, for the hurdle is no mere matter of dollars and cents. The owner is a real farmer: he returns fertility to the land and would blush to think of selling an ounce of manure. So I consort with my gardener in a solemn conference held behind the cold frames. "You have to tackle him country fashion," he advises. "Don't go up and ask him slap bang to sell you that manure. Make it a social call. Pass the time of day. Say something about that bad foot of his—the one the bull trod on. Then by and by get round to the manure. . . . Maybe you might say something about that picture he has over the fireplace in the living-room. He done it himself when he was a boy in school. Yes, maybe you'd better speak about the picture before you mention the manure."

By this time you should be making the first notes in your garden diary. Each day now will reveal some forecast of spring.

24. WAX BEGONIA. One of the grandest old house plants is the Wax Begonia, *B. semperflorens.*

I have a sympathetic understanding of people when I find it in their homes: they seem to be settled and satisfied. I also enjoy seeing it set out in gardens in summer, where it blithely withstands even the blistering sun of August. It may be propagated either from root cuttings—which is easy and direct —or from seed. Soil for the seed should be a well-screened mixture of equal parts of loam, sand and leafmold, on which the dust-like seed is powdered lightly and pressed in. Cuttings of young shoots are taken in April or May, inserted in moist sand and kept shaded until roots develop, when the little plant is potted up in a light soil with plenty of leafmold and given an occasional overhead spray of water.

At this time sprigs of fruit trees can be brought indoors for forcing into bloom. Spray the buds with water to keep them soft.

25. REVERIE AMONG THE CROTONS. I sit in the shade of this tall Croton hedge, my reverie speeded by a Planter's Punch—a reverie conjured up by a Jamaican pickaninny munching a piece of Sugar Cane. I wonder how many other youngsters in other lands have done the same—youngsters East and West. For no plant is farther traveled than the Sugar Cane. From India it passed into Persia and from Persia the Arabs carried it to Egypt and then across northern Africa and into Spain. From the Iberian Peninsula Portuguese carefully freighted it in their galleons to Madeira and the Spaniards in

theirs to the Canary Islands. Thence it traveled over the broad Atlantic to the West Indies—and finally into the pudgy hands of this Jamaican youngster who squats by the Croton hedge watching me sip a Planter's Punch.

Even this early on warmish days the moles will heave. Set your traps. The early trap catches (sometimes) the early mole.

26. UPKEEP. Sooner or later we gardeners have to face the problem of upkeep. Our ability to pay helpers to maintain perfect garden order or to do it ourselves should determine the kind and size of garden we make. The modernist designer faces this fact with more courage than those of us who are moved by sentiment and romance. He frankly says that upkeep is either a nuisance or an expense, consequently, one should so make his garden that upkeep is reduced to a minimum. So he paves most of the garden area, grows a few flowers in well defined beds, lays down an occasional mirror of water—and lets it go at that. Sometimes he makes his garden entirely of cement and colored stones. Should this style be universally adopted, nurserymen, of course, would starve to death. Fortunately, there are plenty of people to whom even the routine of upkeep gives satisfaction, to whom mowing lawns, and clipping edges and shearing hedges and staking plants and all the hundred-and-one daily tasks are part and parcel of their garden enjoyment.

One of these days I hope to meet an owner of a

cement modern garden. I'm anxious to find how much enjoyment he derives from it.

Place paper cones over the foliage of your Hyacinths to draw up the bloom. Otherwise the flower stems are apt to be short.

27. PROGRAMS FOR WORK. Last year a generous friend gave us a perfectly grand Victrola and scarcely had it been installed in the barn where I work when along came a music critic with a load of records—not the jazzy kind, but good, substantial concertos and sonatas. Since then most of my indoor work has been accompanied by music. Bach and Brahms are perfect backgrounds for pricking out seedlings. Bach's Shepherd's Music or his Brandenburg Concerto No. 5 in D-Major and any of Brahms' Concertos for violin or his No. 1 Symphony in C-Minor. Beethoven I reserve for punching plant names on metal tags and Wagner is the perfect accompaniment for dividing and cleaning Iris. Tchaikovsky's No. 4 in F-Minor is my favorite potting tune. Ravel, Debussy and Scriabin I reserve for writing garden notes. And then, the day's work over, I could wish for nothing better than Mozart's Sonata No. 42 or Shubert's Unfinished Symphony or a lieder out of Schumann.

You will never know what a Pentstemon can be like until you have grown P. grandiflora.

28. AWARD. This month's Award of Merit is going (I trust with your consent) to the charm-

ing beginner in gardening who sought out this Fount of Wisdom only after she had dried up all the others. For years she had read that Sweet Peas are grown on Pea brush. She had asked seedsmen for seeds of it and besought nurserymen to send her plants. Finally, determined to make herself understood, she came out boldly with the question, "Please tell me, what is the botanical name of Pea brush?"

Apropos of the foregoing sentiment, a good Saturday afternoon's job is to go out with an axe and begin cutting Pea brush.

LONG PIECE

THE CHAFING-DISH ERA

BY THIS time most of our decades have been dragged forth, dusted off and put on display for the amusement of the populace. The Roaring Forties, the Mauve Decade, the Gay Nineties, the Era of Side-burns, the Age of Bustles—all have been exhibited. We can look back on America's past as a path made of queerly-shaped slabs, each one distinctive and curious. And thus the path winds from the dim and distant horizon up to the foreground where it crosses into the new century. Then began a decade that, being so close by, has failed to be made into history. It is too near to afford a fair perspective. The turn of the century gave us a new leaf. We went domestic. America slid into the Chafing-dish Era.

The Victorian Era that preceded it might be symbolized by the tea-service decorously displayed in the front parlor. It was usually of brass or copper and had the full equipment of hot-water kettle perched above a spirit lamp, milk pitcher, sugar and slop basins and tea caddy, and about the kettle's base, like chicks around a hen, clustered the tea cups. This parlor tea-service was not the accustomed family plate. Being of brass, and fashioned with the untraditional imaginings of contemporary artists, it gave a Bohemian touch to the parlor. It had a casual air and afforded the ladies who used it the pleasant sensation of being cut-ups.

Young ladies having been taught how to boil water over a spirit lamp in the parlor, next took to cooking over a spirit lamp. It was an easy transition from the kettle to the chafing-dish. And cooking in the parlor fairly saturated the place with Bohemianism and gave the girls no end of a dandy time.

I've oftened wondered what has become of all the chafing-dishes. In some old-fashioned parlors they are still displayed. They are gathering dust in many an attic. Give them another ten years of neglect, and antique dealers will be selling them as Early American.

Yet there is many a woman in American today who, on sight of a chafing-dish, finds her eyes clouded with tender remembrance, for in her time the chafing-dish was the first step that led to the altar. Women were known by their skill in casually cooking up tasty bits. These romps of thirty years

ago knew full well they were being judged once they lit the spirit lamp, and young men, after the dumb fashion of callow youth, found themselves more and more enmeshed as savory odors arose.

The counter attraction at this time was the bicycle. A student of such matters might find some interesting data if he could determine which marriages lasted longer and were productive of happier families—those that began with a bicycle or those that started with a chafing-dish. Was it sports or gastronomy? And if it was one or the other, would not the same deductions apply today?

From time to time we hear it whispered that contemporary marriageable young men are becoming cautious, that romance is being tempered with unwonted prudence, that love is no longer blind. This seems a sad circumstance. Are golf links, after all, the ideal stimulus to romance? Can sports alone furnish the lure? Isn't some of this alleged caution due to the fact that it apparently is no longer fashionable for a young woman to display domestic traits? She may follow every whim of the changing styles in clothes, she may pursue all the sports with unflagging ardor, she may even display a faint interest in interior decoration, but let her show a practical hand in the gastronomics of the home, and she is immediately classed as just a bit old-fashioned. And yet, strange to say, she may be the first among her set to find a companionable and lasting husband.

Thursday night is the nation-wide night off for cooks. Restaurants, tea rooms, country clubs and roadside inns look forward to Thursday nights as

their salvation. The world and his wife and his family troop out of the house when the cook disappears. But what a chance this offers to maidens who are matrimonially inclined! Had the girls the wisdom of their mothers, you would find half the eligible youths of America on Thursday nights dining rapturously off viands made by the fair hands of the eligible young women of this country. Though the electric grill may have banished the chafing-dish into limbo, it is still one test of a marriageable maiden that she can cook.

The ability to cook and set a good meal is still the most direct path to a man's heart. No amount of swinging golf clubs or driving cars or batting tennis balls or taking jack-knife dives off springboards or wearing the latest thing from Paris or reading the latest books—none of these can compare for direct, patent and effective results with a sentimental youth as does the ability to take the raw elements of provender and fashion them into a palatable meal.

Because gastronomy is an eternal art and upon its pursuit the safety and maintenance of the home are founded, I look back on the Chafing-dish Era as the Golden Age. And I wonder if the best present a mother could give her daughter today isn't some means to demonstrate this fact. Say, for example, that before she can operate a car she must prove her ability to operate an electric stove; before she can "come out" she must first go into the kitchen. Labor-saving devices having robbed domestic work of most of its drudgery, the eligible young woman of today has an easier path ahead of her than did her mother.

Many a mother of today, wooed over a chafing-dish, will attest that, as a symbol of a happy married life, the chafing-dish deserves a place beside the cradle.

THE MONTH OF MARCH

1. PHILOSOPHIC THOUGHTS. The French, who are very wise about living, have an adage which says that by the time a man reaches forty he is either a drunkard or a gardener. This gem of wisdom I have treasured for many a day, being a gardener by preference. Recently another maxim has come to light, and from the same Gallic source. It runs thus: "If you want to be happy an hour, get intoxicated. If you want to be happy three days, get married. If you want to be happy eight days, kill your pig and eat it. But if you want to be happy forever—become a gardener."

Any day now you can begin turning under your cover crops. Roll the ground afterward so that no air pockets are left and rotting will speed up.

2. POKING SHRUBS. By late March we begin taking to town naked branches of shrubs and trees that will leaf out and blossom indoors. It is a pleasant habit, although attended by sundry clashes with irate humanity. Walk down a train aisle carrying a bundle of shrub sticks half your size, and encounters are bound to happen. I rouse amorous lovers by tickling them with Forsythia sprays. I pole Poles from Lawrence, Mass. with twigs of the innocent Plum. I jab the newspapers

of double-chinned traveling salesmen who don't give a damn for my horticultural aspirations and say so. I scatter a largess of broken stems into the laps of ladies prime in their Sunday best. And finally, having barged down the length of three cars, my poking shrubs come to rest in the baggage rack above the head of some meek soul who makes himself very small in the corner by the window and surreptitiously glares at me in red hot fury, as though I had the plague.

Now that you feel in a scheming mood, plan out the greenhouse summer work. An idle greenhouse indicates poor planning.

3. HERBS AND DAFFIES. I venture to prophesy that the next few years will see discerning gardeners taking up two groups of plant material with enthusiasm—herbs and Daffodils. Not just the ordinary herbs nor just the ordinary Narcissus. Collecting herb seeds from the four corners of the world would be a fascinating diversion, and equally fascinating (did we have the money) to make a really good collection of the best Narcissus already on the market and the new ones as they appear from the hybridizer's hands.

From various parts of the country there come reports of an increased interest in Daffies. A few patient gardeners are making crosses and sowing seed in hopes of finding some new improvements on existing varieties. Consequently in order to hold up one's head in gardening circles, it will be necessary to own a good collection of Narcissus.

I find that life can go on just the same, abundant, amusing and alluring, without growing Kochia.

4. THE CULT OF HERBS. Since we had no notion of being left behind in this gardening game, we too planted an herb patch. Herbs are one of the things to grow nowadays—like collecting millefleur paper-weights or toby jugs or going in for Victorian accessories. So we moved the Hybrid Perpetuals from their bed and turned the area over to herbs. Some were bought, some raised from seed, some came as presents from other herb collectors. Well, we have that herb bed. The Mint we know how to use. It is conceivable that some day I shall dig up the Horseradish and weep my eyes out grating it. The Chives do come in handy and the cook needs no persuasion to patronize the Parsley section, but the others she takes out of boxes, scorning our fresh-grown Sweet Marjoram and Dill and Fennel.

We are in precisely the same position as the woman who labored long and successfully collecting herbs and then had to hire a special cook to make dishes containing those herbs. The family, it appears, stood these herbed dishes for about a week and then rebelled. I tried to persuade the fair lady that she continue her experiments—go in for something Roman: Make a wreath of Sweet Basil leaves and have her husband wear it whenever he drank cocktails, to see if it really did prevent intoxication. But after the herb cook episode, it seems, she was not to be twitted on the subject.

As their troubles start with hot weather, plant Potatoes now so that they can be thriving by mid-summer.

5. NICHOLAS CULPEPPER. An interesting study for garden clubs and curiously minded gardeners would be the career and influence of Nicholas Culpepper. This strange figure, born in 1616, swam into the orbit of London about 1652 by the publication of his book, "The English Physician," in which he sought to revive the ancient Doctrine of Signatures. According to this belief, plants show, by their form or marking or by some other characteristic, the diseases they will cure. Medical London set down Culpepper as a charlatan, but he managed to capture public imagination and soon gathered a large following. His book was found in practically every well equipped household in Early America.

Before you start figuring your income tax, send in the order for those plants you can't resist.

6. FOUNTAIN NOMENCLATURE. In "The Theory and Practice of Gardening" which John James of Greenwich translated from the French of Alexander Le Blond and gave to the awaiting English garden world in 1703, is a chapter on fountains that satisfied my curiosity. It explains the argot of fountain makers. Just as an electric linesman knows what a "Dutchman" is, so did these 18th century French fountaineers know what a fellow workman meant when he spoke of a "Candlestick"

or a "Gerbe d'Eau." For your enlightenment I set down these definitions:—

Bouillons d'Eau are very low spouts that rise but little higher than a quick spring.

Buffet d'Eau is commonly a marble table in a garden, over which are several shelves raised pyramidally, set out with vessels of gilt brass, about which the water falls, and makes them look like crystal garnished with vermilion.

Candlesticks are generally where the spout is raised upon a foot, carrying a little basin upon the head of it, out of which the water falls into another larger basin. Sometimes they are several small spouts, rising in little square or round basins.

Gerbes d'Eau are made by several little spouts playing together, which form a kind of sheaf.

Goulettes are small channels cut in stone or marble, laid sloping for the water to run in, which is now and then interrupted by little basins, cut in form of shells, which throw up small spouts of water.

Grills are several spouts in the same line, standing in a long basin very near one another.

Mushrooms are a sort of inverted bowl-dishes cut with scales on the upper part, over which the water falls into the basin below.

Tapers are the same as grills, but more distant one from the other.

And lest these should not be enough, Mr. James assures us that "Cascades are composed of Sheets, Buffets, Masks, Bubbles, Mushrooms, Sheafs, Spouts, Surges, Candlesticks, Grills, Tapers, Crosses and vaulted Arches of Water."

Repair garden walks and re-set slabs the frost has heaved.

7. ADVICE FOR CHILDREN. Charles Joseph, Prince de Ligne, who sustained his life worthily between the years 1735 and 1814, once wrote this suggestion to parents:—

"Fathers, instil into your children the garden-mania. They will grow up the better for it. Let other arts be only studied to heighten the beauty of the one I advocate. Engaged in planning how to shade a glen, or in contriving how to divert the course of a stream, one is too busy ever to become a dangerous citizen, an intriguing general, or a caballing courtier. If such a man had designs to write against the laws, to lay his grievances before the ministry of war, to overthrow a superior, or hatch plots at court, he would arrive too late, for his head would be full of his Judaea trees, or his flower borders, or with the ordering of his grove of Plane trees. . . ."

In hotbeds now sow seed of Cabbage, Cauliflower, Celery, Egg-plant, Leeks, Lettuce and Onions. When large enough, harden them off in a cold frame.

8. THE LAY OF THE LAND. The gardens that seem most at home on their site are those that follow the lay of the land. By spending much money and much labor, you can impose any sort of garden on any sort of site, but it will always appear imposed. It will not seem at ease. It will

lie there as uncomfortably as statutory legislation forced on people unwilling to accept it. Conform your garden pattern to the existing site, and it will soon seem always to have been there. It will blend into the countryside and quickly take on the semblance of age.

Clear your Climbing Roses of dead wood and head back canes that are too long.

9. COW-TRIMMED. My friend, the banker, had a predilection for Holly. If ever he could have a Holly garden, he would attain the horticultural Nirvana. Then he went to Maryland and the heavens opened—and so did his purse—and the dream came true at a glance. In this sequestered wild meadow cattle had grazed many a generation, grazed and nibbled at the wild Holly seedlings scattered thereabout, nibbled them until mature trees were held down to neat pyramids about four feet high. They were as trimly shaped as though some careful Dutch gardener had wielded his magic secateurs over them through a lifetime. After this discovery all the banker had to do was to buy the meadow for a song and move the Hollies to his garden on Long Island, where they flourish in a formal pattern to delight the eye. The Maryland farmer is still wondering what kind of idiot he had encountered who bought a lot of cow-chewed old bushes but refused to buy the cows.

Grapes, Blackberries, Raspberries and such small fruit can be set out now.

10. A MONDAY CUSTOM. A domesticality ancient in style is that Monday morning custom (or perhaps it is done Sunday night) of piling the soiled laundry onto an outspread sheet and then making a bundle of it by knotting the corners. This is purely Oriental, this bundle—the sort you see Chinese and Indians carrying all over the Far East.

Dahlia clumps that are put in sand now will soon sprout. Then you can see what you are doing when you divide them.

11. QUICK CHANGES. Whenever in the Tropics, I marvel at the quick-change habits of the native trees. They remind me of people who come home at 7:15 and leave the house ten minutes later fully dressed for a formal party. Their growing season (the deciduous trees, I mean) is during the rainy months; in the dry season they rest. One week they drop their leaves, the next week burst out into a new crop. Or as a Jamaican native explained when I remarked on the naked tree in the hotel yard at St. Ann's Bay, "Him gone to sleep. Wake up soon."

In order that the proper degree of acidity is maintained in the soil of your Rhododendrons, dig in some aluminum sulphate.

12. FOR A GENTIAN COLLECTION. The gardener whose life is not quite complete without a bed of Gentians will find it necessary to make his soil mixture in the proportions of two parts loam, one part sand and one leafmold, the whole thor-

oughly mixed and bespattered each spring with sandstone chips and a spring tonic of a dressing made with one-third screened old manure, one-third sand and one-third leaf mold. The sand and chips will provide the necessary drainage, but it will be well to see that the bed does not dry out in summer. With this preparation and maintenance quite a number of kinds of Gentians can be grown.

Hit-and-miss vegetable gardens are usually a source of regret by mid-summer. Plan the planting carefully now.

13. GASTRONOMIC GEM. They have a saying in Tuscany to the effect that you should never tell the peasants how good cheese and Pears are together or you'd never get any Pears. This combination is a favorite with Florentine gourmets. A slice of ripe Pear and a nibble of cheese! For the exact gastronomic nuance you should use either "Bel paese" or "Pecorino," the native sheep-milk cheese. The latter, when about a year old, is in its perfection.

To prevent damping off, we either disinfect the soil in which seeds are sown or else cover it with a dusting of powdered charcoal.

14. COMPULSORY WEEDING. I had begun to think that, in some queer way, the Soviet Government might succeed with its schemes, when I encountered the edict, issued this spring, that children were to be sent into the fields and obliged

to weed the collective farms. Weeds were officially declared the enemy of the socialist harvest, which they doubtless are, seeing that one-third of the total annual harvest is lost on account of them. On some farms—the best farms in fact—there were four weeds to each cultivated stalk. And now its a case of weed or starve, or, perhaps, weed or be shot. But I venture to believe that Russian children will be no more amenable to the weed edict than any other youngsters. If I ever meet a child who was so foolish as to say he liked to weed, I'd start right then and there giving that young man a course of instruction in telling the truth.

Don't be in a rush to remove wind breaks and coverings from Rhododendrons and Evergreens. The former are apt to sun scorch.

15. CHASING SPRING. One of my ambitions (which probably never will be realized) is to chase spring through a number of countries. Start on the Bosporus, say, trail it northward along the Baltic to Denmark and Sweden. Let be! Let be! The best there is in these days (and one could do far worse) is to trail it along the Atlantic seaboard. Like Mr. Watson, Elkanah Watson, to give his full and ancient name. A lad out of Rhode Island, he traveled on business down South in the year 1777. There was fighting all about the main-traveled roads, so he took to the deeper trails. Having accomplished his business, he followed spring from Charleston back to Providence, followed it as one who was destined always to love

the brown earth and the green things that spring from it. He recorded his observations in a diary. And wherever he went he noted the flowers and the tillage of the fields. Eventually he built his monument by founding our first Agricultural Society. One never knows what can be accomplished by a young man who chases spring.

As soon as the ground is free of frost, set out new trees, shrubs and other hardy stock. If the ground is not ready, heel them in.

16. STEEP BANKS. People ask, "I have a steep bank. What shall I plant on it?" And invariably I answer, "First find what kind of soil is on that bank. The soil will determine the plants that will flourish there." Which, of course, is no Heaven-sent wisdom allotted to me alone but just ordinary, common, horse-sense.

What's more, you must make up your mind whether you want a blanket thrown down that slope or a grove to stand on it. Climbing Roses, Matrimony Vine, Bittersweet, Honeysuckle, Wild Grape and Euonymous will make a tossed blanket. I have also seen Trumpet Vine used for this purpose. On a shady bank I have also seen Pachysandra and Myrtle used and on a damp bank, Yellow-root. In full sun you might try Sunroses. For an evergreen effect, use Prostrate Junipers, Bearberry, and the three sprawly Cotoneasters—*C. microphylla, horizontalis* and *adpressa.* Witch Hazel and the Red-berried Elder, *Sambuscus pubens,* make an interesting combination in some

localities. A little grove of dwarf Locusts, kept in hand and not allowed to seed all over the garden, is often an acceptable solution. For shrubs you may choose the following:—Shadbush, *Amelanchier canadensis,* Red-bud, *Cercis canadensis,* with Dogwood scattered between and Willows where they can reach water. The Cherries will also accommodate themselves to the slope of a bank, Chokecherry, wild Black Cherry, Sand Cherry and the wild red. Lacking these, you can always fall back on the good old faithful Sumachs.

But had I a steep bank and could clothe it to my heart's content I should plant at ten foot intervals *Lonicera Korolkowi,* the Turkestan Honeysuckle. Between would go a temporary planting of Iris to help hold the soil and some sprawly Roses to lay a ground cover. Then in a few years, I would have a dream of unbelievable loveliness, for the Honeysuckles would lay over that bank great lazy clouds of soft gray and, in early June, crown their achievement with a haze of soft pink flowers.

Feed lawns. Rake and roll. And the greatest of these is rolling.

17. By Royal Patent. To the list of men (which I am collecting) who made their living by honorable though strange ways, I would now add the name of Robert Smith, by Royal Patent Rat Catcher to the Princess Amelia. Not only did Mr. Smith pursue this vocation, but he was generous enough to extend his knowledge to the rest of mankind; for in 1768 he wrote, "The Universal Directory of Taking Alive and Destroying

Rats and all other kinds of Four-footed and Winged Vermin." Now I ask you, sirs, if such an accomplished person came to your place, presented his Royal Warrant and a copy of his book, wouldn't you receive him with the respect due his high and honorable station? I would.

Bay trees, Agapanthus Lilies, Hydrangeas and such other plants as are grown in tubs can be given fresh soil and enrichment now. They can also be re-tubbed.

18. PAGAN BOUQUETS. The present rage for Japanese flower arrangements brings up the pertinent fact that to the Japanese these are philosophic bouquets. Each twig and flower has its own meaning and their arrangement is clothed in a symbolism calculated to express beliefs and arouse deep thoughts. They are outward and visible signs of things inward and spiritual—and also delightfully pagan. Consequently, I am always amused when I see hard-shell Baptist ladies, who doubtless help support missionaries in Japan, going completely heathen at flower shows by making Japanese bouquets.

Start de-mulching Hybrid Tea Roses. Dig in the fine manure and add a trowel of bone meal to each bush. Then prune—to two outside eyes.

19. A SIGHT OF SIGHTS. Each man after his own fancy. To the architect Rheims cathedral or the Empire State Building; to the doctor a neat sple-

nectomy; to the fisherman a huge tarpon; to the gardener a Century Palm in flower. Now Century Palms in flower are not found on every hillside. You have to go to the Tropics for them, and even then they are as scarce as hen's teeth, for they flower only once in a century and you have to happen along just at the right minute in the century to see them perform.

This magnificent specimen I heard of in Jamaica and went forth to behold it. And as my eye traveled up the stout, black, corrugated mast that reached into the heavens, I felt moved to doff my sun helmet in reverence to it. At the top of this great trunk was a magnificent cluster or crown of bluish, pale green inflorescence and round fruit-like beads on strings. For all the world it appeared like a gigantic head of Broccoli.

I thought of Indian Queens and the way they prepare themselves for the final, magnificent suttee. For in preparation the Century Palm first drops all its leaves; the great dried sheafs come rustling down on the breeze. Next appears the flowering. Then the fruit is set. And having thus attained the end of its life's cycle, the tree dies. A long life, a slow death, but what a dramatic climax!

Now is the time to start new lawns. Get them growing along before the drought of summer.

20. By Their Roots Ye Shall, etc. To my benighted way of thinking, the first step in getting to know a plant intimately is to dig it up and study its root system. Learn how it eats and drinks.

See how far it forages for food. The difference between the sunbaked surface-loving rhizome of a Tall Bearded Iris and the water-seeking matted roots of a Japanese or Siberian Iris can be marked by any one with a pair of eyes. The threads that dangle from a Sempervivum prove it clearly a plant that will thrive in a crack. Dig up a mature healthy Viola plant—and be surprised at the distance it will go for its sustenance. People who fail with Violas have neglected their first necessity, which is to trench and enrich the soil at least eighteen inches deep. Know your roots, and garden wisdom will be added unto you.

As soon as they appear, begin dusting Hollyhocks and Delphiniums with Bordeau mixture.

21. LITTLE OLD LADIES. I have a penchant for little old ladies with twinkly eyes. Little old ladies who have lived long enough not to expect too much from this world and who contribute to it cheerfully. One of them is the Rose Campion, an ancient garden perennial whose only desire is a loose root run (that is, if your soil is compact, put some sand around their roots) sun and not too much dampness. They don their woolly gray dresses early in the spring and from June on wear their rosy crimson flat blossoms. They are invariably recognized by other little old ladies who come into the garden.

Lift the winter covering off the Strawberry bed and burn it. Excess manure can be dug in between the rows.

22. BEING POOR. During the past few years when respectable and evidently pious people complained about hard times and their poverty, I wondered at their forgetfulness of the Beatitude which promises a glorious vision to those who are poor in spirit. Also I thought of the petition in the Litany that begs for deliverance "in the hour of our prosperity." In mediaeval times poverty of some sort —either of purse or of spirit—was an open sesame to the ranks of the Elect. It doesn't seem so fashionable nowadays. However, no less a poet than Ben Jonson wrote the great panegyric to it— "It was the ancient poverty that founded Commonweals, built Cities, invented Arts, made wholesome Laws, armed men against vices, rewarded them with their own virtues, and preserved the honor and state of Nations, till they betrayed themselves to Riches."

If mild weather sets in, you can now sow Beets, Carrots, Parsnips, Peas and Radishes outdoors.

23. GAMBRINIAN BOTANY. Havana has a nice taste for the fitness of things, for the pleasant amenities of life. Its Botanic Garden, for example, is located close to a large brewery that gushes forth an excellent brand of beer. Tables are set in tropic groves. You contemplate Flora under the guidance of Gambrinus. You study the variations of Hibiscus with a stein in one hand. Such liquid accommodation makes botany a little less scholastic and sterile. Perhaps, when the libidinous Utopia comes again to our land, something of this sort can be

done in our own Botanic Gardens. They must be arranged for the people to enjoy, not merely reserved for the lofty scrutiny of the botanically-minded. Besides, even botanists can raise a thirst.

Until you have grown them, you'll never know the beauty and grace of decorative grasses. Though they are far from rare, many gardeners, somehow, have overlooked them.

24. ANCHUSAS. We are constantly trying to bring the sky down to our gardens. We trail whisps of sky-bluey Myosotis along the border's rim, reach up heavenward with Delphinium spires, spatter hidden corners with Gentians and toss along the rear of our spring gardens the lovely clouds of Anchusas. Like any other blue flower, you must have plenty of Anchusa to make an effect. Plant them in large drifts, setting the plants a couple of feet apart. They appear to have no especial soil requirements and their only requests are (1) not to be too heavily covered in winter or they'll show their resentment by rotting off and (2) some support, the more hidden the better, consequently Pea brush is better for them than individual stakes. While not at all difficult to raise from seed, if you want to perpetuate a true color you must grow additional plants from root cuttings. They also are accommodating in their range of colors—the Gentian blue of Dropmore, the sky blue of Opal, the midway shades of Pride of Dover and the Forget-me-not spatters of the lowly *A. myosotidiflora* which can spread its soft clouds and heart-

shaped leaves over a corner of the rock garden or the front of the border. For naturalizing, use *Anchusa sempervirens.*

Any rainy day now you should devote to re-painting the garden furniture.

25. PINEAPPLE TOPS. At first glance it seems impossible to link sailing-vessels with a furniture style, but in the days of wind-jammers the crew had a lot of slack time on its hands. The story goes that on those long journeys up from the Caribbean the Yankee sailors used to shape up logs of Dominican mahogany into bed-posts and to carve on the tops the Pineapples they saw growing in the Tropics. So we have to thank sailing ships and New England sailors for the Pineapple tops of early four-posters.

Having seen what cheerful effects an abundance of Crocus made in other gardens, set down the resolution to order more of them in July.

26. COLOR SCHEMES FROM EXODUS. Even the Old Testament will furnish color schemes. The curtains of the tabernacle were blue, purple and scarlet on linen, with a hem of embroidered cherubim. Aholiab, son of Ahisamach made them. It amused me, too, to find that the laver or wash-bowl was made "of the looking-glasses of the women," which rather contradicts a certain fashionable friend who, on showing us some mirror

plates recently, claimed they were the latest thing from Paris.

Salt and nitrate of soda are the spring tonic for that Asparagus bed. A new bed can also be made at this time.

27. EDGINGS. If kept in hand, *Nepeta mussini* makes a soft rim for a Rose bed where the owner does not aspire to the aristocracy of a Box edging. Pinks are pleasant when put to the same use, although you may have to stick twigs through their foliage to keep the flowers from sprawling and, of course, you must constantly snip off the passé flower heads. Another edging I have promised myself some day to use with Roses is some of the dwarfer Helianthemums or Sun Roses, say, the white of The Bride around a bed of pink hybrid teas, Yellow Queen around the yellows and the scarlet of Bonfire to run around the white Roses.

Nitrate of soda fed sparingly and watered in will help speed up recalcitrant Tulips.

28. A MEMORY OF HOGS. The last year we kept hogs, in bold defiance of their sex, I named them indiscriminately after the more malodorous of the wives of the upper Roman set. It gave a classical touch to our little place to refer to an enormous Berkshire as Faustina; I felt that I was doing something to compensate poor old Marcus Aurelius for the unspeakable behavior of his wife. Really, she was a *terrible* person! Lucilla, the sister of Commodus, well befitted a porker, and Metella, Sulla's

perfidious spouse, was almost too ignoble a name to utter in the sty.

Having accomplished this final year of hogs with so learned a flourish, we took a vacation from them —but not my friends. Let it be whispered that a man has a strange complex, and his relatives and acquaintances will go on plaguing him with it. Ever since I gave up my ambition to be the Hog King of Silvermine, I have been deluged with pigs in various forms. They came as Christmas presents, as birthday gifts, as week-end reminders. They occupy a bedside table, a whole bureau top and quite an area of my office desk.

I have them measuring a quarter of an inch long and containing in their entrails a view of the Eiffel Tower, and I have them a foot long containing a great emptiness that hungers for pennies. I have them singly and in herds. I have them in china, glass, seashell, pottery, iron, wrought brass, tin, stone and wood. One of them is an ancient cookie-cutter. Another group, modeled by an unknown young lady in a settlement house, represents a sow and young at luncheon. Some are giddy with floral decorations. Two were obviously made to contain goldfish. But the one that gives me the most pleasure is a realistic creature covered with hide. It has a wiggly tail. By turning that tail there issues from its insides no less an air than "Holy Night." Sometimes, when I am lonely, I sit on the edge of my bed and turn that tail. . . . "Holy Night. Silent Night. . . ." It is quite consoling!

Save some of the seed of annuals for a later sowing. The plants from these can be

potted up and kept in the reserve garden for quick summer additions to the border. They are to the gardener what a can of soup is to the cook when company suddenly arrives.

29. SUNDAY THOUGHT. I am beginning to realize that we have two kinds of friends—fancy and plain. With the fancy we always wear our company manners and talk company conversation. Most of them go in for the latest thing in clothes, have an awesome regard for money and insist on being seen in the proper places. Most of them, now that I come to think of it, are also rather flat-chested and thin. The plain friends are inclined to be stout, are not insistent on chasing the modes, have little regard for circumstances and they talk ordinary conversation. In hours of trial, trouble and grief we turn instinctively to them, knowing how steadfast and gentle and guileless are the hands they hold out to support us. . . . But most amazing is it to discover how many of our fancy friends are also plain after all.

If your order for new Roses hasn't been sent, don't delay one day longer.

30. HEAVING HEUCHERAS. The third year after we planted that collection of Heucheras they had just about climbed out of the garden and, because their flowers were so poor, we were about to discard them. Then we learned that Heucheras have to be kept in place. You simply must curb their propensity for getting their feet out of bed. Early

in spring, dig up the clump and if it is too big, divide it, then plant the divisions solidly back into the soil agan. Divisions should be made every third year. A sunny spot is their favorite, a sunny spot with plenty of well-rotted manure ready for them to devour. Given these, they will return the compliment in flowers from June to September. And a neat little range of colors they have, too—the coral scarlet of *H. sanguinea*, the deep red of Flambeau, the pink of Rosamund, the rose of Edge Hill.

As my old plants have always given enough divisions, I have never attempted to raise them from seed, but I understand this is easily accomplished by sowing the seed in sandy soil in spring, which will provide plants ready to bloom the following year.

Lest you tire of it, alternate some of your garden-book and catalog reading with something entirely different. Detective stories are good for this purpose, so is a biography.

31. A LITERARY GARDEN. Alphonse Karr (1808-1890), the gifted French satirist and humorist of literary Paris during the brilliant nineteenth century, was also a devoted lover of flowers. He took no end of trouble to produce novel and unusual blooms. One of his fancies was a "romancers' garden" in which flourished trees and plants that contemporary writers, sometimes ignoring Nature, had described in their works. This gay unorthodox garden of Karr's sheltered his conception of a blue

Chrysanthemum inspired by George Sand, the Bengal thornless Rose of Victor Hugo, Balzac's climbing Azalea, Jules Janin's blue Pink, Madam de Genlis' green Rose, Eugene Sue's Parisian Cactus, Paul Feval's evergreen Larch, a little pink Clematis which figured in the Latin Quarter tales of Forgues, the scented Camellia of Rolle, and Dumas pere's white Lotus and famous black Tulip.

This collection was a Mecca for flower-lovers who came to gaze in surprise and admiration at the blooms.

Make a solemn resolution that this year you will not talk about your garden as though you were Ruth Draper doing her monologue.

LONG PIECE

TUSSIE-MUSSIES

JOHN PARKINSON, who in his day was a godfather of English gardening, once wrote (the year was 1629) a delightful book that met the public eye under the name of "A Garden of All Sorts of Pleasant Flowers." In it he uttered, among other aphorisms, the words, "There be some flowers make a delicious Tussie-Mussie or Nosegay both for sight and smell."

That word "Tussie-Mussie" has long since entered into the parlance of gardeners. Though nosegays seem little worn these days, and flower shows almost never suggest them as competitive subjects,

there is scarcely a gardener but finds his experiences becoming a Tussie-Mussie—and both for sight and smell. We are constantly gathering these nosegays, we gardeners, and from them our lives are measurably enriched.

Nature is prodigal—and so are most gardeners. We plant far more than we ever bring to successful blooming. In these days of careful spending, perhaps it might be well for us to question the wisdom of this prodigality. Were it not better to have few plants and grow them well, than an unending variety and bring only a few to successful fruition?

Another Tussie-Mussie I have been gathering in these days of economy is the enjoyment of the plants I have. We all suffer the temptation to buy more and more plants, to bite deeper and deeper into the frontiers of our gardens. More gardens and more plants exact more work and more care. The end of the day finds us so exhausted that we are too tired to enjoy the beauty surrounding us.

Lest I should miss this enjoyment, I have made a practice each week of going around the garden and collecting a Tussie-Mussie of everything in bloom. These make a jumbled bouquet that is set on my desk to study as I write. First come the Crocus and the other harbingers of spring, then the varieties of fruit trees and early flowering shrubs—the gamut that runs from *Forsythia ovata* in March, to the full orchestra of the fruit trees, the flowering Crabs and Plums and Japanese Cherries and Bush Honeysuckles of May, commingled with an abundance of Narcissus. So on, week by week, these beauties are revealed to me, and as I

study their infinite variety I am determined not only to grow better the plants I already possess, but to enjoy them more.

Through this survey I find myself both becoming better acquainted with these flowers, and growing more critical of what constitutes a good flower. My Tussie-Mussie is a nosegay of discernment, of higher standards. I am determined that whatever new flower shall henceforth enter this garden shall possess superior merit.

Still another nosegay of experience that I would collect is the practice of growing more of these treasures from seed. Doubtless the majority of them could be bought somewhere, but I am determined to follow that slower course which growth from seed requires. Perhaps some of the seed will fail to germinate, perhaps some of the seedlings will damp off, perhaps some of the maturing plants will find their environment uncongenial. From each of these I hope to gather a rich Tussie-Mussie of experience.

Having gathered these three nosegays, may I have the good sense to sit still a while in my garden and extract from them the nectar of their wisdom. From the first: satisfaction with what I have. From the second: a finer discernment. From the third: the practice of patience.

During the past few years, these three excellent habits have been thrown very much into the discard. The rush of material prosperity caused many people to become discontented with what they already had. In the hectic acquiring of new and more possessions, they forgot their standards. They grew very impatient with anything that failed to prove

instantly successful. The more recent tendency, since we have felt the pressing thumb of depression, has been to slow up the tempo of living. Whereas heretofore we sped past many a thing of beauty and merit, we are now moving more slowly. We have time to enjoy the sights and smells and delicacies of our impressions and are gradually acquiring a whole new set of standards by which to judge them. We are requiring also that life repay us for the solicitude with which we live it.

Only the dumb and obdurate will fail to realize that the old order has changed, and that the new offers far more than the old ever did in the enjoyment of life. For the same discernment that a gardener will turn on a new flower can be turned on every other kind of pleasure—on new books, new furniture, new music, new architecture, new contacts of man with man. From our lives we shall be gathering entirely new kinds of Tussie-Mussies, gathering them with more exacting taste, with more patience. And perhaps we shall be gathering them more frequently.

THE MONTH OF APRIL

1. FOUR SPRING BOUQUETS. Here are the notes of four bouquets She made one spring to delight my eyes:—

1. Queen of the North Leedsi Narcissus and the fluffy foliage of Siberian Pea Bush, *Caragana arborescens.*

2. Lilac Lamartine and branches of the pendulous pink Japanese Flowering Cherry, Naden.

3. Sprays of the twinkling white stars of Flowering Plum, *Prunus incisa serrata,* contrasted with the bold sulphur of *Forsythia ovata.*

4. Then this spring bronze duet—the rough green-bronze foliage of *Viburnum fragrans* and the diaphanous pink bronze of *Tamarix pendantra.*

Any day now you can remove the mulch from borders. Count your dead, and order plants to replace them.

2. MATRIMONIAL DEAFNESS. Though blessed with excellent hearing and other unimpaired faculties, yet I find that at certain times in the garden I am overcome with unaccountable matrimonial deafness. It usually strikes me about four in the afternoon when I have been slaving since dawn and still see a dozen more jobs to do before nightfall. A magisterial feminine voice reminds me that

the String Beans for supper have still to be picked. And what about that limb of the Elm you were supposed to lop off last week? And did you pot up those Ageratum I promised to send the Alisons? And so on and on, and still the voice goes past my ears and makes no impression. An hour later, beginning to feel twinges of conscience, I meekly approach Her. "My dear, did you ask me to do something?" And though I am then told in no uncertain terms what I was supposed to do, I go about it quite placidly, having enjoyed my hour of deafness and marital defiance.

Before it grows too long, give the lawn its initial mowing.

3. PEA SANCTUARY. One early April morning we found the gardener snarled in chicken wire. Intent on his serious purposes, he did not speak until a section of the vegetable patch had been securely fenced in. Finally he explained: "It's the rabbits. Them and the moles is what Hell was made for. We simply gotta have a Pea Sanctuary." And a Pea Sanctuary it has been every spring since.

Gladiolus cormlets can now be sowed in drills in the reserve garden or nursery. By next year many of them will be flowering size.

4. SALAD ENCOMIUM. At last salad has been raised to a course of distinction. The bowls, the cruets, the forks, the spoons are all taking on an individuality. Would that we could say the same

of the salad itself. Perhaps this wish will be met by rude rebukes. Do we not have a sufficient variety of salads? Ah, yes, do we not make indecent messes of fruit? Do we not mix ingredients that are as far apart as the poles? From all such salads, may the Bon Dieu spare us! What we ask is a greater variety in the Lettuces and greens that go into the salad bowl. With these we need only good oil, good vinegar, pepper, salt and a touch of mustard to attain a gastronomic heaven. No amount of fancy accessories can save the salad that lacks the necessary and respectable ingredients in good proportion.

Cabbage and Cauliflower plants can now be transplanted from the frames to the open garden.

5. IN A ROMAN GARDEN. Whereas we are apt to think that French gardeners first began the custom of growing flowers together with vegetables, Romans did it originally. Plutarch tells how Leeks and Onions were grown side by side with Roses and Violets.

The really swell Roman garden had two parts —the Gestatio and the Hippodromus. The former consisted of a wide path edged with Box or Rosemary, not unlike a double herbaceous border, along which the owner and his guests took their exercise. The Hippodromus was a wilder place, of informal paths and drives, along which horses could be ridden. In the garden was usually a summer-house containing rest-rooms and a banquet-hall. Before it was a terrace or Xystus.

And if it makes your life any merrier to know it, the Roman name for a tennis court was Sphaeristerium.

When the weather is assuredly settled you can sow outdoors the seeds of annuals such as Ageratum, Cosmos, Dianthus, Gypsophila, Eschscholtzia, Mignonette, Phlox, Snapdragons and Verbena.

6. WARNING TO LADIES. Those who view everything worldly with alarm and are getting the jitters over the millions spent each year by American women on cosmetics may take consolation in the fact that, in the Year of Grace 1700, Parliament enacted the following tasty bit of legislation:

"That all women of whatever age, rank, profession or degree, whether virgin, maid or widow, that shall from and after such Act impose upon, seduce and betray into matrimony any of His Majesty's subjects by means of scent, paints, cosmetic washes, artificial teeth, false hair, Spanish wool, iron stays, hoops, high-heeled shoes or bolstered hips, shall incur the penalty of the law now in force against witchcraft and like misdemeanours, and that the marriage upon conviction shall stand null and void."

As the roots of Grapevines are close to the surface, be careful in feeding them at this time of year. Scratch the fertilizer into the surrounding soil.

7. SANE TREATMENT FOR DELPHINIUMS. The three requirements for good Delphiniums are: (1)

deeply cultivated soil—down two feet and plenty of humus and a modicum of lime incorporated with it, but no raw manure; (2) constant shallow cultivation with an occasional top dressing to reach the feeding roots which lie near the surface; (3) allow not more than three strong stalks to grow. The first two, though obvious, are often overlooked. The third point is only common-sense, since you can't expect even a robust plant to produce dozens of magnificent flower spikes. If you are growing for seed, allow only one stalk to continue. The side shoots that are cut off can often be rooted in sand and will produce plants to flower the next year. Moreover, you will preserve the exact strain. Even from the best of seed you are apt to get any number of mongrels. The good gardener is known by the heartless way he rushes his mongrels to the compost heap. . . . Diseases? Grow healthy plants. Keep them growing along without halt or hindrance, and the diseases to which the Delphinium flesh is heir will be reduced to a minimum.

Cuttings of perennials taken now can be rooted in sand and set out later on.

8. JOHN WOOLMAN. To many, John Woolman was merely an itinerant Quaker preacher who wrote a Journal that no one apparently remembered, save a few friends and students, until President Eliot included it in his *Five Foot Shelf* of Complete and Undiluted Culture. It is pleasant to record that John was also a gardener and that his garden at Mount Holly, N. J., made before

the Revolution, was an early haven of peace. In its quiet, and laboring with his plants, he found strength and inspiration for his sermons and for the battles he fought against slavery.

At this time can be set out Altheas, Buddleias, Dogwoods, Hawthorns, Rhododendrons and Weigelias.

9. LOWLY PHLOXES. According to their height and manner of growth all Phloxes fall into two groups—lordly and lowly. The tall ranks of the lordly range down our garden borders in midsummer, the lowly add to the glory of spring their mats and miniature clumps. Start with the hybrids of *Phlox sublata* or Moss Pink. Nelsoni is both white and modest in growth. G. F. Wilson, a palish blue and Vivid a bright pink. Out of a number of hybrids these are the best so far, although, on second thought, I would add *The Bride*, a white with a red eye.

Since Phloxes are purely American flowers, all sections have contributed their share. The illimitable plains of Texas gave us *P. drummondi*. From the South comes *P. amoena* in pink, growing about four inches tall, and *P. ovata carolina*, the Mountain Pink, about a foot high. The former prefers a dry spot and the latter wants a soil on the acid side. Another native is *P. stolonifera* or *reptans* or *verna* (names which tell its flowering season and manner of growth) with blossoms that are lavender in the bud and open a startling bright crimson. The Rockies of the West have contributed many types—*P. douglasii* and its cousin *P.*

diffusa, both with needle-like leaves, *P. longiflora*, *P. speciosa* and *P. adsurgens*. Collectors are making these available. The Middle West prairies give us *P. argillacea* and *P. bifida*. The prince of these wildlings, however, is *P. divaricata canadensis*, which in the hybrid Laphami bears mauve blossoms. There is also a white form. These two, mingled with sulphur-colored Alyssum, make a grand edging for the herbaceous border.

Stepping up in height, we come to the Arendsi and Maculata hybrids. The former are crosses between *D. canadensis* and tall Phlox, *D. decussata*, giving a plant about a foot high in many charming color variations. The Maculata hybrids come from crossing the native Maculata with *P. decussata* and produce plants with soft pink flowers two and a half feet high. At that point the lowly Phlox starts to become lordly.

Tomorrow is as good a day as any to start weeding. Discourage weeds in their infancy and you'll not be bothered with them in their maturity. A weed in time, etc.

10. GLASS BY STREETS. The observing New Yorker will find, by studying the glass in lower front doors of many of our brownstone houses, that the style of glass depends on the street. Evidently the builders of bygone times divided the city into those sections that should have glass with etched Grapes and those with etched Greek temples, to say nothing of which should be white glass and which colored.

Get to the bottom of the compost heap and screen some of the rotted leaves and sod. This with a little sand makes the ideal soil for seed sowing and potting.

11. CLEMATIS JOBS. A climbing Clematis can be a joy forever if you attend to two simple jobs in spring. Work in a handful of lime around the roots, for they dote on a sweet soil, and feed them manure. Then prune them. The large flowered kinds—the Jackman hybrids and *Clematis lanuginosa* and *C. viticella*—want hard pruning, for they bloom on this year's wood. *Clematis florida, patens* and *montana* want light pruning of the weak shoots, since they bloom on last year's wood. Also these gorgeous vines may hold their head in the sun but they prefer their feet in the shade and are grateful for cover at the base. Water is another of their requirements and if you give them manure water in abundance before they flower, they will open up like a Scot in the presence of a bottle of Haig & Haig.

If your acquaintance with Japanese Quince is limited to the old scarlet, get to know some of the newer color variations. They'll surprise you.

12. ALPINE TEETERING. People come here and exclaim, "What! You have no rock garden!" And I assure them that I haven't, probably won't and that when I'm seized with an uncontrollable desire to raise alpines I confine my efforts to pots and stone chips furnished by the grave-stone man down

the road. Since this is rank heresy, it may need explanation. I do not consider a rock garden necessary to horticultural salvation. Nor have I any intention of hauling several tons of rock on to this place to make one. The only rocks here are in stone walls piled up with infinite sweat and labor by farmers generations ago—these and the crop we take each year off the vegetable patch. Did we have an outcropping of stone, I might conceivably go in for some miniature Alps on which to sprain my ankles and raise infinitesimal beauties; but too much labor has gone to clearing this place of stone ever to induce me to heap any more about it.

Cuttings of house plants can be taken now.

13. DOUBLE COCONUTS. Though there is still an excellent market for them in some parts of the world, I shall always be able to resist the temptation to retire from my present job and become a Double Coconut planter. First of all I should have to live in the Tropics (which, of course, would be no hardship), secondly, they only put out one leaf a year; thirdly, they do not bear fruit until the tree is thirty years old and lastly, each fruit weighs upwards of fifty pounds. Their native heath, or jungle to be more exact, is the Sechellari Islands off Java, and they consequently bear the name *Lodoicea sechellarum.*

No, I shall never plant them, but I should like, some day, to tell in detail the yarn of the man who did—who waited thirty years for the crop and then was killed ignominiously when one of

his first fruits dropped on his head. But that is a trader's tale and can only be properly told to the accompaniment of gin and bitters.

Though it is a tiresome job, re-label the plants in the rockery of which the labels have become indecipherable.

14. ANCIENT HISTORY OF RHUBARB. The fact that I have just dug in some of my best barnyard manure over the Rhubarb bed indicates with what reverence I hold it. And having thus paid my devoirs I come indoors to write of its past. Somewhere in my old stamping ground, Southern Siberia, it was first found wild by explorers penetrating eastward. China for a long time had used it medicinally. Caravans brought it back to Europe, and if it came by the northern route through Russia it was called Russian Rhubarb, and if by the southern route through Turkey from China, it was called Turkish. All this time, of course, and for many and many a subsequent decade, it was considered a medicine. Then about the year 1820, a Mr. Myatt of Dextford in England, it is said, aspiring to the ranks of those venturesque spirits who first ate oysters and mushrooms and snails, tried some of the stalks cooked and proclaimed them good. Thereafter stewed Rhubarb began appearing on the spring cuisine, a place it has ever since held. Would that I had a cask of ancient Rhubarb wine in which to drink the health of Mr. Myatt! He richly deserves our best-worded and lip-smacking encomiums.

Fall- and summer-blooming perennials that have been growing along for three years can now be divided. Iris, of course, should wait till after it has flowered. Aconites, Chrysanthemums, Phloxes and Veronicas are now due for division.

15. PARSEE PARADISE. It may enhearten flower-growers to learn that the Parsee saves a special quarter of his Heaven for gardeners. The old account goes, "I beheld great numbers in a state of repose and joy and the elemental principals of Paradise standing before them." *Surush* observed, "These are the heads of families, friends to building, who have improved the world by gardens and water courses and held the elements in reverence."

If you have never grown them, make some arrangement to plant Water Lilies. Even the half barrel of water and a Lily or two will open your eyes to a new world of beauty.

16. THE PASSION FOR BASKETS. Perhaps the only person who looks with a jaundiced eye on baskets is the customs inspector. Scarcely a boat comes into any port of the world but pours out its passengers carrying some sort of baskets. With very few exceptions mankind has a weakness for them. Their making was among the first arts of primitive people and, through the course of the centuries, they have often risen to the sublime degree of a fine art. Each race and country and sec-

tion has expressed its taste in the making of its baskets. By their baskets you may know them—the peasants of Jamaica, the bamboo weavers of China and Japan, the back-country folk of America.

One of these days some sufficiently informed person will write a panegyric on them—for which I shall be devoutly thankful, as it will save my doing it.

Meantime I lean tenderly on this quotation from that delightful book, "The Solitary or Carthusian Gard'ner," published in 1706: "A gardener that cultivates Flowers ought to have Baskets by him, to gather the Flowers in upon occasion. This sort of Baskets show a gardener's Neatness and the genteel ways of his Profession."

Having de-mulched the borders, scratch in a powdering of bone meal and top-dress them with screened compost.

17. PRIMROSE COMPANIONS. One of our favorite edgings at the foot of a thin planting of Rhododendrons is the intense blue of Myosotis Cambridge Blue mingled with the butter yellow of Munstead Primroses. In this shady spot the blue seems deeper than in the sunlight, nor do the Primrose flowers bleach. Another satisfactory combination is Myosotis Ruth Fischer and terra-cotta colored dwarf Polyanthus.

When the Forsythias have finished blooming—then is the time to prune them. The

rule for spring-flowering shrubs is to prune them immediately after flowering.

18. NICE CUSTOM. Flowers, like people, often become so much more interesting when you know their names. This was proved by a nice custom we encountered at a country house recently. Each morning the gardener cuts Roses for the family and guests. A Rose is laid beside your place at the breakfast table. And to each bud is attached a slip of paper bearing the name of the variety. It gives you a jolly feeling of intimacy to start the day knowing that Killarney Queen is in your buttonhole or Betty Uprichard or Lord Lambourne. A wise gardener knows his guests, however, for he avoids such teeth-crackers as Prince Engelbert Charles D'Arenberg or Violoncelliste Albert Fourès or Mevrouw G. A. Van Rossem. Why will these furriners insist on hobbling charming Roses with such names?

In the hotbed sow seed of Asters, Cucumbers, Egg-plant, Heliotrope, Melons, Peppers, Petunias and Tomatoes.

19. HORTULAN GOURMANDS. One of these days, when I have time and knowledge, I want to make a list of greedy plants, those with voracious appetites before whom you must be constantly setting the very best your compost heap and stable yard produce. In short, plants that eat you out of house and home.

At the head of the list I would place Michaelmas Daisies. Because of their greed I finally gave

them up, their greed and their insatiable thirst. I had seen these gorgeous fall Daisies exhibited in London and vowed to do likewise. Well, here is how you do it: Long before you order the plants —and order only the best varieties—prepare the soil down to two feet and put in about all the rich compost and manure you have around the place. Space the plants four feet apart, putting two to three shoots to a clump; of these retain only the strongest. Then stake this as it grows and give plenty of water if the Heavens do not. You'll have Michaelmas Daisies to write home about. I did—but most of the other plants in the garden were forced to undergo a thinning diet. Spring division every year is done early, using only the outside shoots and discarding the center.

It is none too early to look for insects on fruit trees and to spray against them.

20. DISARMAMENT CONFERENCE. We have been assembling the sabre-rattling birds and beasts together and have made a solemn dicker with them. The robins, cat birds and black birds are to have the pie Cherries behind the barn by right of eminent and ancient domain. (What's more, those trees are too big to net.) They are to have an undetermined share of the Ox-hearts. But the Raspberries and Strawberries we shall protect against all invaders.

The Persian cats are to suffer instant banishment from our lives and their fat living should they molest Mr. Pim, the canary or any other bird,

but they can eat all the moles and field-mice they've a mind to.

Any small dog can have a fair go at the Persians and the Persians, we know, are capable of putting their enemies to flight.

The martins can nest, as they have these past fourteen years, in the capitals of the porch columns outside our bedroom windows, and they having raised their broods, we are to obliterate their crawly nests.

The starlings may have the chimneys from May to October.

For the orioles, should they ever drop in again, we are reserving the big front Elms. The blue jays and squirrels may have the big and little one in back. To the wild canaries has been assigned the entirety of the orchard.

These points, at least, we have agreed on. But when we see the cats squint their eyes at Mr. Pim and the starlings invade the blue birds' nests and we find both kinds of Cherries gobbled up, then we sigh at the frailty of Nature and the fallacy of disarmament conferences, and forthwith cast the net over the Strawberries.

If you have Cedars on your place and they develop brown balls, destroy these balls. Eventually they will turn gooey and spread a disease to nearby Apple trees.

21. NINE OF THE MERTENSIAS. Those to whom the Mertensias or Lungworts (horrible name!) means only the Virginian Bluebells, have still quite a number of the family to meet. Like some fam-

ilies, the individual members are distinctive in their choice of site, soil and characteristics. From the Rocky Mountains come, among others, *M. alpina,* ten inches and with bluish-green leaves; *M. Bakeri,* six inches, a Colorado denizen of the high, dry slopes; *M. ciliata,* which grows to two feet, prefers a shady streamside and retains its foliage through the summer; *M. coriacea* or Mountain Forget-Me-Not, six inches, which likewise continues to display its thick foliage: *M. lanceolata,* the Prairie Bluebell, which grow to a foot high, and prefers a dry soil, for which it returns a mixture of blue and pink flowers: *M. paniculata,* fifteen inches, is quite deep blue: *M. platensis,* again fifteen inches, is a clumpy plant that holds on to its glaucous foliage and bears large, deep blue bell flowers. And *M. pratensis,* two feet, gives an abundance of drooping bells that spring from a clump of green foliage in an engaging fashion. Some of them are suitable for the rockery, others for the wild garden. The best way to increase them is by division after they have bloomed.

Start dusting Roses now. Also you can begin giving them a fortnightly dose of manure water. Loosen up the soil and pour in a ladleful to a bush.

22. WITHOUT BENEFIT OF TAXES. At this season of the year we try the new vintage of Currant wine before it is finally bottled. It pours from the cask a delicate rosy pink, a true *vina rosa.* A year or so in glass (wonderful is the way of wine!) it will age to the tone of a sherry. Our

delight in these vintages has eminent precedent. Half the fun is realizing that they are ours without benefit of taxes. There was a time in England when every self-respecting gentleman had traffic with smugglers and he would blush to set before his guests a bottle that bore the government's excise stamp.

Galtonias and Tuberoses can safely be set out now. Put some bone meal in the holes before you plant the bulbs.

23. BLANKET STITCH AND SPATTER-DASH. The blanket stitch, as embroidery-fans well know, is one of the oldest in the category of sewing. With it primitive woman sewed hides together. It is a stitch of straight lines. Spatter-dash, to continue these definitions, was that habit of Colonial builders of spattering, with a brush and stick, contrasting tints of paint over a ground color—yellow and red on a blue surface, green and brown on yellow and so forth. It was a finishing treatment used on floors especially.

Gardeners who cannot remember Plicatas by that name might call them Spatter-Dash Iris. Such are Jubilee, King Karl, Lona, Princess Osra and Zouave. In the Feather Stitch class fall old Mme. Chereau and all her descendants, such as True Delight, Folkwang, Queen Chereau, True Charm and Sacramento.

Just now these fancy Irises do not appear to be so popular as the blends and self-colors. Blends especially are reigning in favor and hybridizers are exerting all their skill to produce subtle com-

binations, such as those in Deputé Nomblot, that will defy the color charts and any similes I can conjure up to describe them.

Several kinds of Lilies should go into the soil now—Auratums, Elegans, Henryi, Regale, Speciosum, Sulphurum and Trigrinum. Try some in pots, too.

24. SCABIOSA HINTS. Each year it is good for the ambitious gardener to tackle some plant that is tricky. The conquest may take more than a year but the triumph will be only the greater. Native Orchids grown from seed would be a good hurdle to jump. Taming a complete circus of Lewesias would be another. Mastering Meconopsis should bring a crown. And getting the lovely light blues and lavenders of *Scabiosa caucasica* to behave themselves would be no less a triumph.

This gorgeous Scabiosa has marked tastes for soil, situation, companions and general treatment. It apparently likes to be grown alone in a bed. It asks for a deeply-dug soil in which there are heaps of well-rotted manure and leaves. To this should be added a sprinkling of lime worked in. This preparation will provide a deep, moist root run.

They should be planted early in the spring and division of old clumps should be done at the same time once every four years. Lift the clump carefully and take off pieces to start the new plantings.

The care is simple. Don't cut down the foliage

after flowering; remove only the passé leaves and flower stalks. Feed the plant bone meal at this time and, to preserve the moisture, give the bed a dressing of old leaves or peat moss. In winter surround the clump with ashes, as you do Delphinium crowns.

Take a day off and visit someone else's garden or some nursery or bulb display. You may come home discontented with your own garden, but you'll be refreshed and ready for work again.

25. CHRYSANTHEMUM CARE. I've often been surprised at the number of people who think there is something difficult and mysterious about handling hardy Chrysanthemums. In fact, it is quite simple. Before closing up the garden in late fall, lift the plants and heel them into a cold frame. Along in April side shoots will leaf out. Cut these off, being careful to take pieces with roots. Pot these up and grow them along until June when you can set thriving plants back into the borders and cutting garden again. Of course, before setting them in the border, you will enrich the holes into which they are to go. After that you've only to stake them. With this simple care we've had that new early blooming type, the bronzy Alladin, giving us flowers from late July to early November.

Pansies and other edging plants that have been wintering in the frames can now be set in their permanent places.

26. SCHOOL FOR NOVELISTS. One of our learned societies might do worse than institute a school for fiction writers to teach them how to know their way among the flowers. Here are two recent novels set in lovely old Charleston. One, dated before the Revolution, describes houses bowered in Wistaria. Now Wistaria was not produced commercially till after the turn of the 19th century. The other, with its action in the Federal Era, describes its characters eating Tomatoes. In those days people considered Tomatoes poisonous and would no more think of eating them than we would put oil and vinegar on *Rhus radicans* and serve it for salad.

Even some English novelists are not above our jocular criticism in this respect. Max Beerbohm in "Zuleika Dobson" speaks of the catkins of a Horsechestnut. George Moore went to the trouble of describing what he called a Weeping Willow which any gardener would have recognized as a Catalpa and Virginia Woolf writes charmingly of dear old John Evelyn walking in his garden and admiring a bed of Dahlias. True, John Evelyn was the most "curious" gardener of his age, but even his nose for new plants could not smell out the Dahlia from its Mexican home. A full century was to pass before Europe heard of the plant.

Begin training vines in the way you wish them to go. Honeysuckle and Wistaria are quite tractable at this season.

27. SAVING THE GIFT. I have often been puzzled by the reluctance with which some cooks supply

recipes. Taste a good dish, and although the creator of it will beam under your compliments, she will often hesitate to supply the necessary information about it. This mystery has all been cleared up. My favorite cook explained it. She used to make the world's best lemon meringue pies. Of late they have been only second rate. Tactfully, I inquired the reason. "Mrs. Jones' cook asked me how I did 'em," she said, "and I showed her. The gift left me. It always leaves you when you show somebody else."

The first planting of Gladioli can be made now. Follow it with fortnightly planting until July 1st to assure a succession of blooms.

28. BORING BUT NECESSARY. Some phases of gardening must be done though they bore you to distraction, and one of them is snipping off dead flower heads. House guests can often be induced to take over the task, and, by appealing to her pride in orderly housekeeping, I have also managed to persuade a wife to make it her particular task. This removal of faded flowers and blossoms about to set seed will elongate the flowering period. The provident gardener will provide exactly the right kind of scissors with which to tidy up Columbines, Campanulas, Delphiniums, Phlox and the rest.

Begin potting up seedlings to give friends who call. My favorite remembrance is a thumb-pot of Sempervivums or one of the uncommon (and easily rooted) Sedums.

29. MARIGOLDS FOR THE BOSOM. The way that tight little flower, the Scotch Marigold, has been fluffed out recently and given fresh tints by hybridizers must please all who enjoy it. I'm wondering how old Thomas Hyll would describe it today. 'Way back in 1577 he said of it, "This Marigold is a singular kinde of Herbe, sowen in Gardens, as well for the Potte as the decking of Garlands, Bewtifying of Nosegayes, and to be worne in the bosom."

Clean off Hemerocallis and Iris and burn the trash. Then feed them moderately with bone meal.

30. CRABS AS AN INVESTMENT. Five years ago, in those flush golden days, I indulged myself to twenty-two different Flowering Crabapples. It was a rash gesture, for not until this Spring did the dividends begin to appear. From now on they will increase. In those five flowerless years the saplings were getting established. In the years to come I can gaze at their abundant blossoming and smile cynically at the thought of the worthless stocks and bonds I might have bought. To those who are looking for a gilt-edge investment, who desire to own only the blue chips, I recommend the following:—

Zumi—Zumi Crab
Sieboldi—Toringo Crab
Spectabilis—Chinese Flowering Crab
Spectabilis Rochester
Atrosanguinea—Carmine Crab

Theifera—Tea Crab
Scheideckeri—Scheidecker's Crab
Ioensis plena—Prairie Crab
Slavin—Slavin's Crab
Baccata—Siberian Crab
Prunifolia—Pearleaf Crab
Floribunda—Japanese Flowering Crab
Niedzwetzkyana—Redvein Crab
Ioensis—Prairie Crab
Angustifolia—Southern
Prunifolia runki—Chinese Apple
Sargenti—Sargent's Crab
Floribunda purpurea—Purple Crab
Halliana Parkmann—Hall's
Toringoides—Cutleaf
Charlotte

Start the habit of early rising and early gardening. Make your day's plans the night before. By noon you'll have accomplished a lot and can then begin to be attentive to your family.

LONG PIECE

"WITHOUT THE GATE"

A GOOD many years ago I said I wouldn't do it again. That was the time, still vivid in my memory, when a poor little wisp of a blind skye terrier, doomed to darkness and eternally banging his snout against chair legs and fences, was dragged from my childish arms to a lethal chamber. No, I would never have another dog.

But promises are vain things and the younger the

lad the vainer they be. So there came into my life a black and tan, a slithery black and tan, and he went by the name of David, for David was the man who wrote Psalms and I was learning them then on Sundays at the knee of a pious maiden aunt. It was she who named him, she who corrected my impiety when I called him Dave. But even a pious name cannot save a black and tan when he disputes the right of way with a trolley car. So once again I knew what Kipling meant when he warned us not to give our hearts to a dog to tear.

The years passed, and down them loped a varied succession of dog friends—big dogs and little dogs, dogs well-bred and mongrels. Jack was a dancing dog out of London, taught to do tricks on his hind legs, and he did them from Amsterdam to Paris while we hoofed that long way one flowery spring, and through Germany into Russia and from Russia across Siberia, and up the icy reaches of the Amur where he danced to the delight of peasant children who, if they are alive today, are grown men and women. Then one night, at an isolated station on a rickety railroad while we slept, he stepped off to get the air—and never returned. Even in Siberia you shouldn't give your heart to a dog to tear.

And there was Delphinium, a hybrid between an otherwise respectable collie mother and a peripatetic airdale sire, who went to the farmer's boy because he was good and attended Sunday School as his mother bid. But when the winter of an old age came down on him, once more I knew that Kipling was right—

Brothers and sisters, I bid you beware
Of giving your heart to a dog to tear.

All of which experiences should have taught a grown man not to run foul of good advice. Yet scarcely had that memory passed when I found my affections transferred to a wire-hair fox terrier who for several years gave us "love unflinching" and whose spirit, that answered our every mood, is gone now—wherever it goes—for good. But this time I was curious where dogs do go, and turning over the pages of the Apocalypse I came to the description of the Eternal City, glittering, and gorgeous, with no night, nor darkness, nor pain, nor grief. There it is written (you'll find it in the 15th verse of the last chapter) that without the gate of Heaven are dogs.

A certain college professor has recently enjoyed his crowded hour of newspaper publicity by stating that the American home is on the decline, that it "remains nothing but a place to change one's clothes in, to have cocktails in before going out to dinner, and a place to spend a few hours' sleep." He further claimed that the American child was nothing but layers of obsolete social, religious bandages wrapped around the semblance of life.

This statement appeared just about the time I had finished, for business purposes, a cursory survey of what might be called "the pet business." The report from the latter was as encouraging as the gloomy professor's statements were discouraging. It appears that the pet business was never more thriving. More dogs and cats are being sold today than ever before. People are going in for birds

despite the hysteria of parrot fever. The horse, in all parts of the country, is enjoying a wide revival of popularity. Even the clustering of our population into apartment houses does not prevent people keeping pets. The tenement streets of this country as well as its Park Avenues attest to the universal popularity of the dog.

Since these dumb creatures cannot live without some sort of home, I feel that either the professor is grossly wrong or else the pet business is a poor measure of the status of the American home. One can scarcely conceive of a home without some pet in it; indeed, it is a distinct mark of people who love their homes, who prefer to be in their homes than anywhere else, that they surround themselves with pets and enjoy their petty slavery to dumb creatures. The dog on the hearth rug, the cat on the sofa, the canary in its cage at the sunny window are all symbols of home and home contentment.

I prefer to stay on the side of the dogs. I prefer to believe that the American home is not on the wane and that people are buying pets because they love their homes, want pets about them in their homes, want their children to enjoy the companionship of pets. These children, though they are mere semblances of life wrapped around with layers of social, religious and political bandages, react to a dog or any other pet just as previous generations of children did. They still romp with kittens and stand wonderingly before a canary's cage when it sings. And so long as they do, and so long as men and women can cherish the dumb affection and loyalty of a dog about them, there

need be little fear over the American home becoming merely a clothes closet, a bar and a bedroom. The growing number of men and women who know what it is to feel the strength of a spirited horse beneath them all attest to the stability of home customs.

But if that dog, that cat, that little bird in its cage, that horse in the paddock comes to the end of its time and its owners fail to feel the loss of its companionship, then we may fear the worst.

So without the gate of Heaven are dogs. Perhaps horses too. Perhaps cats sunning themselves on the top rail of the golden fence. Perhaps little birds singing there. Without the gate—but not very far without.

And if it should be our fortune—those of us who have loved pets—ever to pass within those pearly gates, surely most of us will not stay far away from them. Most of us, I daresay, will linger now and then around those bars to stroke the nose of a favorite old horse or smooth down the fur of a playful kitten, or hear a bird sing again or scratch pensively the snouts of those celestial dogs that stand without—those blind skye terriers of our childhood, those black and tans of our youth, those dancing Jacks of our majority, those lovesome wire-hair fox terriers, such as the one who, on a day this spring, chased rats all morning and then curled up in a sunny spot on a barn floor and fell asleep.

THE MONTH OF MAY

1. NEW MEN FOR OLD. By the first of May we realized that Alida Lovett was to be with us no more. Old age and a touch of canker had ended her days in this garden. Never again would June turn on her shell-pink cascade. Sturdy and faithful, she had poured forth that largess of flowering these many years.

How many years was it, I wondered? After all, the death of a faithful Rose bush is not to be taken lightly. I thumbed back over the yellowing pages of my garden diary. There it was—twelve years! Twelve years ago she had given us her first bloom.

Ah well, I could buy another. Or perhaps it would be better not to try Alida again. A wise man never attempts to attain the same perfect enjoyment twice in the same place. . . . It might be better to substitute for Alida some Spanish upstart with an unpronounceable name.

These thoughts were wandering through my mind as I glanced at that clumsy, soil-smeared record, written after a long Sunday's work in the garden twelve years back, when farther down the page my eye caught this strange item: "Mrs. Blank has just left. To our great relief, she proved to be a simple, unaffected, affectionate and sincere woman."

What a coincidence! That weekend had seen

two flowerings—Alida Lovett and Mrs. Blank. We had had a notion of what Alida was like, but, as I recall it, we were nervous about Mrs. Blank's visit. From what we had heard and seen of her, she appeared to be a brittle-edged, cold and over-critical person. She invariably wore the smartest clothes and snorted at those who didn't. She set great store by the last word in food and entertainment and decoration, and she positively prostrated herself before the altar of social rating. And here we were, venturing to invite her to this vest-pocket country place where clothes didn't count for much, where food and service and conversation were bucolically plain, where gardening was the sole entertainment and where friends were folks.

There had evidently been a terrific impact that weekend between that woman and this Connecticut hilltop. The Rose flowering, the ranks of late Iris, the fragrant soil had all hurled themselves against the exterior she wore. Hurled themselves and stripped her of it, for by Sunday night her real self emerged as "a simple, unaffected, affectionate and sincere woman."

Many times since have I seen that miracle worked. Of many a visitor it was not made manifest what she would be when first she came. Whereas I once thought these people were politely adapting themselves to the garden's physical aspects, I now realize that, in the process, they were adapting themselves to its other-worldly insistence. Under no other circumstances do new men and women so completely emerge from old as in a garden.

Practically everything in the frames can now be moved out to the open ground. In their place make a second sowing of annuals.

2. THE HERBACEOUS BORDER. Among English gardeners there appears to be some grumbling against the perennial border. They are beginning to realize that, even when most carefully planned, the long bed of mixed perennials has its drawbacks. It is bound to be spotty at some seasons, small things get crowded out and, despite meticulous care, the color combinations rarely come up to our dreams of them. The solution seems to be found in placing the small plants in the rockery or beds by themselves, where they can have a fair chance; and by growing the larger plants in wilder areas of the garden or in separate beds. . . . Maybe this means that the perennial border is going out of style! I wonder.

As aphids start their work early, mix up a batch of nicotine solution and spray Roses and other plants to which these pests are attracted.

3. SPRIGS OF ACACIA. It occurred to me that there might come a time when sprigs of Acacia would be needed around the place and, to forestall any lack of them on my decorous demise, I sought out the Acacia family in the learned books. What an appalling list! Almost as long as the Campanulas! And should it be Bullhorn Acacia or Cootamundra Wattle or Kangaroo Thorn? Finally I was at-

tracted by the Acacia's first cousin and selected *Robinia Kelseyi*, with its lovely chains of pink, pea-like flowers. Altogether an admirable tree, save that it has one drawback: it sends its deputies all over the garden. Nevertheless I stand here an upright man to declare that if you keep this tree and its offspring within bounds you'll never want a prettier one on a late May morning. Its racemes of rosy flowers, abundant and delicate of texture, swing on the branches like pink jeweled pendants.

Start dis-budding Peonies and speed them up with regular doses of manure water.

4. ARBOREAL POISE. Although my heart leaps up when I see a perfectly symmetrical tree—a vase Elm, or a widespread Beech or the slim neatness of an Italian Cypress, yet symmetry is not what we always look for in trees. The secret of their great charm is the same one we admire in women—poise. There is the flowing drapery poise of the Weeping Willow and the pendulous Larch, the queenly poise of the Royal Poinciana of the Tropics when she wears her crown of orange-golden blossoms, the bent grace of Monterey Cypresses where they have made themselves agreeable to the dictates of the wind, the solid posture of the English Oak and of the flange-rooted Cottonwood trees beside Jamaican roads. Even the reeling, drunken Palms that line the warm shores and top the hills of the Tropics have a poise all their own.

The tender bulbs can now go into the ground—Summer Hyacinths, Fairy Lilies,

Ismenes, Trigidias, Montbretias and many of the Lilies.

5. SMALL BEGINNINGS. Among the virtues to be extolled is patience and in no game or diversion is patience more necessary than in gardening. We visit finished gardens, see mature plants, shrubs and trees, make meticulous note of them, order them in good faith from the nurseryman, and then receive a consignment of liliputian affairs in small pots. Between that almost microscopic seedling and the mature plant lie many seasons of patient waiting and care. Large trees aplenty are available, and for the necessary consideration we can buy and transplant mature shrubs, but with most perennials we must start at the beginning. Many gardeners feel they have been cheated when these tiny plants arrive. They had vision of a full-grown, robust, soil-covering plant. Keep that vision, for to a considerable extent gardening is a dealing in futures—and in the meantime take good care of the plant. If the perennial border looks skimpy during the first season, you can always fill in with annuals. The best gardens and the gardens that are the most loved have started from just such small beginnings.

Any time now evergreen hedges can be given their spring pruning.

6. RAINBOWS FROM BULBS. Until you have grown them, you will never realize what rapturous beauty can come from Bulbous Iris. Of late years some superb hybrids have appeared, especially in

the English and Dutch groups. As a succession of flowering is desirable, plant Dutch bulbs for the earliest, Spanish for the next and English for continuing the bloom into July.

The bulbs should be planted in early October in a well-dug sandy soil fortified with ground bone, being set six inches apart and six deep. When frost begins to crust the earth, give the planting a mulch of leaves. At the same time pray to your garden gods that mice won't discover the bulbs. In infested gardens they are often set in wire baskets or grown in quantity for cutting in cold frames. While those in borders may be left from year to year, we usually lift the frame bulbs when the tops have died down and store them until next planting time.

When the cold frames are free, start sowing perennial seed. This will produce strong plants by the autumn.

7. ROADSIDE TREES. It is said that roadsides were first planted by a Persian king, who wished travelers and pilgrims along his highways to be in comfortable shade on hot days and also because in winter, when the snows lay deep, the trees would mark the road and prevent travelers losing the way. Bunyan's Pilgrim had just such an encounter with roadside gardens: "As they came up to these places, behold the Gardener stood in the way; to whom the Pilgrim said, 'Whose lovely vineyards and gardens are these?' He answered, 'They are the King's and are planted here for his own delight and also for the solace of pilgrims.' "

We of today could well give more constructive thought to roadside tree planting. For many thousands of miles along our highways there is not so much as a leaf to cast a bit of summer shade or provide a color glint when autumn comes. Our gain in speed has been at the cost of beauty.

As Sweet Peas come up, thin them to nine inches apart, fill in the trench and put up Pea brush.

8. CONVERSATION AT CHURCH DOOR. Ecstasy is the life blood of great art and the capacity for it indicates a fine lustihood. When we cease to feel the ecstatic throb in the presence of beauty or noble deeds or splendid accomplishments, then life is no longer worth the living.

These sentiments, properly embellished, were delivered by an irate parishioner as she made her way down the village street a few Sundays ago. Only by sheer force of will had she managed to keep awake during the sermon. After service the parson greeted her at the church door. Outside, the countryside was in the first flush of spring. "Doesn't that fill you with ecstasy?" she exclaimed, glancing past him to a Maple leafing out. "Ecstasy?" the parson echoed. "Never in my life have I felt ecstasy." To which she replied, "That, sir, explains your preaching."

Vegetables that were sown in April should now be big enough to thin.

9. PINK CONCERTO. Each spring I have to learn all over again the full and rhythmic name of this

shrub—*Diervilla florida venusta,* or Venus Weigelia. A native of Korea and northern China, it has settled down in our gardens quite recently. Its two Latin appendages, which mean "charming flowers," state its beauty only too mildly. The narrow pink funnels that appear in late May and June are not too insistent nor is the bush overpowering in size. In flower it is like a little pink concerto.

In one spot it stands under the shadow of a huge Bush Honeysuckle that protects it from the wind, and here the soil is relatively dry; in another the soil is damp. The latter is evidently its preference, for the one that grows in dampness progresses much more rapidly than the other. Though the books all suggest winter protection, I have found this Weigelia hardy here in southern Connecticut without the slightest suggestion of covering.

At this season Currant bushes often show a marked affinity—or vice-versa—for bugs. Bordeaux mixture is a dependable specific.

10. HUMPHREY REPTON. A tempting personality for garden clubs to study is Humphrey Repton, the English landscape architect. Intended for commerce, he was sent by his family to Holland, there to learn Dutch and study the chintz and calico trade. On his return to England chintzes and calicoes didn't seem to be his forte, so he studied botany and gardening under Lancelot Brown, and soon won a name for himself. However pleasant his gardens, his personality appears to have

irritated the more masculine Englishmen who met him. They called him a coxcomb. Had he lived today he would probably have stuck to calicoes and (spare the mark!) been an interior decorator.

Through May perennials can be planted. If there is a shortage of rain, see that they are well watered.

11. ORIENTAL POPPIES FOR INCREASE. An investment well worth making is in the newer hybrids of Oriental Poppies. Here you have to watch your step. The market is flooded with named varieties that offer only the slightest variation over existing kinds A safe sixteen would be:—Delicata, Flush of Dawn, Lulu Neeley, Ethel Swete, Henri Cayeau, Lady Moore, Watteau, Mrs. Stobart, Nancy, Trilby, Thora Perry, Little Jewel, Enchantress, Purity, Cavalier, Echo.

Once the investment is made and these sixteen grown along for a year or so, they can be propagated in August and an amazing increase produced. Dormant at that time, dig the roots carefully and cut them into two-inch lengths. Plant them in a mixture of sand and leafmold, keep watered and shaded until roots are formed. They can then be potted and kept in the frame for spring planting or kept growing along till the autumn. And at that time you can write to gardening friends—those notes that give one so much the air of a floral Maecinus—"Come up and get your Perry's White. . . . Bring a basket for Lulu Neeley."

Aconite, Delphinium, Hollyhocks and Phlox should be sprayed once a fortnight from now on to prevent mildew.

12. RANUNCULUS. Among the delights of midspring and early summer are the Ranunculus. Delights, because one can scarcely conceive it possible for so beautiful a flowering to come from such strange little claws as form the roots. These we usually grow in the cold frame, although from Washington south they should be hardy out of doors. Instead of manure, enrich the soil with dried blood. Space the claws six to eight inches apart and two inches below the surface. Also see that these claws are placed down with the crown upward. A top dressing of sifted leafmold will be gratefully received as a finishing touch. Allow the foliage to die down so that the roots can cure properly, and when it has died away, lift the roots and store them in a safe place till next fall.

The late sleepers in the border are Cimicifuga, Funkia, Japanese Anemone, Platycodon and Speciosum Lilies. Be careful not to chip off their growing tips while cultivating.

13. ROSES WITHOUT THORNS. The American Rose Society, one of the most active of our special flower groups, covered itself with glory and put Rose lovers in its eternal debt when it issued "Modern Roses," a survey of over 2500 Roses now in commerce—their history, culture, nature and behavior. Of those 2500 it is interesting to

find that 307 are listed as having few thorns and 17 as having no thorns at all. Even some of the species thrive in the wilderness quite unarmed, our American *Rosa blanda* among them. So bang! goes another old wives' tale—that you must always have some sour with your sweet and no Rose without its thorn.

Paper collars around seedlings of Cabbage, Cauliflower and Tomato will circumvent the blankety blank cut-worm.

14. CHINESE TASTE. What the nude was to the ancient Greeks, a bit of wild scenery was to the ancient Chinese of the Sung Dynasty, that apex of intellectual sophistication. It was the epitome of artistic appreciation. In due time this taste was transferred to gardens and from these Chinese gardens, as any student of garden-history knows, it was carried to Europe and became one of the sources of the Naturalistic School of garden design. This is the romantic past lying behind what we term the informal garden. Yet, after seeing some of those gardens, I'm inclined to believe that the descendant has lost a lot in traveling from its native heath. The Chinese explained their scenery gardens as "An expression of the wholeness of the world of which man is but a part." In all too many of what are called informal gardens man is the whole show.

Seeds of Eschscholtzia, Mignonette and Shirley Poppies, which do not survive transplanting, can now be sown where they are to grow.

15. SPENT BOOKS. At this time of year, we stagger through the annual spring cleaning, regularly clearing out from the shelves in the house those books that are perfectly useless. They are carried up to the barn, in the vain hope that friends will borrow and never bother to return them. Nor do I go about this task with any heaviness of heart.

Ranged shelf on shelf in many a home are books that never know the touch of the human hand save when they are dusted. Once they meant something to us, now they mean little. They satisfied a mood or a phase in life, and we are long since over the mood and have safely outlived that phase. They are spent books, as little use to us as an exploded fire-cracker. Would it not be better to bundle them all off to some institution that can find use for them—clear the shelves to make room for books that meet our moods today?

One spring I did this—stacked my spent books on the back porch and instructed the gardener to see that they went to some worthy institution. Now it happened that not far from us at that time dwelt a lady who ardently followed the persuasion of Mrs. Eddy. The only evil thought she permitted herself to entertain—and this she entertained royally—was a horror of the Papacy and all things connected with Roman Catholicism. It also happened that the year before, in doing some research work, I had assembled quite a shelf of very Papal literature. Now, finished with the work, these were the books I dumped on the back porch. And these very lurid and vicious litanies and lives of saints the dear woman—to whom one book was as good as another—

promptly hauled away, for she had many empty shelves. That summer I used to call on her quite regularly for the sole purpose of chuckling at the way her duplicate copy of "Science and Health" rested innocently between Alphonso Ligouri's "Glories of Mary" and a neat little volume with the provocative title of "One Hundred Questions for Protestants."

If life becomes a little dull, look into any English gardening book and see how many plant pests and diseases are called American.

16. ORANGES AND SLUGS. Orange and Grapefruit rinds—the despair of the country dweller because the chickens and even the accommodating hogs stoutly refuse to eat them—can be turned to a good purpose as traps for slugs. Lay them around a plant that slugs enjoy and the varmints will collect in numbers on the rind and can then easily be dispatched.

Before setting them outdoors inspect house plants for scale. This can be scrubbed off.

17. SCARLET LARKSPUR. Let Californians sing praise to *Delphinium nudicaule*, for me it is a poor thing—a scrawny plant at most, with an insignificant scarlet blossom. Half shade and humus it requires, and a spot that is not too damp in winter nor too dry in summer. Yet even given these desirabilities, I cannot say that I would put it among the curiosities that I shall take to

my gardening bosom. I shall wait until the new hybrid scarlet Larkspurs, now promised us from Holland, come on the market.

All spading and plowing should be finished now.

18. VINES FOR SHADE. Though the natural instinct of most vines is to reach up toward the light, some there are that like cool shade in summer and thrive in it. Among these are *Cobea scandens*, the Cup and Saucer Vine, which comes in white and purple; and *Echinocystis lobata*, Wild Cucumber, a generous soul that all too prodigally sows itself over the garden. These two are annuals. Among the perennial shade lovers are Bittersweet, *Celastrus scandens*, the various Honeysuckles, Dutchman's Pipe, *Aristolochia sipho*, and the Japanese climber *Actinidia*. None of these, of course, really get under way until after the second year; the first year they are busy establishing their roots.

Beeches, Magnolias and Birches can all be planted this month. And I wish you luck with them!

19. LAWN REFRESHMENT. Since this is not an age of miracles, it is scarcely conceivable that one can maintain a good lawn for long without feeding it. At one time I was a devotee of chopped Tobacco stems. Now I have shifted my allegiance to a fertilizer made from the sludge of that excellent city of Milwaukee. This and a few other tid-

bits. In the late autumn, after the garden has been put to bed, we sift over the lawn a generous coating of leafmold and loam. This will help feed the roots and act as a "base cream" to use the woman's expression, on which to lay the make-up. The make-up consists of a spring scattering of sulphate of ammonia, which keeps the soil acid, the type grasses love, then, later comes a broadcasting of the fertilizer. In August we feed with fertilizer again. With this treatment the lawn manages to have a fairly good complexion.

This is about the last call for planting small fruits.

20. SUNDAY THOUGHT ON GOOD TASTE. For going on twenty years now my means of making a livelihood has been the exposition and preaching of a vague quality called Good Taste. It has mainly concerned itself, this doctrine, with material things—with chairs and wall-papers and rugs and curtains and how you set your table and dispose bushes and flowers around your property, and all such other matters of the moment in which what are termed "smart" people show interest. Today it has come to me (as I sit quietly in the garden, which lends a perspective on such affairs) that these are the least evidences of Good Taste. This nebulous but necessary virtue has naught to do with the cut of a coat nor the luxury of one's house, but comes from within. Good Taste in one's mind and heart and personal behavior and private life and daily contacts is the first essential.

Without this interior Good Taste, any other is futile, ephemeral and childishly presumptuous.

The larger vases should be washed and ready for the Peony and Iris bouquets.

21. SEEDS FOR ARRANGERS. It might be a good notion for garden clubs, which suffer from a superabundance of members whose only knowledge of flowers is the way to arrange them artistically, to make the prizes for these artistic arrangements take the form of seed packets. Thereby some of these arrangers might be induced to become gardeners and when they have become gardeners they will learn how little artistic arrangements have to do with horticulture. To the seed packet might even be added a trowel. There would then be no doubt about the direction of the hint.

Straw mulch should now be tucked under the Strawberries. Weed the rows before doing this.

22. LOVE UNDER THE VALLEY LILIES. When sentimental souls tell me that some people can grow flowers successfully because they love them, I laugh softly behind my hand. Yes, love plus manure and water and the right location and division when necessary. A heartful of love won't grow good Lilies of the Valley, for instance; you've got to prepare the bed for them well and deep, two feet deep and well with plenty of old compost and manure. Then you've got to make trenches about four inches apart and spread out

the matted roots and fill in the soil so that the tips of the crowns—which are set four inches apart—come just even with the surface. Next you water down the soil so that it is packed snugly around the roots and finally cover the bed with a sifting of your best rich earth and a blanket of leaves to about three inches. This should be done in the autumn. The next spring lift off the leaves and scatter about a soupçon of fertilizer. Apply liquid manure when the flowers begin to form on the stems. Every three years lift all the plants, make a fresh bed of rich soil and replant. After you have done these arduous jobs, you can do all the loving you've a mind to. Incidentally, if you start with a good strain, you will also have flowers that will make your friends think much better of you when you send them a bouquet and may, conceivably, induce you to wax positively sentimental yourself.

Melon and Cucumber plants, now under forcing frames, can be cultivated to keep the immediate soil open.

23. HANDED SUPPER. In traveling around the country you have to be careful how you use the words supper and dinner. To some, dinner means a mid-day meal, and others take it to mean the evening meal. And each section, too, has its own variants of these. The older areas still have dinner at noon and supper at night, but down South —in Virginia especially—Sunday completely changed the schedule. Having enjoyed a large mid-day dinner, the family, at about seven o'clock,

had what was called a "handed supper." This usually consisted of chicken salad and minced ham with bread and butter sandwiches. The dishes were placed on small tables and handed around; hence the name. Before bed-time—about ten o'clock—came a sitting-down supper which, in summer, was usually just a dish of ice cream, but you sat at the table to eat it.

Even though you are terribly busy these days, spare an afternoon for your garden club. Take some unusual plant or bloom to show the members.

24. GOING OLD-FASHIONED. There is quite a movement on foot to revive old-fashioned Roses and I am afraid that unless we keep our wits about us many will be disappointed. Somehow, we have a notion that old-fashioned Roses just grew of themselves and that they require none of the attentions demanded by the more modern *femme de monde* of the Hybrid Tea class. True, once they are established, many of the old garden citizens stay put for life, but this does not exempt them from Rose ills. I can find just as many bugs and just as much black spot on Souvenir de la Malmaison as I do on the more recent Los Angeles and Julien Potin.

I'm also wondering, too, if we shall all be satisfied in going old-fashioned. Can we honestly say that the old Moss Roses, for example, compare in beauty with later developments in Teas and Hybrid Perpetuals? Some thirty-odd kinds of Moss are scattered around this place and, I

must confess, that, so far, my interest in them is purely academic. They have yet to pitch me into throes of ecstasy.

Now that Forsythias are finished blooming, prune them. Thin out some of the inside wood if the growth is too thick.

25. EATING LADIES. In 1788 there was published in England a book that bore the toothsome title, "The Honours of the Table." It was a work on the gastronomic arts by the Rev. Dr. Trusler, who came naturally by his gustatory inclinations since his father was a professional cook. This work not only abounds with wise advice for host and hostess but also is sprinkled with splendid sentiments. Among the latter is this tender gesture toward ladies at table—"As eating a great deal is deemed indelicate in a lady; (for her character should be rather divine than sensual,) it will be ill-manners to help her to a large slice of meat at once, or fill her plate too full."

Dahlias can be planted now. Set the stake in the hole before laying in the tuber. A handful of fertilizer should be worked into the soil.

26. THE ANCIENT MOLE. It may comfort garden owners who are driven frantic by the depredation of moles to learn that in Queen Elizabeth's time mole catching was a well-recognized profession and the mole catcher a busy man. He charged twelve pence per dozen for old moles and

six a dozen for young, payment being made when the aforesaid varmints were produced dead to the owner. As a further precaution, sometimes he tried to drown them out, sometimes he drove them away by putting slices of burnt red herring on the runs, or pieces of Garlic and Leeks, to the end that their nostrils might be outraged.

Make color notes of Iris and Peonies to guide your planting of them in the fall. Also make up your mind what Iris to discard.

27. SHRUB PANEGYRIC. Had I a harp, I would sit on the front lawn at this season of the year and sing, to all and sundry who pass by, a full-voiced panegyric of two shrubs—*Buddleia alternifolia* and *Lonicera Korolkowi*. The former stands at the rear of the orchard flanked by *Spirea Wilsoni*—long blue tassels waving above little white planes, and such tassels!—fragrant with a perfume that lies heavy on that part of the place by day and night, mauve tassels on sprays three feet long collared with feathery foliage that sways in the wind like lithesome dancers interpreting an adagio movement.

The Turkestan Bush Honeysuckle is less obvious. From a distance it is merely a gray cloud resting on the brow of a bank. Come closer, and you see that it is inhabited by a multitude of small pink bees that are its flowers—tiny winged creatures poised for flight. And whereas the Buddleia is a study in graceful motion, the Honeysuckle

is an arrested pose that could—but never does—break into an ecstasy.

A grim resolution—and stick to it: when you find a diseased plant in your garden, fork it up and burn it immediately.

28. CHOWDER COMBAT. Now that summer is upon us and oysters have gone out and clams come in, I once more take a ringside seat at the chowder combat. Those who come from that area of the Atlantic seaboard stretching northward from New London claim milk as the only basis for true clam chowder. These are the white chowder class. Those who hail from New London southward champion the use of tomatoes and whatever other vegetable ingredient pleases their fancy. These make up the red chowder class.

The supreme contempt of the Yankee for red clam chowder is equalled only by the visible disappointment of those others before whom is set down white clam chowder.

Shallow cultivation of all vegetables should be constant now. Feed and water Lettuce. Keep Radishes pulled.

29. A TOAST TO DILLENIUS. I bid you rise and raise your glasses to the memory of Johann Jakob Dillenius. (Dillen, they generally called him.) Not merely because he was the first Professor of Botany at Oxford. Nor because he sustained life worthily from 1687 to 1747. Nor because he wrote three tomes that staggered under massive

Latin names. But because while at Oxford he made it his habit to walk through the fields and streamsides thereabout and sow seeds of plants strange to the neighborhood. Whether he lived to see them flourish I know not, but he did succeed in puzzling later generations of botanical students. . . . I wonder if any of the numerous Professors of Botany in our colleges have ever thought to follow Dillenius' example? They would probably be rendering mankind a greater service than they do by penning those stuffy and unreadable pamphlets on obscure plant diseases which pour from our collegiate presses.

Call up the neighbors and tell them you'll have plenty of flowers for them on Memorial Day morning.

30. PASSÉ. It came as a shock the other day to hear a Lily enthusiast (who apparently considers all other flowers beneath contempt) refer to passé Iris as "dirty wash rags." I would have risen to their defense and said that we, at least, do not permit these rags to be displayed for long. They are cut off and hurried away to oblivion. But I did venture to murmur that there were many flowers I preferred past their bloom than in the full height of it. They appear to assume subtler tints. Some Tulips, some Penstemons when they are fading to pink and even the drying seed heads of Thyme and Sedums. Indeed, had I wanted to be rude, I might have stated one of my favorite preferences, for there are many moods when I'd

much rather talk to a faded beauty than to even the most vivid of jittering debutantes.

This is the week of Oriental Poppy bloom. The new hybrids are legion. Visit a good collection of them and take your choice.

31. STEELE'S CANDLE. Most of us, at an early stage of our education, were obliged to read parts of the *Spectator* and the *Tatler*, those two 18th century London papers into which poured the wit and whimsicality of men of letters of that day. Joseph Addison, we were told by our masters, was a nice person, and his contributions should certainly be read, but Richard Steele wasn't supposed to be so nice a person and so we needn't bother much with his skits. Recently Sir Richard has been enjoying a pleasant revival, and he turns out to be a delightful fellow. A bit profligate, to be sure, yet he loved his wife frantically. He was forever writing her love letters even though she was only in the next room. To Steele we are indebted for a splendid phrase which, if I were given to mottoes, I'd place above my bed head. For Sir Richard pursued the sublime habit of reading in bed, even reading the Classics, and his description runs thus, you'll recall: " 'Bring Virgil,' said I, 'and if I fall asleep, take care of the candle.' "

A good soaking with manure water will help along larger Rose blooms. Before its most productive hour any plant enjoys a cocktail.

LONG PIECE

MISS JEKYLL'S SHOES

SIR EDWIN LUTYENS, the English architect, owns a painting that is unique in many respects. First, it was done by William Nicholson. Second, the subject is merely an ancient, crumpled pair of work-worn shoes. The third fact—the one which gives this picture its unique value—is that the shoes were the gardening boots of the late Miss Gertrude Jekyll.

In the world of gardens this charming old lady was certainly of queenly rank. The books she wrote on gardening are read wherever the English tongue is spoken. The gardens she made have set the standard in gardening taste the world over. The flowers she hybridized flourish in countless borders. For many decades she carried on the work. It was real work—"dirt gardening," to use the colorful vernacular—work with spade and hoe and trowel, work that required working clothes and shoes of the stoutest make. And in this painting the shoes are immortalized. Now that she is no more, they can go down the years as a symbol and a sign to gardeners everywhere that their chosen avocation is no pretty, sentimental, dabbling play, but work, real work.

There are times when American gardening—especially that in which some garden clubs appear interested—threatens to pass into a pink tea phase. There has been much ado in late years about "artistic displays," those choice flower arrange-

ments in which the ladies compete with such ardor. A glance at some of our recent flower shows would lead the casual visitor to suppose that the main purpose of these clubs was to study bouquet arrangements. It would seem that many otherwise worthy garden persons are laboring under the impression that the end of horticulture is to provide flowers for these vase competitions. As an antidote to this error, permit me to suggest that garden clubs remember Miss Jekyll's boots.

From the size, weight and obvious service of these boots, it is evident to all who behold them that they were not chosen for appearances. This superb gardener always dressed in a manner that best served her work. They almost tempt me to forge an axiom: that the sincerity of the gardener is in inverse ratio to the smartness of her appearance while gardening.

Lest this should seem a harsh saying, I tried it on several of the most active garden club women in the country. I asked them what they wore when gardening. Here are five of the replies:

(1) Knickerbockers—cloth in winter, cotton in summer. A man's shorts. No necktie. Rubber boots in winter sometimes, sneakers in summer. Sweater when necessary. A leather coat when pruning roses. No hair net. Usually a tam. "Besides this I garden in my best clothes (and ruin them) and in my second best (and ruin them) and in my third if I had any, and would ruin them if they weren't already ruined."

(2) The oldest clothes possible—"a real dirt gardener never thinks of clothes except as to their comfort."

(3) The oldest and most worn out clothes topped by a blue denim apron which gets washed at the end of the gardening season in November. "I eagerly retrieve from the scrap basket my three daughters' discarded stockings as I like them with runs, for then the damage is done. Boys' rubbers over sneakers are perfect for trampling down soil."

(4) Has a special kind of loose gown made for gardening.

(5) Devised a glorified smock that is merely a succession of large pockets.

The other answers are in the same vein. The women who made them would all rank as potential Gertrude Jekylls in the American gardening world. Otherwise they are smartly dressed.

In addition to holding up her boots as a symbol and a sign, Miss Jekyll also set an example to ladies of our garden clubs by her unflagging interest in new flowers. She was among the first to grow new kinds and patiently labored to create others herself.

With a few rare exceptions, most of the hybridizing in this country is being done by men. Here is a field—a wide field indeed—for women gardeners. That they can create excellent hybrids is proven by the fact that some of our best new Irises are by women, and we hope eventually to see new Narcissi from them. Why would it not be feasible for garden clubs to have practical talks on hybridizing? Why not assign a flower family to a group of members, and have them follow the work through to the finished new production? A problem of that sort would stimulate interest beyond any amount of "artistic displays."

One of the most irritating experiences an American gardener can have is to take the catalog of any good average nursery here and compare it with its equivalent in England, France, Germany or Holland. In pre-quarantine days we had merely to import plants; now we are restricted by government tariffs to those grown here, unless we want the bother of taking out special papers and running the chance of having dead plants delivered to us after the government is finished sterilizing them. In some fields this quarantine has spurred American nurserymen to enlarge the number of the varieties they offer. In the main, however, we are still far behind countries abroad. Why? Because gardeners haven't demanded a wider selection.

Would it not be possible for our potential Gertrude Jekylls to make an occasional report to their clubs on new hybrids and new plant discoveries? And would it not follow, as a natural consequent of these reports, that the demand for the new varieties would stimulate nurserymen to grow them? Let enough garden club women create the demand, and our plantsmen will be quick to satisfy it.

These, then, are a few thoughts that pass through my mind as I contemplate Miss Jekyll's boots. How many women here, I wonder, are worthy of inheriting them?

THE MONTH OF JUNE

1. THE HEAD MASTER'S GARDEN. I confess to a weakness for schools. Instinctively I poke my nose into them. That nose, guided by a wife and carried up the hill by a panting car, led me one Sunday morning to the barren hilltop in Jamaica where stands Monro College. The second highest point in the island the chauffeur said it was. A bleak place. Across a wind-swept hilltop we rode to a quadrangle of buildings around the strangest campus I had ever seen. Not a tree, not a bush —merely a great expanse of cement. Nor was there sign of human beings about nor a sound of them, save a murmur of voices droning from the chapel in the corner.

We slipped between two buildings, went down a precipitous stairs and were in the head master's garden. Now there are many college gardens fair to behold—those at Oxford and some hidden away behind the dwellings of deans and college presidents in the States, but never had I seen such a head master's garden as this. It went down the unbelievably steep hillside by four terraces. Far below the last terrace stretched the playing fields, then the wide reaches of the savannah, then the sea to infinity. Clinging here was an orderly garden made by one who knew and loved color effects. The Eucharis Lilies were all in a solid block, the Begonias in another, yellow Cannas in a third. A square of vari-tinted Poppies. A square

carpet of Drummond's Phlox. Along the farther edge of each terrace ranged a line of Chinese Forget-me-Nots and below it billowed, like a lacy flounce, a deep fringe of Sweet Alyssum. Mingled Orange Trees and Crotons were massed against the rear wall, with the native Amaryllis clustered about their feet. On the wall of the lowest terrace ranged pots made from Standard Oil tins cut in half and with turned edges. These, painted a pale green, held alternately Begonias and Ferns.

On this side of the hill was no wind. The sun poured down in full tropical abundance. The rich earth and flowers sent up a divine incense. The distant savannah lay asleep and the glassy sea was without even a whitecap. We sat on the terrace sunning. No wind, save where it caught the top of the orange trees and rustled them. And on the wind came the voices of men and boys singing to an old familiar chant, "We praise Thee, O God. We acknowledge Thee to be the Lord."

Weed Onions and scratch the soil around them.

2. ABOVE OMAR KHAYYAM. When Omar Khayyam sang, "Alas that spring should perish with the Rose," he managed to tell us something about the Persian climate, for after spring the weather becomes torrid and most of the country is burned dry. Spring, then, was and is a very precious season to the Persians. Of course Roses grow on the poet's grave. They have been identified as *Rosa centifolia*, one of the parents of our Moss and Cabbage Roses.

Dormant roots of Water Lilies should be set out by this time. After this, use growing plants.

3. SLOPPY DRESSERS. When I am rebuked for the disreputable clothes I wear gardening (which is quite often) I take refuge in the thought that many a great man neglected to have his pants pressed. Almost invariably the saviors of the world have been sloppy dressers. St. Francis chose a beggar's robe, and as yet, no stylist has come forward to smarten up Mahatma Gandhi's loin cloth. There is an ancient and decorous haberdashery in New York which derives secret pride from the fact that it made Abraham Lincoln's clothes. When the manager condescended to confide this information to me one day, I asked, "Why don't you use that in your advertisements?" His scowl was withering as he replied, "Mr. Lincoln wore them so badly."

Start staking annuals.

4. HALESIA. Among the trees or large shrubs that are pleasant to the eye in spring along the Atlantic seaboard is the family of Halesia—Silverbells or Snowdrop Tree. The history of their name is interesting. It was given by John Ellis (1710-1766), probably brother of Henry Ellis, Governor of Georgia, to a group of plants he discovered there, in honor of Dr. Stephen Hales, a humble English country parson, who, in his day, was one of England's leading scientists. He is rated the last of the great naturalists to lay the

foundations of vegetable physiology. Dr. Hales also served as one of Oglethorp's trustees for Georgia.

His understudy and neighbor was Gilbert White, author of "The Natural History of Selborne," which all good gardeners read. White writes of him: "The last act of benevolence in which I saw him employed was at his rectory of Farringdon, the next parish to this, where I found him in the street with his paint-pot before him, and much busied in painting white with his own hand the tops of the foot-path posts, that his neighbors might not be injured by running against them in the dark."

What a delightful person he must have been! What a dear old soul to name the tree for! I will remember him and his post-tops when again the Halesias hang out their silver bells.

Keep up your succession plantings of Gladioli.

5. TINNED ROSES. Less and less do large landscaped gardens attract me. They may be expensive, some may even be impressive, but rarely does one find charm in them. For charm, go into small gardens that the owner himself has laid out and in which he labors. However crude the expression of his personal tastes, the personality will be there.

One afternoon in February, a few hours before the boat for home was due to sail, we took a rickety carriage to make our annual call on "Father" Williams. He is not one of Kingston's dominant personalities. At the hotel they call him

"the bird man." A humble darky parson, his garden lies on a little alley called Maiden Lane. A high wall hides it from the street and a chained dog barks furiously when you knock on the gate. Father Williams lets you in himself.

Inside that wall is as strange and lovely a garden as you've ever seen. It consists of orderly ranks of oil tins painted green, each holding a Rose bush that would make any member of the American Rose Society proud. Such lusty growth! Such clean foliage! Such flowering! There must be a hundred or more of these tinned Roses. Between their lines, at regular intervals, stand octagonal wire aviaries, each with its family of birds—the pea doves here, the canaries there, the solemn machaws yonder.

"Yes, Sir," says Father Williams, as he hands me a Rose, and in his best preacher tone, "three things are essential in life—birds, flowers and music." Which is a splendid sentiment.

Evergreens planted this spring should be sprayed with water twice a week.

6. RANKS AND DIGNITIES. The speed with which new seedling Irises are offered by American breeders may seem bewildering to the layman, for with equal speed so many of them are forgotten. So many retain their dignities for so short a time and then retire to the ranks of the general good average. In making a garden you can begin with the newest leaders and keep up that pace (which will be quite expensive) or stick to the ranks. In

the Iris world the ranks are fast becoming of a high order indeed.

By this time window boxes should be planted. Freshen up the soil before setting in the plants.

7. DECLAMATORY FLORA. On many occasions it has fallen to my lot to deliver lectures to garden clubs or, as Robert Louis Stevenson so felicitously called such audiences, "the more cultivated portion of the ignorant." Rarely have I stood before these audiences but the ribald thought came to me that next to delivering lectures the most astounding mystery is that people are so willing to listen to them. American gardening has nursed this phenomenon into a fixed habit. A garden club meeting without being talked to or at just misses fire. Of course a lecture does help horticulture to go down easier and, if it is topped off with the proper refreshments, Flora appears quite an acceptable person. Whereas once she was content to be a goddess in rather diaphanous clothes, now we demand of her oratory, amusement and instruction. She has become declamatory. She is a horticultural Ruth Draper.

Pinch off side shoots of Tomatoes and spray with Bordeaux mixture.

8. CAGES FOR ORIENTALS. There's no telling the taste of varmints. For years I fed them my choicest Tulips. I let them gnaw the roots of young fruit trees. I gave up Lily growing because I could not

afford enough Auratums to satisfy their appetite. But when they took a fancy to Oriental Poppies, my slowly-gathering ire burst with explosive intensity. I was determined to have a collection of the newest varieties, in fact, went without something sorely needed in order to buy them. The order dispatched, we went about making heavy wire canisters in which to plant these newcomers. As the Oriental Poppy root is determined to seek its native China, the canisters were made two and one-half feet deep and four inches across—wide enough for root expansion. These were sunk in the ground, filled with wholesome soil and the tiny plants set in the middle. That autumn they were covered with excelsior before the winter mulch went on. Not a plant failed to appear when spring came around again and their flowering helped the glory of the place.

You can now take cuttings of Arenaria, Creeping Phlox, Iberis and Sedums.

9. IMMIGRANTS. Every well furnished garden, like every well-equipped nation, has its Ellis Island in which strangers may be immured until the right place for them is found. The Ellis Island here is a small nursery hidden behind a rear fence into which the gifts of friends and the unknown imports are set until we see what they are like. Often they are mere tots—mere sticks with a root at the end, or a knob of Iris or a gangling tree that needs the knife to shape it. Then, by and by, when we have gotten to know these

strangers, we let them land into the freedom of the garden.

Each week sow some more hills of Sweet Corn.

10. THE DOGS' MAZE. Were this a Tudor house steeped in tradition and our manner of living Elizabethan, I daresay we would not rest content until a green maze grew in the side yard—a green maze in which beruffled ladies might flee from pursuing lovers. Its nearest approach we do have each June, however. By then the Daffies in the orchard have long ceased blooming and the grass around the scattered drifts of their yellowed foliage is grown high. Paths are mowed between the drifts and the orchard is a labyrinth through which the dogs poke in and out after lolloping rabbits, like frustrated lovers pursuing disreputable Elizabethan ladies.

Manure water given annuals now will produce sturdy plants to flower next month.

11. CREEPER FANTASY. There may have been some more beautiful, but never have my eyes rested on two such creeping visions of great delight as these two.

One was a terrace above Florence—out Fiesole way—that was roofed with slim iron bars and over the bars were mingled purple and white Wistaria. The great flowers hung from the ceiling and the afternoon sun poked its yellow fingers here and there, and as the gentle breeze came across the

hills the flower heads began dropping their petals —snowing them down softly—until the pavement below was carpeted in purple and white.

The other was a *Bignonia venusta* at Shuttlewood, a cattle plantation, in the hills above Jamaican Montego Bay. A great old country house, its porch along one side was shadowed by a pergola thatched completely with the foliage and deep orange pendulous flowers. There are Bignonias and Bignonias, but none in the world has such coloring, such grace of carriage and such beauty demanding regard as *Venusta.* Beneath its shade flourished a long bed of Maidenhair Ferns. A shadowy spot, with the trumpet flowers furnishing the sunlight.

Cut Sweet Peas each day, thereby preventing them from going to seed. Constant cropping makes for a long season of bloom.

12. TORY CHIMNEYS. It is said (and I repeat the legend for what it is worth) that during the Revolutionary War Tories indicated their sympathy with the Mother Country by painting a black band around the tops of their chimneys. This black collar promised safe harbor and hospitality to wayfaring Loyalists. In Virginia it is still a custom to paint this band.

Begonias, English Ivy, Rubber Plants and Oleanders brought from indoors can be plunged in a shady spot.

13. SEPTUAGENARIAN ROSES. Of the twenty-five hundred Roses known to be in commerce in

this country, fifty-nine of them have been enjoyed by garden lovers for seventy years and over. Twelve of them we have grown almost a century. The Old Pink Moss Rose goes back to 1596, Old Blush to 1796, Unique Blanche to 1778 and York and Lancaster traces its lineage to 1551. Baltimore Belle, still to be found in old gardens, was created in 1843, Harrison's Yellow in 1830, Persian Yellow in 1831, General Jacqueminot in 1852, La France in 1867 and Marechal Niel in 1864. What fun it would be to make a Rose garden of just these old fellows!

Cut the seed pods off Lilacs and trim the bushes now. Rhododendron seed pods should be twisted off.

14. OBVIOUS REPLIES. You never know, until you ask them, what kinds of answers the masters of gardening will give. One day, having admired an especially splendid exhibition of vegetables, I turned to the man who grew them and asked, "What time of year do you start preparing the soil for such a crop?" He removed his pipe (and I remove the burr from his robust Scotch) and answered, "We never stop."

Another, a doyden of the alpine world, was confronted with the direct question, "Why does *Primula minima* pine away when put in granitic soil?" The Great One thought for a moment and replied, "Evidently, it doesn't like it."

This evening spread poisoned bran bait to slay the wily cut worm.

15. MOSAICULTURE. Under this name there crept upon the world from the park of the Tete d'Or at Lyons that iniquitous custom of carpet-bedding whereby floral patterns were laid out on lawns. Our grandmothers delighted in this style of gardening. Today it is found only around certain kinds of railroad stations, entrances to cemeteries and the grounds of insane asylums. Against it, in his early fighting days, William Robinson levelled his lance. Today we class carpet-bedding along with the other curiosities of mid-Victorian times —with wax flowers and what-nots and stuffy overhangings.

But in our own time of super-sophistication not a few people are reviving these habilaments of Victorian rooms, and I wouldn't be surprised if we see an outcropping of mosaiculture as well. Indeed, there are places where it fits admirably. On the terrace of Sir Philip Sassoon's house at Lympe are laid down, as one would place a rug to break the expanse of a floor, two bedding rugs, which appear reasonable as well as amusing.

By this time you should stop cutting Asparagus. Spray the foliage as it grows with arsenate of lead.

16. SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE. Garden clubs that are searching for a figure to discuss at meetings ought not to miss Sir William Temple, 17th century worthy, author of "Upon the Gardens of Epicurus; or of Gardening in the year 1685." A retired statesman and diplomatist, he devoted his leisure to gardening. He also could write magnifi-

cent English. Witness this comment on gardening: "As it has been the inclination of kings and the choice of philosophers, so it has been the common favorite of public and private men; a pleasure of the greatest and a care of the meanest; and indeed an employment and a possession for which no man is too high nor too low."

Dust Currant bushes with a hellebore mixture to circumvent the green Currant worm.

17. COÖPERATIVE CELEBRATIONS. While I would not go as far as to encourage the habit of the young wife who always chooses for her husband's birthday-present a new gown for herself, I do recommend the custom of coöperative celebrations. It is an ideal and pleasant way to furnish a house and, somehow, it also sugar-coats the bitter medicine of bills. Most of us start furnishing a room with the necessities; the luxuries we put off to some distant golden age. But luxuries should be the special object of these celebrations and the oftener the occasions can be trumped up, the more abundant the luxuries. Birthdays, anniversaries, going away and coming home, there should be a present for each of these. In this immediate household recently She took a journey to Santa Fe and I celebrated her return by giving her an Early American cane rack—and She forthwith expressed her jubilation over seeing me again by adding to the house something which She had always wanted and which I found more difficult to pay for than the cane rack—a sleeping porch.

Trees planted this spring should be kept mulched, staked and stayed.

18. HANGING GARDENS. We seem to have gotten out of the custom of growing plants in boxes and pots suspended in mid-air. Our grandmothers delighted in them and garlanded their porches with hanging pots of Ferns and Begonias much as they draped their curtains indoors with heavy ball and tassel fringe. With the passing of this custom passed also the pots used for this purpose, those clay pots perforated with holes out of which wisps of greenery poked, the way a hairy mole—cherished as a mark of beauty—grows on a French peasant woman's cheek. . . . It actually required a trip to the Tropics to unearth such pots. And having carried them home carefully, we can now have hanging gardens galore.

Dig up spring flowering bulbs and heel them into the reserve garden to cure. In their place set annuals.

19. COUNTRY HOUSE NAMES. I've often wondered how the English find the charming names they give their country places. Many are the quaint remains of old words. The word "field"—an ancient word—gives them Oakfield, Rushfield, Pathfield, Broadfield and Badger Woodfield. Sometimes they make it plural, as in Beechfields, or reduce it to Little Elmfields. From the old word "Leaze," meaning a pasture, they get Crooked Leaze and Hazel Leaze. Tyning, which means a hedged field, creates such names as Upper Tyning,

Lintyning (a Flaxfield) or they tag on the owner's name and have Robin's Tyning. Croft, an enclosure, gives them Moorcroft, and Bicroft, meaning two fields. Other old words are Acre, Gore, Mead, Furlong, Barton and Lons. A barton is an enclosure for hayricks and a lons is a forest glade.

Sow another row of Wax Beans for a crop succession.

20. MORE COUNTRY HOUSE NAMES. Here are some more grand names for country places: Milend, Millbank, Brantford End, Grasmere Water, Willowbridge Wells, Borrowdale, Deepdene, Constant Spring, Hopewell. The homes of the Maryland cavaliers, so pleasantly described in a recent book by Katherine Scarborough, offer other ideas; Long Lane Farm, Rose Hill Manor, Tulip Hill and Chanceford. The plantation houses along the James have most melodious and memorable names—Westover, Brandon, Upper Brandon, Claremont Manor, Shirley, Shoal Bay. Because it lies along the top of a ridge, the home of one of our friends is called Skyline.

Grapes should be sprayed twice with Bordeaux mixture—just before and after blossoming.

21. YARD BOYS. To the list of animate and inanimate objects that can be classed under the broad heading of "The Least of God's Mercies," I would now add the "Yard Boy." Compared with him, the "hired man" is a paragon of horticultural wis-

dom and an incarnate fiend for work. This yard boy was evidently created for the sole purpose of doing stupid things to plants, of forgetting every direction told him, of making motions only when being watched; in short the reason for his existence is to keep his employer constantly simmering in a stew of ire and disgust. He was created to test one's temper and forbearance. If garden-lovers weren't congenitally gentle souls, the death rate among yard boys would be very high.

Divide Phlox divaricata *now to get robust plants by the autumn.*

22. FRIENDS IN FAR PLACES. There come times in traveling when the hunger for a glimpse of home strikes at the heart like a sudden pang of toothache. The cure for it I have found to be a visit to a garden—any garden. Amid the multitude of strange plants will be enough of familiar ones to ease the longing.

That biting nostalgia hit me one morning after a night at a wind-swept Caribbean mountain top. The amenities of the provincial inn were primitive and the food left much to be desired and the wind had rattled the cabin till sleep was impossible. I was for fleeing the place at dawn when, on the way to coffee, I found this garden. It was hidden under the shoulder of a hill behind walls that were further reinforced with a wattle fence to keep off the insistent wind. Around it was the disorder of the mountainside. A step inside the gate, and there lay a little patterned garden, its beds verged with rough stones and every inch of its soil perfectly

cultivated and weedless. A Rose garden—the wall-side beds planted to Hybrid Perpetuals, the four corners to Hybrid Teas and the middle circle to Polyanthas. And into the top of the broad wall had been dug a deep trench of soil that held a prim row of Geraniums.

A half hour in that garden, and all longing for home had gone. Here were the familiar buds unfolding and the familiar names—Columbia and Kaiserin Auguste Victoria and Salmon Queen, Mme. Edouard Herriot, Ville de Paris and Betty Uprichard.

You can now cut back Forget-me-nots, Catmint, Pansies and Violas to four inches. This will make for bushy growth and another blooming.

23. ACOLYTES. Among the pleasant amenities of judging a flower show are those attendants who dog the footsteps of judges, ready to answer questions and run errands. They are usually chosen from the younger members and, so far as my experience goes, from those most charming and pleasant to the eye. They usually also are blessed with the faculty for saying nothing—which, at times, is a commendable virtue in any woman.

Only once was this rule of silence broken. Hugh Findlay and I, having gone over a hallful of "artistic arrangements," once more came back to a particular piece. In our shadow for an hour, wordless though beautiful, had hovered an acolyte of more than passing charm, dressed as a girl scout. We were contemplating the display in silence when

from behind us exploded "That's mine!" Brute that I was, I also exploded, "Young woman, if you'd kept your mouth shut, you'd have won first prize." I later found that she was quite an Important Person.

Epsom salts spread around Rhododendrons three or four times a year will give the soil the required acidity. A light powdering will be enough.

24. ULTIMATE ALPINES. My innate vulgarity boiled up to the surface when I read, the other day, a suggestion that those who wished to grow high alpines properly should equip their gardens with air-conditioned greenhouses that would provide all year the exact type of icy blasts to which these minutæ of the higher peaks are accustomed. For a scientific establishment that may be all right, but for the home gardener it is cutting his sport a little too fine. I hold that we should avoid the precious in gardening. It should be robust and, for the general run of mankind, not too scientific. I hate seeing my favorite sport dolled up in a Lord Fauntleroy collar.

A small quantity of phosphate applied to the soil around Marigolds and Snapdragons will work magic.

25. MISTER CONE FLOWER. Whenever in your garden you admire the stout and forthright Rudbeckia or Purple Cone Flower, or even its slim tall sister, Golden Glow, think a kindly thought for

the man after whom it was named. Rudbeck was a superior person of many accomplishments. A great botanist. A passionate lover of books, he had a large library and wrote several important works himself. He was father of twenty-four children. Enough to make any man remembered. But I always surround his memory with tender sentiments because he took into his home, as tutor to some of those twenty-four young seedling Cone Flowers, a bright Swedish student named Carl Linne who, when he wasn't superintending the studies and deportment of his charges, buried himself in Rudbeck's library and talked his theory of plant classification to his employer. Thus did Mr. Cone Flower add a twenty-fifth child to his brood.

If you find oyster shell scale developing on your Lilacs, spray the branches with kerosene emulsion.

26. SEDUM COMPLEXITIES. A certain learned gentleman by the name of R. Lloyd Praeger once did a great service to botany by writing a monograph on the Genus Sedum. Its information is simply and clearly set forth, so clearly that after a solid hour with it in one hand and pots of my fifty-odd Sedums in another, I am convinced that many of the botanical flourishes by which some of my collection are marked were merely pleasantries on the part of nurserymen and friends.

The afternoon was not without its compensations, however. I sat clothed in next to nothing on a camp chair in the cold frame and pot by pot took a journey to a distant place. *Middendorfi-*

anum came from Eastern Siberia. *Arborescens* from Mexico. *Magellense* from Italy. *Sarmentosum, Ellacombianum* and *Sieboldi* (what a grand Sedum that *Sieboldi* is!) from Japan. Nevada sent me *Stenopetalum.* Missouri contributed *Pulchellum.* From the far Altais traveled *Ewersii* and its *homophyllum* types. Kamchatka is represented by the kind that bears its name. *Spurium* comes from the Caucasus and I'm glad to have it because once on a time an impressive official forbade my traveling there. And from Morocco, which also has not fallen to my traveling lot, came *Brevifolium.* Enough journeying for one afternoon.

If your acquaintance with the Mock-orange family is limited to the old Grandiflora, visit a nursery or some other garden and behold the beauty of the newer hybrids.

27. HOURS FOR BLUES. An artist, who has been painting in the garden and starting his work with the promptness of a business man going to an office, held forth the other day in the Delphinium bed. Blues and lavenders, said he, are most intense at 9 A. M. and 4 P. M., but they pale out at noon. This is not so true of lavender flowers that have a strong red in them. As I fail to possess the delicacy of perception which demands an exact hour for enjoyment, I am willing to admire Delphiniums up to 9 A. M. and after 4. Between these hours anything red will do. But it is in the pale light of the setting sun that I most enjoy the colors

of my flowers. In those last moments, when the eyes are tired with the day's work, all colors are kindly softened and restful—reds become less insistent, strong yellows lose their intensity, the pinks are not so saccharine, the blues, purples and mauves less individualistic, and only the white masses expand to spread a benison.

It is not too early to sow fall Turnips.

28. A SUPERIOR GADGET. At last a knotty problem has been solved. For years I have dodged trying to name those decorative objects one occasionally finds in costly gardens—those complicated astronomical skeleton spheres swung on the oblique axis of an arrow. Sometimes I've called them Astrolabes (which they aren't), sometimes Armillary Spheres (which comes closer) and sometimes Orrerys (which sounds mysterious.) A dip into dictionaries finally set me straight.

An Armillary Sphere is a skeleton sphere composed of an assembly of rings representing the positions of the important circles of the celestial sphere. The ancients used this to observe the positions of heavenly bodies.

An Astrolabe is a graduated circle marked with sights for taking altitudes at sea. It has long since been superseded by the sextant.

An Orrery illustrates the relative motions of bodies in the solar system. It derived its name from the fact that Mr. Rowley, Master of Mathematics to George I, was financially assisted in making this machine by the Earl of Orrery.

Set out Chrysanthemum plants you've been raising from side shoots.

29. TICKETS TO RENO. One of the problems set by the schedule at this particular flower show was "A Dinner Table for Two," but when I cast my eye along the tables I began to fear that something was fundamentally wrong in that town. In all of the exhibits flowers, candles, crystal and glass and family plate were heaped so high that one could carry on conversation only by swaying from side to side like an elephant. Now any dinner for two presupposes conversation. The other person is a woman, a child, a husband or a beau. Since such elaborate decorations were silly for a child's dinner table, I ruled out the child. Although it was conceivable that one might detest another woman and yet have to entertain her, I also ruled out another woman. With a beau such decorations would completely defeat the purpose of the dinner. So out went beau. Only husband was left. And here was the epitome of this town's taste as to the proper method of decorating a dinner-table for a meal with one's husband. Obviously, after a month of such dinners the only path left open to a husband would be to buy his wife a ticket for Reno. So in the interest of marital felicity I ruled out all those tables and gave the award to something low, simple and innocuous done with Sweet Peas. I also succeeded in catching the next train out of town.

Iris clumps that have been growing for three years can now be lifted and divided.

30. HONOURABLE THATCHER. London papers recently reported the death of one John Giles, who lived his years and went to his grave full of honors, carrying with him the title of "The King's Thatcher." An ancient artisan, skilled in an ancient art. Whenever George V wanted any little jobs of thatching done, John Giles was the man to do them. No wonder he was among those whom the King delighteth to honor.

On Saturday afternoon the last job should be to rake the garden paths, thus putting them in their Sunday dress.

LONG PIECE

COUNTRY CONVERSATIONS

AMONG the pleasures that come to the city man who goes to live in the country is his encounter with rural conversation. It is as fresh and different from the talk of cities as country air is different from the murk that hangs over city housetops and settles in the canyon of avenues. Growing from the soil, as ever much as trees on a mountainside, the argot of the countryman is a product of his own natural environment. And though the radio, the telephone, good roads and cheap automobiles may have tended to break down sectionalism and lessen the differences between families isolated by distance, still the rustic clings to his vocabulary. It is part and parcel of his tradition and make-up. Without it the countryside would be merely a suburb, merely a compromise

between two civilizations, and the countryman a citizen of neither. If he be a genuine native, then he will speak the tongue of his section. And if the new-comer would share his confidence and conversation, he soon must learn to speak this patois.

"Set down and rest your face and hands," the country greeting goes. "Lay off your things and have something to stay your stomach." Of course you protest, as you step onto the "piazzer" that you just dropped in to pass the time of day, but before you know it, you and the countryman will be thick in small talk.

He complains that he is only "fair to middlin' " and that his "rheumatiz plagues" him. The farmer whose rheumatism doesn't plague him once in a while is no farmer; his outdoor work in all weathers is conducive to stiffening "in the jints." Also he may be "all tuckered out" or "hungry enough to eat his size." After the meal he may be "happy as a clam," and, if he is tending toward avoirdupois, he'll confess that he's "consid'-able pussy."

Having settled these personal matters, you can go off on several varied angles of conversation—the weather, crops and live stock, his family and the neighbors—especially the behavior of the neighbor's children. A child will be "th' spittin' image" of either parent; he may be 'bold as brass" or "bright as a button" or a "spitfire" and "pert as Nathan"; or if the boy is a bit wild, "it will be the ruination of him" and eventually "he won't be worth a Hannah Cook."

If the neighbor's wife works hard, she'll be "drove with work" and "worn to a frazzle";

indeed, the entire gamut of her griefs can be read in such comments as: "she ain't kept her looks" or "she's seen trouble" or, if fallen on evil ways, "she ain't no pattern to go by." If she pulls her hair straight back on her head she "looks like a peeled onion"; if she grows stout, she's "fleshin' up" and finally it may be said of her that "she's homelier than a stump fence." Should the home be meagre, then the family is "as poor as poverty's hind foot." However, the mother may "marry off her daughters" or they remain "double and twisted old maids." An entire family's condemnation may be handed down in two phrases: "that breed's run out" and "their place's gone to rack and ruin."

These colloquial expressions differ radically from section to section. The New York farmer will say he feels "right pert" or "lively" while the rustic from another district is "fit as a fiddle." The Maine farmer will warn his wife to stop her "blabbing," whereas the upstate New Yorker will admonish "Stop yer canterin'. Yer blabbin' too much." The Empire Stater will refer to a no-account fellow as "a dirty dish clout," but the New Englander will state, "I'll trade him off fer a yaller dog" or say that he ought to have a "cow hidin'." Should he be conceited, he's "bigger than Billy Bedam." The Yankee will speak of owning a "chist of drawers," while the New Yorker is content to shorten them to "draws."

Mighty are the oaths these countrymen use. They swear "By Heck" and "By God All-Sufficient" and "By the holy smut." Their anger flares up into a "Dod rot it!" All of these are watered

versions of more virile expletives. On the other hand, the naïve, natural poetry of their conversation is fresh and undiluted. When the farmer harrows a field he "drags" it, and if he plows continuously around a first furrow he is "gathering." The helper, of course, is a "hired man" and in some sections if he is taken on for part-time small jobs he may be a "tasker" or "just chorin'." Meat will be "tougher an b'iled owl" or if the fat and lean are nicely alternated, it is "marbled." A small boy will be freckled "as a turkey egg" and a man "darker than Egypt." If a neighbor is very ill at the end of the year his friends fear he won't "winter" or "won't climb May hill."

Where these country conversations come from is the delightful study of the etymologist. Some are directly derived from English ancestry, some from events of vivid importance, some from contact with strange people. To be hanged "higher 'an Haman," is Biblical, of course. To speak of one being "dark as Egypt" is doubtless a descendant of an old English country phrase that referred to Gypsies who have wandered over the English countryside for centuries and were believed to be Egyptians, so swarthy were their complexions. Likewise referring to a small boy as "a little shaver" is merely a corruption of the Romany for small boy—*chavo*. But however they came and however much they have been corrupted in passing from generation to generation, they are as distinctive of their localities as the rock and trees and wild life. And it is this plunging into a fresh environment of language that gives the new coun-

tryman such unfeigned pleasure if he has a mind to enjoy it.

In the North the country gentleman would seem to look on such rustic conversation as merely a curiosity: a thing to listen to and smile at. Rarely do its solecisms insinuate themselves into his vocabulary. He appears to have a dread of going native. In the South the opposite is true; it's a poor Southerner who can't regale his friends from other neighborhoods with colorful mouthfuls of local negro farm talk. And this difference, I venture to say, is due to the fact that for generations the Northern city man has held all farmers to be crude objects for sarcastic wit, whereas the Southerner has assumed a paternal attitude toward both his rural negroes and poor whites, and he loses no caste by dropping occasionally into their lingo. It is one of the compensations that come to him from living in the country.

So, indeed, should it be to all who go there from cities. It is not enough that we retreat from city noise and city bustle, from nervous tension and a multitude of complicated social endeavors. It is not enough that we go back occasionally to touch real earth and have contact with green growing things. Nor is it all that the country can give us when we play there or sow and reap. Until we catch the rustic viewpoint, until the similes of our conversation are bred from contact with soil and crops and cattle and the superstitions of the rural race—until then we are merely visitors or invaders. We are not real countrymen until we can greet our friends with both the spirit and words of "Set down and rest your face and hands."

THE MONTH OF JULY

1. ST. FRANCIS AND THE LARKS. The association of the Porvello and birds is set down in "The Mirror of Perfection," the oldest life of St. Francis, written by his companion, Brother Leo. The bird he seemed to love best was the crested lark and on the night before he died a great multitude of them circled around the roof of his cell, sweetly singing. The other association is his injunction to mayors of cities and towns and lords of castles to scatter grain along the roads on Christmas day so that the larks and other birds should have whereof to eat and would thereby be given cause for rejoicing.

St. Francis also made a remarkable suggestion for the planting of gardens. Too long to set down here, I shall leave it for another time.

If the weather is dry, Phlox should be thoroughly watered to prevent inferior flowering.

2. "RIOTS OF COLOR." Gladly would I devise some especially refined mediaeval torture for the person who coined the phrase "riots of color" and applied it to gardens. First, because it has become banal, and second, because any kind of riot—even in a garden—is bad taste. A riot presupposes lack of plan and lack of discipline and the garden that

has neither thought in planning nor discipline in care should not be boasted about.

A lot of good thinking must be done before a good garden is made. Its design is no hit-or-miss matter, even in the most informal kinds. And when color is applied to that design, intelligence of the highest order is required. But even the best conceived plan may be frustrated by varieties turning out the wrong color; if we let them stay we will have a riot. Or if we let one color or one plant so predominate as to swallow up the others, we will have confusion. Discipline in gardening may be merely staking or cutting back too vigorous a plant; it may also demand its complete elimination.

Gardens are places of repose. Anything that tends to turn their orderly and gentle ways into a "riot" should be sternly repressed.

Dig in manure around Hydrangeas. If you want large blooms in the autumn you have to feed these gourmands.

3. FARMHOUSE REPARTEE. The scene was a small Connecticut farmhouse to which a reasonably fashionable New York woman had become attached after tiring of the complications of society. She had remodeled the house, made the garden herself and was completely enjoying her freedom from city ways and stuffy customs. Nevertheless, once in a while, she has to entertain friends from that other existence who can't understand what it is all about. One of them, a man, having spent the week-end, and the hour for his

departure drawing near, asked his rural hostess, "By the way, who packs my bags?" To which she replied, "I don't know, but you and I'll flip a coin to see which one does."

As hot weather approaches keep a dust mulch over the garden rows. Roses can be mulched with peat moss or Buckwheat hulls.

4. HEMEROCALLIS DISPLAY. In these early July days I give myself over completely to the joyous spectacle of the Hemerocallis in sulphur, butter-yellow, apricot, lemon, copper and gold. Of course, there have been others before this—the Lemon Lilies of June and the old roadside Fulvas. Now come on the hybrids. Like Mr. Heinz, my collection stops at fifty-seven varieties, enough for any man and garden. There is the great lemon group ranging from the palest of White Lemon to the full sulphurs of Modesty, Gaiety, J. A. Crawford, Ophir, Lady Hesketh and Lemonetta. The oranges run into many subtleties—the maroon spot of Mikado, the slightly crinkled petals of the pale orange Mrs. W. H. Wayman, the melon-apricot of Bay State and Harvest Moon, and finally the dusky Cinnabar, tinted, for all the world, like the cheeks of a Jamaican Yellow Girl.

A good collection will start, of course, with George Yeld, Lady Hesketh, Gold Imperial, Hyperion, Middendorffi, Mandarin and Golconda. From this beginning you can expand to Ophir, Goldeni, Thunbergi, Florham, Gold Dust, Aurole, Gypsy, Beacon, Apricot, Bay State, Vesta, The

Gem and Betchel's Latest. Nor, if you are a rock-garden fancier, should you neglect the miniature beauty of *Hemerocallis minor.*

Cut back stalks of Delphinium after flowering. Plug the hollow stalks with mud to prevent rains running into them and rotting the roots.

5. THIS WEEK'S FLOWERS. Since garden clubs are composed of two classes—gardeners and bouquet ladies—permit me to console the latter with two combinations that caught my eye as I passed through the house a moment ago. One of the guests (we let them amuse themselves making bouquets) had tried this combination—sprays of the orange fruit of the Bush Honeysuckle *Lonicera multiflora,* white Larkspur and white early Phlox. It was placed before a mirror and the light that caught the mirror made the orange fruit shine like amber beads. Another guest went quite arty and not without success on a conglomeration of pink Stock, garnet Salpiglossis and lemon-yellow Snapdragons. She also did two other pleasing vase duets—purple dabs of Ageratum mingled with the big blobs of scarlet Roses; and pale salmon Zinnias with white Gladioli.

Cosmos should be pinched back lest it grow straggly. Also tie it up to a stake as it grows along.

6. ST. FRANCIS AND GARDENING. Thus does Brother Leo tell of St. Francis' suggestion about

gardening: "He told the brother that did the garden not to dig the whole of the ground for eatable herbs only, but to leave some part of the ground for growing green herbs that in their due times produce the Brothers' flowers for the love of Him that is called 'the flower of the field' and 'the Lily of the Valley.'

"Yea, he said that brother gardener ought always to make a fair little garden in some part of the garden land, setting and planting therein of all sweet-smelling herbs and of all herbs that do bring forth fair flowers so as that in their time they might invite them that did look upon the herbs and flowers to praise the Lord. For every creature doth cry out saying: 'God hath made me on account of thee, O Man!' "

All Dahlia suckers should be cut off and too luxuriant foliage thinned out. Don't let the plants want for water.

7. JAPS IN POTS. At last one of my ambitions is attained: I am growing Japanese Iris in pots—pots that can be moved around wherever we want the flowers displayed. In this position the flowers are just below the level of the eye and their beauties can be studied from the comfort of a chair. The cultivation is simple. Dig up a clump quite early and be sure to select only roots with flowering eyes. Use a rich potting soil without lime and a sufficiently large pot so that the division will have room to spread its legs. Give plenty of water up to mid-June and keep the pots in a sunny place. . . . Then one night in July you'll come

home tired from the office and your eyes will light on saucers of unbelievable beauty. That night (if you are a man after my own heart) you'll open your best Scotch to celebrate the occasion.

Tomorrow thin your Beets again.

8. DOMESTIC DECORATION. When Mordecai was chosen to be the person "whom the king delighteth to honor," he was hauled around the streets of the city and proclaimed to the frantic populace. Yet no greater tribute could one be paid than that of having a certain dark lady wear her ear-rings. Becky has reached the ripe age of 89, and most of those years have been passed in devoted service to the same family. During the course of this service she has learned to differentiate between "just friends" and the gentry. When gentry comes, she wears ear-rings. And it was in ear-rings she opened the door to us the other night. We felt very much like Mordecai.

Plants diseased or infested with borers that resist poison should be dug up and burned.

9. "A LITTLE CHILD SHALL . . ." The way of the transgressor may be hard, but the way of the judge at a flower show may be even harder. Contemplate the confusion of a certain judge of my acquaintance who, as he entered the exhibition hall, was approached by a largish smiling person, drawn to one side and suffered himself to listen to this maternal suggestion, "Please give it to

Number Four in the Breakfast Trays—she's going to have a baby."

Water suckers on Fruit Trees should be lopped off.

10. BOOKS FOR GARDEN TRAVELERS. So widespread has become the interest in gardening that hosts of people travel abroad to see gardens alone. For their convenience suggest a few books to look into before they reach the gangplank.

Japan: "The Gardens of Japan" by Jiro Hacada; "Japanese Gardens" by Mrs. Basil Taylour; "Landscape Gardening in Japan" and "Flowers of Japan," both by Josiah Conder; "Flowers and Gardens of Japan," by Florence Du Cane; "Historic Gardens in Kyoto."

Spain: "Spanish and Portuguese Gardens," by Rose Standish Nichols; "Spanish Gardens and Patios" by Mildred and Arthur Byne; "Spanish Gardens" by C. M. Villiers-Stuart; "Patio Gardens" by Helen M. Fox.

Italy: "The Gardens of Italy" edited by A. T. Bolton; "The Italian Garden" by Luigi Dami; "Italian Gardens" by G. S. Elgood; "Italian Gardens of the Renaissance" by Shepheard and Jellico; "Old Gardens of Italy and How to Visit Them" by Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond; "The Art of Garden Design in Italy" by H. I. Triggs.

France: "Gardens" by J. C. N. Forestier; "Des divers styles de jardins" by M. Fouquier and Duchene; "The Smaller Houses and Gardens of Versailles from 1680 to 1815" by Leigh French

and H. D. Eberlein; "Le Nouveau Jardin" by André Vera; "French Gardens" by J. G. Howard.

England: "History of Gardening in England" by Mrs. Evelyn Cecil; "Formal Gardens in England and Scotland" by H. I. Triggs; "English Pleasure Gardens" by Rose Standish Nichols; "English Gardens" by A. Tipping; "The Formal Garden in England" by R. T. Blomfield.

Holland: "Dutch Bulbs and Gardens" by Silberrad and Lyall.

India: "Gardens of the Great Mughals" by C. M. Villiers-Stuart.

This is the deadline date for sowing Sweet Corn.

11. MOSES AND THE PSEUDACORUS. I am not sure whether the credit should go to Moses or to the mother of Moses or to Pharaoh's daughter, but it might be well, when the directors of some flower group, such as the American Iris Society, are solemnly casting about for notables to add to their list of honorary members, to consider these three. The young gentleman's cradle was obviously made of plaited Bull Rushes, *Juncus communis*, and then his mother "laid it in the flags by the river's brink," none other, surely, than *Iris pseudacorus*. And there, among those water-loving Iris, so the story goes and the young lady herself stated, Pharaoh's daughter discovered Moses. But should this young Egyptian damsel have the honors? She went to the river not to admire and pick the flowers, but to bathe. No, the credit should go to the mother, this daughter of Levi, who

chose a clump of *Iris pseudacorus* for what has been handed down to us through the centuries as the first Foundling Home.

Old bushy canes of Climbing Roses of the Dorothy Perkins type should now be cut to the ground. Those of the Dr. Van Fleet kind, which flower from old canes, can merely have these canes shortened.

12. A DIFFICULT WILLOW. I am always meeting people who had grandmothers and whose grandmothers had gardens and in whose grandmothers' gardens grew strange and wonderful plants. Nine times out of ten, when asked about these unusual bits of the floral kingdom I evade the issue with diplomatic ignorance or a pleasantry. But the granddaughter this time was not to be put off. In her grandmother's garden grew a willow tree with twisted leaves. What was it and where could she get one?

By the sheerest luck the very next week I found *Salix matsudana tortuosa* in a garden, twisted leaves and all. Since Willows are usually simple to raise from slips I laughed at the ease of the problem. Moreover, any nurseryman ought to have *Salix matsudana tortuosa*. But the cutting I took refused to root, and a month's search through catalogs uncovered not a single nurseryman offering this twisted Willow. I turned to a propagating friend. He failed to make a cutting root. Finally I laid my Salix woes at the feet of Montague Free, the Brooklyn Botanic Garden plant wizard. He pulled on his pipe thoughtfully,

smiled—and six months later produced a *Salix matsudana tortuosa* with roots. How he did it, neither he nor I have been able to explain. Ever since, however, when friends mention their grandmothers' gardens, I listen politely and plead complete ignorance.

Tobacco dust on Melons will discourage the bugs.

13. TROLLIUS. Now that they are gone and have left a pleasant memory behind, I would write of Trollius. Since that is their natural state, they thrive in damp soil, yet they can be made equally at home in a well-manured section of the border toward which water is directed occasionally. When setting them out, see that the crown is not more than an inch below the surface. Smothered, they are apt to rot. Each spring mulch them with old manure and leafmold. They resent being disturbed, but if you must move them, lift the roots right after they have flowered, so that they can get established by autumn. So much for their requirements.

Apart from these, indulge yourself in some of the newest varieties, for they have the old ones beaten a mile and will lift their huge globular Buttercup heads through late May and early June. Stretch some *Phlox divaricata laphami* in front for a bluish contrast to the Trollius' golden and butter yellows.

You can now stake Gladioli and Chrysanthemums.

14. LOG CABIN TEXTS. The present popularity of log cabins sent me digging into the Apocrypha recently to see if there wasn't a text for this subject. Sure enough, there in the 13th Chapter of the Wisdom of Solomon, you find two amusing paragraphs—one for the builder of the cabin, and one for the man who likes to make queer things out of bits of wood:

"Now a carpenter that felleth timber, after he hath sawn down a tree, meet for the purpose, and taken off all the bark skillfully round about, and hath wrought it handsomely, and made a vessel thereof fit for the services of man's life. . . .

"And taking the very refuse among those which served to no use, being a crooked piece of wood and full of knots, hath carved it diligently, when he had nothing else to do, and formed it by the skill of his understanding, and fashioned it to the image of a man. . . ."

The Rose care program should consist of alternating weekly doses of dust and manure water.

15. FLOWERS FIRST. It may seem strange to some people that only within the past few months have England's landscape designers formed a society. It is a commentary on the difference between Britain and America. Here we form societies first. As a talented English lady once remarked, she had never met an American woman who wasn't a president of something. Forming and supporting societies is one of the great indoor American sports. Up to this time, doubtless, the garden designers of Eng-

land did not feel the need for a society. In England the plant is the thing. Horticulture comes first. In this country, design has been so touted that horticulture is relegated to second place. That may be one of the reasons why England has the better gardens.

Now is the time to transplant from the reserve garden into the borders those extra annuals.

16. THE STOKESIAS. In addition to singing the praises of *Stokesia laevis* (or *cyanea*, as it is sometimes called) I would point with satisfaction to another member of the family, which need suffer no inferiority complex despite its long-winded name of *Stokesia laevis lilacina grandiflora.* In the *Cyanea* you have both a blue and a white form. The gentleman with the long name is silvery blue with a central halo of lilac blue, and consequently offers quite a subtle difference. All these Stokesias are hardy. Long stems are among their desirable attributes. Nor do they fuss about their soil or the company they are obliged to keep in a border.

This week sow seeds of biennials in the empty frames.

17. SWEET CORN ABROAD. Sweet Corn on the cob, one of the favorite items in the diet of Americans, has always been an object of wonder to foreigners. Russians scorn it as a food fit only for hogs. The French cannot quite be convinced of

its succulence and the British look upon our method of eating it as a form of barbarism. Most of this criticism is based, of course, on the fact that until recently Sweet Corn did not mature properly in the climates of these countries. It has now been found that Golden Bantam Corn seed raised in Connecticut ripens quicker than that from the Middle West and this variety is being sent abroad to satisfy the demands of Americans living on the Continent and in England. One New York seedsman exports over 200 pounds annually to American garden-owners resident abroad. It will mature in the southern part of England; it is being raised successfully along the Riviera; around Paris the Americans have had so much luck with it that they now hold Corn Contests in August.

Keep your window boxes and hanging plants watered.

18. CORN IN THE POT. I hope that these American Corn growers at their contests also include a course of instruction on how to cook Corn. We still feel sorry for that kindly French hostess who, knowing of our impending visit to her place, had taken the trouble to raise a row of American Sweet Corn in her garden. She showed it to us at our arrival on an August morning. It was to be the *pièce de résistance* at dinner that night. Sure enough, at the middle of the meal, the Corn was brought in solemnly, wrapped, as we had told her, in a napkin to keep it hot. But such Corn! The poor dear had kept it boiling furiously on the stove for four mortal hours. "Otherwise,"

said she, "how could we have ever eaten those tough cobs?"

Bordeaux mixture on Hollyhocks will keep down the destructive rust.

19. OX SKULLS. It may make life pleasanter for you (it did for me) to discover the technical name applied to those ox skulls adorned with wreaths with which architects decorate public buildings. George Chappell, who is apt at making felicitous phrases, once called them "boiled New England dinner." I ceased applying this pleasantry when I found that the official word for them is Bucrania. It comes from the Greek word for ox skull.

Make a centerpiece of vegetables. Broccoli heads and Egg-plant in a wide pewter bowl are decorative companions.

20. DUSK VERSE. It is probably the Irish in me, for I hate blather-skiting, japering and jangling at dusk in a garden. When people start talking as the colors fade and the night scents arise, I console myself with Yeats'—

And I shall have peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veil of morning to where the cricket sings.
These midnights all a-glimmer and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

Tomorrow, even though it is hot, turn over the compost heap.

21. TRICKS WITH PAINT. Nowadays the architect who doesn't want a house to stand out too boldly in its setting applies the old war camouflage to the walls. The colors he uses are laid on in rather subtle tints. The effect is quite pleasant —after you get used to it.

Another trick with paint can be played on a house that rears up ungainly and high on its site—paint the lower story dark and the upper stories light. Then plant shrubs around the lower part. The house will appear to begin with the light paint.

A house with a shady site often needs a lighter tinted paint than one in full sun, but even in the shade the eye can be tricked. Recently I heard of a house which, while hid away in a grove, fairly radiated sunlight. The window frames were painted dark red—barn red in fact—and the inner edge of the window casings and the windows were picked out in a tint between red orange and cool sulphur.

By planting another crop now, you'll have vegetables in October. Smooth Peas and early Beets can be sown.

22. IRONWEEDS. With my nose in the catalogs, like a dog with his snout to the ground hot on the scent of a rabbit, I have been chasing the Vernonias. Their common name is Ironweed and one of their virtues is the fact that they bloom late in the autumn when many of the perennials have gone shabby. They are of the same coarse texture as Golden Rods, Sunflowers, Michaelmas Daisies

and Heleniums, which they can accompany. Their flowers are either purple or rose. *V. altissima,* Tall Ironweed, will reach to ten feet, thereby justifying its name. Equally high is the Arkansas type, *V. crinita.* A smaller type is Baldwin Ironweed, which will range between three and seven feet. Still lower are the Western kind, *V. fasciculata* and the common Ironweed, *V. noveboracensis.* These are American wildlings that transplant easily and appreciate a fairly damp spot and plenty to eat in the soil. They are too gross for the refined border; in a wild garden they would be more in scale. Besides, in that sort of planting one doesn't care if their purple heads do turn rusty.

Seed beds sown now should be protected from the drying heat by a cheese-cloth or slat cover.

23. POLEMONIUMS TO CONSIDER. The Polemoniums first crept into my affection by way of *P. reptans,* planted years ago in some wide-cracked rock steps at the back of my study. It sprawled healthily and from April to June persisted with its white-centered blue bell flowers. The taller forms, used generally in borders, are *P. caeruleum* and an *album* form, blue and white respectively, and which take up the flowering story where *P. reptans* leaves off in June, carrying it on to September. From the Rocky Mountains comes *P. occidentale,* which grows two to three feet tall and blooms almost without ceasing all summer. Deep violet is the shade of its bells. For a border group consider a clump of three *P. occidentale* in

purple with an equal number of the white type of *P. coeruleum*, which grows slightly shorter, immediately before it. Backed by a vivid colored Phlox, such as the new scarlet Saladin, this would provide a punctuation mark to a large mid-summer border.

Do your gardening early in the morning and late in the afternoon. There's no use flirting with a sunstroke.

24. AMBASSADORIAL BOOTBLACKS. Among the amenities available in British homes and hotels is the shining of boots and shoes. You leave your shoes outside the bedroom door, the next morning there they are fresh and clean. Put out your shoes in an American hotel corridor, and the house detective will warn you to take them in; put them out in an American country house, and you'll probably find them the next morning untouched, just as you left them. American servants apparently balk at the idea of shining shoes. It was the latter circumstance which recently gave two pairs of British shoes the most exalted shine that they had ever received.

A certain American ambassador, home on a furlough, was entertaining English friends at his country home. When he and his wife retired they noticed, outside the guests' door, the accustomed male and female footwear. The servants had gone to bed and besides, the servants wouldn't shine boots anyhow. "Have we any shoe-polish in the house?" the husband asked. His wife thought she could find some. So the ambassador quietly took

the shoes into their bedroom and for the next half hour he and his wife labored diligently over those boots. The job finished, he tiptoed out and placed them beside the door—and His Lordship and Her Ladyship never knew the difference.

Now that the fall bulb catalogs have arrived, you can consider ordering. But be sure and keep a copy of your order so that you can plan where these bulbs are going.

25. A LATE LILAC. Though I have never succeeded in pronouncing its name to my satisfaction, I hold great admiration for one of the species of Lilacs that flourishes on the lower bank of the orchard—*Syringa sweginzowii.* It comes into bloom when the French hybrid Lilacs are passed, together with two other species, *Julianae* and *tomentella* planted nearby. While its foliage is light, the type of flowering is equally light in scale, almost airy. The color is white.

About this time begin training the tendrils of the Virgin's Bower Clematis. Quite pretty effects can be made with it.

26. SYBARITE SLEEP. Most people think that a sybarite is a person who prefers soft couches and chairs, warm baths, luxurious clothes and rich food. In the beginning a sybarite was merely a person who didn't want his sleep disturbed. Sybaris was a Greek city on the Gulf of Tarentum, an old Greek colony founded about 700 B. C. The city lasted for two centuries; then

it was besieged and destroyed. Its inhabitants hated noises and forbade those who practised noisy arts and trades from dwelling within the city limits. Thus carpenters and iron workers and men who beat brass and copper into pots were forbidden. It was also unlawful to keep a rooster, because of his early crowing.

On these hot days take a cool drink out to the gardener—he'll be grateful for it.

27. My Garlic Complex. Specialists in one flower have a way of assuring the credulous world that their pet dears invariably give a long season of bloom. Longevity of flowering is just one of those attributes without which no self-respecting plant-family can hope to survive. The Iris zealots point to the great arc which extends from *I. cristata* to the final splash of the Japs in July. The Hemerocallis devotees talk with solemn mien about their four months' flowering. And what the ardent Rosarian can boast is simply staggering.

I was determined not to be left out of it, so, a few years back, I adopted the Garlic Tribe as my especial clients. They were on my list of those things I simply must grow before I descend to the grave. What's more my wife, poor wretch, stung me into action by her contempt for the whole Allium Tribe either boiled or raw. So I procured what seed the world had to offer, and went mildly Garlic.

Here and now I rise to proclaim that these dears have an extensive season of bloom—from the be-

ginners in May to *A. Stellata* in September. Moreover they have beauty; most of them increase easily; they accommodate themselves to a variety of soils; and, save for the fact that a few are tender, they offer no difficulty in growing from seed and keeping over winter.

The color range fascinates me. In the white group are *A. neapolitanum*, which is tender; *A. triguetum*, *A. albidum*, *A. odorum* and *A. karativiense*, a dull pinkish white with blue-green leaves. In the rose section are *A. stellata*, *A. acuminatum*, *A. bidwilliae* and *A. pulchellum*. The crimsons are *A. sphaerocephalum*, which blooms in July and August. *A. moly* gives us yellow flower heads, as does *A. flavum*. For lilac blooms you choose the pale lavender of *A. albo-pilosum* and the mauves of *A. giganteum*, *A. cernum*, *A. rosenbackianum* together with *A. ostrowskianum* from Turkestan giving red purple and *A. oreophilum*, purple. There is also quite a range of blues—the china blue of *A. beesianum*, the sky-blue of *A. azureum* (or *coerulum*) and the pure blue of *A. Purdomi*.

In height these plants lift their blooms from the three inches of *A. bidwilliae* to the three feet of *Oreophilum* and the four of *Giganteum*. Their tastes for soil range from the sun-baked spot that *A. karativiense* desires, to the moist location of *A. triguetum*. Some of the flower heads are true spheres and others carry loose bell flowers. Some—but what more can you ask of an Onion? They will even move you to tears, which is more than can be said of all flowers.

Having admired the Buddleias which are now in bloom, resolve to plant more of them next spring.

28. SIGN FOR TREES. In Portugal the following notice, which might well be posted by our public garden authorities, is set up in the parks for all to see and ponder:

TO THE WAYFARER

Ye who pass by and would raise your hand against me, hearken ere you harm me. I am the heat of your hearth on the cold winter nights, the friendly shade screening you from the summer sun, and my fruits are refreshing draughts quenching your thirst as you journey on. I am the beam that holds your house, the board of your table, the bed on which you lie, and the timber that builds your boat. I am the handle of your hoe, the door of your homestead, the wood of your cradle, and the shell of your coffin. I am the bread of kindness and the flower of beauty. Ye who pass by, listen to my prayer: Harm me not.

You'll know a real gardener at this season of the year by the fact that he keeps his hose and his hoe busy.

29. THE KING'S NOSTRILS. There are those who do and those who don't like the odor of Tuberoses. Once I was scornful of those who don't; then, the other day, on turning over the pages of the memoirs of the Duke of Saint-Simon, I found even a King whose nostrils were offended: "1702. . . . Nothing was ever so magnificent as these soirées of

Trianon. All the flowers of the parterres were renewed every day. I have seen the King and all the Court obliged to go away because of the Tuberoses, the odor of which perfumed the air, but so powerfully, on account of their quality, that nobody could remain in the garden, although very vast, stretching like a terrace all along the canal."

Though much of its bloom may be gone, the rock garden should be weeded regularly.

30. GENERAL JAC'S BEER. Near the Garde St. Lazare in Paris is a little German-appearing structure that boasts a statue of Gambrinus, titular deity of malt beverages, and is known as the Brasserie Jacqueminot. Inside are kept—or were kept at one time—mementos of the famous General Jacqueminot. Most of us remember this Napoleonic soldier by the Rose that bears his name, but he has another claim to immortality. He introduced German beer into France. There is still a Jacqueminot brewery at Ivry-sur-Seine. The hybridizer of the Rose must have been a great beer lover, for Jacqueminot had been dead many years when the brewery was named for him.

Tomorrow, now that the foliage is well yellowed, you can scythe the grass where the naturalized Narcissi grow.

31. THE SPARE-ROOM. Were I in a reforming mood, I would set my lance against those high falutin' names that have crept into the home of

late. Supper, for instance. How rarely do we speak of it as such: we must call it by the exalted name of dinner. Now the word "supper" connotes a meal that you take as you find it, whereas dinner is something especially prepared for company. "Pot-luck" is supper.

Another is that term "guest-room." An older generation called it the "spare-room." While "guest" carries an air of hospitality with it, the word "spare" has its own homely and lovable connotations, for it was spared or reserved for guests.

Apropos of this, don't depend on your guests to do gardening.

LONG PIECE

THE RETURN OF FINE EATING

IN NOVEMBER 1929, when the first rumbles of the financial earthquake had roused the world to the fact that something serious was happening, I ventured to write a piece entitled, "The Recent Rise of an Old Art—Staying Home." In this I prophesied that people would stay home more than heretofore, and that they would amuse themselves by playing games. These two prophecies have been amply fulfilled. Today the household that isn't equipped with domestic games lacks an essential to contemporary living. People who don't play games at home are out of step with the times.

Now I would make another prophecy. I venture to suggest that the American home is entering on

a régime of better eating, a keener appreciation of the gastronomic arts, and that more thought will be given to the equipment and service which accompany dignified, enjoyable meals.

The cuisine of America is a conglomeration of sectional specialities. New England contributes the codfish ball, baked beans, brown bread and blonde clam chowder. The South gives us Virginia ham, beaten biscuits, terrapin, chicken fried in batter and the innocuous substance of hominy. The far Southwest has been infiltrated by an assortment of hot Mexican dishes, and from the Pacific coast has spread a taste for occasional Chinese essays in gastronomy. There is no purely American cuisine. Most of the country still writhes under the gruesome shadow of the frying pan.

It is a fact that the best eating and the keenest appreciation of good food are found among those peoples who drink wine with their meals. Now the art of drinking wine to enjoy it is a slow process. Only a boor or a pagan gulps wine. It must be sipped. This act of sipping sets the tempo for the meal. It can also stand as a symbol of two fundamental facts—(1) that good meals require time and thought in preparation and (2) that to be enjoyed thoroughly a meal should be eaten slowly and appreciatively, accompanied by stimulating conversation and laughter. A good meal is a sonata in adagio time.

It is our warped idea of time, perhaps, which robbed America of splendid eating—that and the long absence by law of wine. We have a notion that we who rush through life and work accomplish much more than those who go slowly.

Patient preparation and slow enjoyment appear a waste of time. The rushing habit has caused us to support the erroneous idea that time passed in the making of a good meal and the eating of it is time wasted—or, rather, time expended on non-essentials. During the past few years, Americans have undergone a re-valuation of time. Many of us now have much more time on our hands than heretofore. We are learning the necessity for going slowly. We are also gradually learning to enjoy those phases of life that require time.

Another hopeful sign, found in our new habit of staying home, is that women have fewer outside distractions and can now devote more thought to the planning and preparation of meals. There is a pronounced effort to vary the régime from day to day. The exchange of recipes is fast taking the place of contract post-mortems. Cook-books are becoming best sellers. A new basis of competition among housewives has arisen with the desire for better cookery. By their meals ye shall know them. In olden times they said of a successful wife, "She sets a good table." Might we not revive that?

This essential business of eating lies at the bottom of all marital success. The Renos of the world are filled with men and women who lack an appreciation of the making and enjoying of a good meal.

In addition to the time required for the preparation and actual eating of a meal, two other factors are essential—that the table be properly equipped and the service be conducted with dignity. The latter is obvious, but equipment requires a word.

The deadly sameness of many meals is often due to the fact that one eats off the same china day after day and that the same meals are served in the same place. The successful housewife has a wardrobe of dishes, centerpieces, decorations and linens, and she changes them as she changes her dresses. No two meals are alike. She does not oblige her family to gaze at the same fern-dish three hundred and sixty-five days out of the year. Each meal is given a fresh nuance by a change of flower bouquet, china, glass, silver and linen. The surroundings of the meal stimulate the appetite.

We also suffer, we Americans, from what might be called the worship of the holy dining-room. Because we have a dining-room in our home we believe that all our eating must go on there and in no other place. The trough is stationary, as in cattle pens.

On a certain country place, not too far from the blissful city of Cleveland, the rite of breakfast is celebrated with the same uncertainty and change of location as the early Christians worshipped. Guests never know, from day to day, where it will be found. Come down of mornings, the eye catches the cryptic message on a card: "The Rose Arbor." Tomorrow it may bear the romantic direction, "The Sunny Side of the Lily Pool." Or, if the morning weather be inclement, "In the Study" or "Before the Library Fire."

Well, why not eat all over the house and the garden? Why not surprise a commuting husband by serving breakfast before the living-room fire or under a tree? Why not try out having luncheon in the library or by the garden pool? Avoid the din-

ing-room fetish, and the success of many a meal is half won.

Whether it be breakfast under the elms or dinner in state, it is a highly laudable ambition to make the meal a success. The chances for such success are now with us. Nor is it hoping for too much to believe that out of our newer appreciation of the time required to prepare and enjoy a good meal we may evolve an American cuisine worthy of our enjoyment. And when we have learned to relish the quality of this enjoyment, we shall toss slap-dash meals into the same limbo whence has already gone that other American fallacy—getting rich quick.

THE MONTH OF AUGUST

1. WESSEX PRAYER. In addition to collecting flower prints, inscriptions for garden gates, old lights and the lesser read forms of diaries, I manage now and then to pick up a choice prayer. Some of them are masterly bits of word carving that ought to be kept in a museum. Others are simple and more home-made—like those quaint cottage figures that used to stand on mantels in the old country. From Wessex comes one of the latter. It makes sure that Providence wastes no beneficence—

> God bless me and my wife,
> My son Jan and his wife.
> Us four,
> No more.

This is the time to remake the Strawberry bed.

2. EARLY AUGUST BOUQUETS. White and scarlet Zinnias massed in a big white bowl make a combination not to be sneezed at these days, nor do I fail to glance in passing at Hemerocallis George Yeld and the flat planes of Achillea Macrantha rising from a copper pot. Yet the subtlest trio I have seen in many a season was the pale mauve tassels of *Buddleia magnifica*, the white spikes of *Veronica virginica* and sprays of

the silvery foliage of *Artemesia, Silver King,* in a wide-mouthed pale green vase.

From now on to October many of the Lilies should be planted.

3. AL FRESCO STEAK. In my gastronomic meanderings I recently encountered what is said to be the perfect way to cook a steak out-of-doors. Having made a good fire of embers, you lay over the grill a piece of heavy cooking parchment. On this spread half an inch of wet salt. Then lay the steak on the salt. In an instant the salt will seal the juices into the meat on that side; reverse the cut and it is sealed on the other. I recommend this to all Boy Scouts who have never grown up.

Parsnips and Swiss Chard will be grateful at this time for a top dressing of fertilizer.

4. MARITAL HINT. Lest you wish you had never married him, refrain from speaking—though ever so kindly—to a husband when he is in the midst of pruning a Climbing Rose. An hour among the thorns gives even the meekest man a thirst for blood. It boils his wrath up near the surface. It invariably sets him in a murderous mood. The canny wife, finding him in this disposition, will set a long, cool drink nearby and go away quietly.

Thin the fruit on Apples, Pears and such. Better grow fewer good fruits than an abundance of the mediocre.

5. A THOUGHT FOR MYOSOTIS. A little trouble taken with Forget-me-Nots will pay immensely. We sow the seed the first week of August in a leaf mold and sand soil that has been screened fine. The seedlings are kept under slats and never want for water. They are transplanted into flats and in late September the plants go into the frame and are kept well watered until closing time. By the following spring the plants that come out of those frames to edge borders and carpet Tulips cause us no shame. On edges we often alternate the deep blue of Cambridge with the softer tones of the light blue types. . . . And have you ever tried a drift of Cambridge with a shoal of the whorled, velvety purple *Primula Beesiana*?

Even this early you can begin hilling up the Celery.

6. MOSQUITO NETS. In the tropics, sleeping under a mosquito net is a commonplace and necessary custom, but by no means is it of recent origin. Herodotus tells how in Egypt, "every man has a net which serves him by day to take fish and at night to defend the places where he sleeps. For if he wrap himself up in his clothes or linen, the gnats would not fail to bite, although they would not try to get through the net." The Greeks knew this net as *konopeia*; the Latins, *conopaea*. Hence our word, "canopy."

As they are now dormant, Oriental Poppies can be lifted and divided.

7. HEN-AND-CHICK COMPLEX. It is difficult to explain why a husky and middle-aged man should find such fascination in Hens-and-Chicks, yet I confess to that weakness. Some fifty varieties of them are growing in pots set along the Top Garden retaining-wall, where I can glance at them as I pass by. Some were raised from seed, some came by purchase, some by exchange and some as a form of mild rebuke from gardeners who claim to know a *Sempervivum* when they see one. I lay claim to no such omniscience. I can't prove (although I have searched the books) that my *Pittoni* is the real thing, that my *Rhodanicum* is genuine, that my *Modestum*—which really isn't modest at all—isn't an interloper. I have three pots of *Fauconetti*, each from a different source, each carefully labeled and each quite different. The *Californicum*, I know, should be *Calcerum* and I display and name without hesitation what I honestly believe to be *S. Arachnoideum tomentosum*.

However, there they are. I admire their rosette increase, which I pot up and label for friends, thereby further spreading nomenclature confusion. I respect the complete abandonment of the rosette that pours out its life in flowering and setting seed and forthwith dies. I enjoy growing them in rock cracks and tree crannies. I waste hours marvelling at the perfect architecture of their growth and the felicitous precision of their flowers. And when Philistines remark that they simply can't understand what I see in those things, I merely hold my peace.

Begin disbudding Dahlias, taking off the side buds and leaving the terminal for mature development.

8. ANCIENT NUDISM. It is all very modern to claim that sun-bathing is a product of our own era, yet the ancient poets were always having their lady loves dance diaphanously across the mead and maidens go out at dawn (I suspect in their nightgowns, as one of our guests did once, to the shocked surprise of a dignified father-in-law) to gather fresh dew for a cosmetic. The modern school of nudist poetry not yet having risen, permit me to quote these two lines of intimate loveliness written by Michael Drayton in the 16th century:

"A world to see, yet how he joyed to heare
The dainty grasse make musicke with her feete."

Having divided your Iris, begin swapping varieties with friends and order a few of the newer hybrids.

9. A RETRACTION ON ECHINOPS. There was a time, in my beginning days, when I professed admiration for Echinops and its Thistle cousins and aunts, the Eryngiums. That admiration has gradually melted. Life can go on the same even without such rockery types as *E. alpinum atroviolaceum* and such bicolors as the blue and amethyst *E. amethysticum*, although they do thrive in mean soil. For the space they take up in a border I am

not so sure their gush of steel blue balls, spikes and bracts are worth the trouble. Did this place support a wild garden I would probably give them room there. Lacking it, I fed *Bitro*—both *album* and *coerulea*—to the pigs, who promptly refused such trash and tramped them under foot, thereby, of course, making more compost.

Start feeding Delphiniums sips of manure water against their second blooming.

10. LONG AND SHORT IN PEA-SHRUBS. The Caragana Family, for which I have a weakness, provides the garden with two fairly tall fellows and two pigmies. For tall effects you can have the Siberian representative, *C. arborescens*, growing from eight to twenty feet high, with yellow pea-like flowers during May and June. Its immediately shorter relative is the Russian Pea-shrub, *C. frutex*, with brighter yellow blooming in June and July. The two shorts, which are suitable for rock gardens are the Mongolian—*C. chamlagu* growing to twenty-five inches and the Dwarf Pea-shrub, *C. aurantiaca*, thirty-six inches. The former prefers a dry soil, has small dark foliage, and carries red-yellow blossoms of quite individual character. The latter, *C. aurantiaca*, develops a spreading bushy form, grows slowly and produces orange colored flowers. So far mine have developed no disease, or attracted any pest, thank God: which probably accounts for my Caragana admiration.

Tomorrow is as good a day as any to make out your order for evergreens.

11. GARDEN MYSTERY. To the great number of mysteries that I know I shall never solve I am now adding the mystery of disappearing wooden labels. Each spring we buy them in great quantity and many sizes. We make a conscious effort to keep the various sizes apart. We separate the sheep of the new labels from the goats of the used. Yet by August a label famine invariably descends on this place. The ground seems to open up and swallow them. Or maybe the soil slowly digests them, the way a Pitcher Plant digests a fly. Anyhow, let August come, and you hear my stentorian tones bellowing through the barn at the imaginary thief who has decamped with my labels.

Crab grass, that despair of lawn workers, is about to seed and increase its objectionable progeny. Cut it close and catch the cuttings or rake them up and then deliver them to the center of a bonfire.

12. TO ISAAC SPRAGUE. Somehow my thoughts today are turned back to one Isaac Sprague of Hingham, Mass. Hingham is an excellent town to come from; indeed, one might live there all his life if he were content to miss some of life's worthless excitements. My friend Isaac saw the light of day there in September, 1811. Up to a certain point he fulfilled his destiny by being a carriage painter. Then a flair for Nature and scientific art becoming pronounced, he formed a friendship with Audubon. One thing led to another and soon he became the pet of botanists and began illustrating learned books for them—Gray's "Text-

book of Botany," Emerson's "Trees and Shrubs of Massachusetts," Gray's "Genera Florae America Boreah Orientalis," and Torrey's "Plantae Fremontiae." Torrey honored him in naming the western shrub Spraguea. . . . And yet when I asked a garden club lady from Hingham about him, she confessed complete ignorance and put me off with talk about Rose beetles.

While you should not cease dusting or spraying Roses, you can now stop feeding them lest they make a sappy fall growth.

13. Mock Oranges for Display. The long-headed gardener who has no intention of spending the rest of his days growing things in pots and messing around with seedlings, soon comes to depend on flowering shrubs for floral display. And for grandeur of display and variation in fragrance none can touch the Mock Oranges.

Once called Syringa, they now pass as Philadelphus. This juggling of names is the botanists' idea of a good time. It need not bother the average gardener, whose care should be, as he goes through catalogs, to keep his eye open—and his purse as well—for varying types, especially the hybrids which the French plant wizard, Lemoine, has produced. From various nurseries a baker's dozen has been assembled here and, were I as lyrically adjectival as Farrer, I might approach some real expression of my feeling for them.

The tall growers are *P. gordonianus, Grandiflorus, Insignis, Satsumi* and *Nivalis.* At the other end stand *P. Lemoinei*, our Colorado *P. micro-*

phyllus (both of which seldom grows over two feet high) and Manteau d'Hermine. Those bearing single flowers are Conquette, Coup d'Argent, Gerbe de Neige, Pavillon Blanc, *Splendens,* Avalanche, Satsumi, *Lemoinei, Purpurescens* (which has the base of the petal stained purple) and *Grandiflorus.* The doubles are Enchantment, Virginal, Perle Blanche and Girandole. For a semi-double choose Glacier and Girandole and Bouquet Blanc, which produces close-packed flower clusters reminiscent of a Viburnum. Virginal produces flowers two inches across and grows upright and "sticky," whereas the long branches of Avalanche droop fountainwise. Those with the most insistent fragrance are *Coronarius,* Coup d'Argent, Satsumi, Virginal and Manteau d'Hermine. Perle Blanche, on the other hand, has only a faint perfume, which lack is compensated for by the large blooms; and *Microphyllus* has an odor quite different from the others. *Magdalenae* has none at all.

Japanese Iris that have bloomed in the same spot three or four years should be lifted and divided.

14. WHAT GRANT THORBURN SPARED US. In his diary Grant Thorburn, America's first seedsman, states that he started his business in New York in 1799 with "three pots of Geraniums, a monthly Rose and $15 worth of seed" and, so this account continues, "the seeds grew till they filled the whole continent, the Rose blossomed until it spread into a tree." Had Mr. Thorburn begun his horticultural career with three rhizomes

of Iris, I dread to think what would have become of the continent, so fast does Iris multiply. This, by the way, should serve as a warning to those who foist onto the market new seedlings that are doubtful improvements on standard varieties. And this is certainly applicable not only to Iris, but to Delphiniums, Roses and many other flowers as well.

As you will be planting Peonies next month, get the ground ready to receive them. Dig it deep and fertilize it well.

15. BIG TASKS. Two jobs stare me in the face: this year I must divide a couple of hundred varieties of Iris and remake a long perennial border. Of the two, I don't know which I dread the most. There is a deadly sameness about dividing Iris once you have it dug. It is a sitting job. You merely hunch along from heap to heap. No cerebration is required, except that needed to persuade some of your friends to take away the surplus. That and the firm will to discard those that are worthless.

In preparation for revamping the border various compost heaps have been stewing away this past year and money that should have been paid a plumber has been exchanged with a farmer for loads of his cherished manure. And in the reserve garden have been growing along new varieties of Phlox to replace those gone native and some promising edging plants and a number of Jap Peonies for which I have a weakness. Meantime these August nights I draw plans and make color

sketches and dread the day when the work must commence.

Parsley seed sown now will give you good plants next spring.

16. COUNTRY SHOWS. Among the things that make life encouraging to a garden believer is the increase and improvement of little local flower shows. Even the smallest town has them now. They last an afternoon and an evening. The town hall or the parish house is loaned for the purpose—and how the women do slave to fill those rooms with adequate beauty! And how solemnly the imported judges, passing from class to class, study the displays and render their awards! For these liliputian shows I have a deep regard and a sincere thankfulness. They are proof that the gospel of gardening is not only being preached far and wide but being listened to as well.

After the fruit is removed, spray Peach trees with Bordeaux mixture.

17. TEXT FOR COLLECTORS. Lest those canny snoopers after the antique and curious fear they are being left out in the Biblical cold, I hasten to assure them that, having searched the Scriptures, I have discovered their own private text in the 14th verse of the 20th Chapter of Proverbs: "It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer: but when he is gone his way, then he boasteth."

You can begin setting out those perennials you have raised from seed. They will get established before frost.

18. THE SCARLET HORSE MINT. Though at times I have regretted ever letting it loose in the border, I still hold a pronounced respect for *Monarda didyma* as a plant. The old names of Oswego Tea and Bee Baum endear it, for it was among the "simpling" plants of our grandmothers' gardens. The white and pink forms, which thrive in a marsh not far from our place, I leave growing there. The deep scarlet, however, behaves itself when watched and it is this which finds a corner before a guardian line of white Hollyhocks and flanked by white Phlox. A neat August combination.

If you are sending flowers to friends, wrap them first in wet newspapers and then in dry.

19. DAFFODILS FOR CROESUS. One autumn, in complete defiance of my purse and Destiny, I indulged myself to ninety-two varieties of Narcissus. And I thought myself quite a fellow and used to strut the fact. At the New York flower show the following spring my aplomb was jarred by fifty-four others that I had to acknowledge I had never seen before. The following week came a catalog with some single bulbs casually listed at $200 each. As a final blow arrived "The New Classified List of Daffodils." It contains the names of no less than 6000 kinds! I realize now that pride

soon goes before a Daffodil fall and that steam-yachts and racing-horses are indulgences for the poor compared with owning a collection of Narcissus worth boasting about.

Madonna Lilies, due to be transplanted and set out now, should not be set deeper than three to four inches.

20. GRACE BEFORE MEAT. Despite the people who claim they are too intelligent to believe in such things, there are still countless families where Grace is said before meals. I found one the other day where the small children could recite Grace in a dozen different languages. The guest named his language and the children supplied the prayer in that tongue. Some day I may go back there and teach those boys Robert Herrick's poem—

Lord, I confess, too, when I dine,
The Pulse is Thine
And all those other bits that be
There placed by Thee—
The Worts, the Purselain and the mess
Of Water Cress.

In the old times Purselain—a first cousin of our common garden weed—was relished as a salad. It was also pickled and made into soup. As we view it today, a much better deserved place for it would be the garden incinerator!

Pansy seed should be sown this month. Don't try to save money on the seed. Buy only the best.

21. ABRONIAS. Almost the first item one finds in plant lists are the three Abronias or Sand Verbenas, which the West Coast has contributed to the garden. Valuable for their trailing habit, for the red, yellow or white of their fragrant flowering, they also have the virtuous attribute of thriving in hot, sandy or pebbly soil. *A. latifolia* (sometimes listed as *arenaria*) bears lemon yellow flowers, *A. maritima* dark red and *A. umbellata*, pink. They are best treated as tender annuals and started early in the hotbed to give mid-summer-flowering.

If you have a long spell of dry weather, turn the hose on the compost heap and wet it down well.

22. WAVING THE LITERARY FLAG. There was a time when American gardeners had to depend on English books for much of their gardening information. Within the past five years this necessity has definitely ceased. We are turning out books in this country not only comparable in scholarship and scientific investigation with those that England produces, but they have the added advantage of being applicable to the varieties of American climate. Who could ask for better garden-books than *The Fragrant Path* by Louise Beebe Wilder, *Gardening With Herbs* by Helen M. Fox and *Western American Alpines* by Ira N. Gabrielson?

This fact was impressed on me recently by comparing a brand new garden dictionary by an English authority and one on the same subject by an

American. The American was superior in every way both from the scientific standpoint and from the American suitability. And yet, year after year, our publishers import English gardening books and write glowing accounts of them on their jackets —and then wonder why they gather dust on the shelves. America has long since come of age in garden literature.

Keep an eye on the Phloxes and cut off seed heads. Their offsprings are usually inferior creatures.

23. THE TWENTY-ONE BLAZING STARS. What fun it would be to have room and money and energy and help enough to raise all the plants that catch your fancy! Here I am smitten in late August with the perfectly superb flowering of a Kansas Gay Feather or Blazing Star. I rush to the books and read that these are all American . . . and then I begin to count the tribe. Twenty-one of 'em. Most of us begin with *Liatris spicata* in rosy purple or white, pass on to *L. scariosa,* a foot taller, with a clear purple tip and then try *L. graminifolia,* the Kansas Gay Feather. These are about all the average nursery offers. There are three that grow not much more than a foot and a half— *L. cylindracea, ligulistylis* and *punctata.* As yet I haven't seen these suggested for rock gardens. Perhaps the Alpinists have conceded them all to the Wild Gardeners.

The Asparagus bed, which hasn't been given much attention for a while, can now be fed a little bone meal.

24. NEW FRONTIERS. City folks appear to be tiring of their effete life. During the past few years, as we rode around the countryside, we have noticed a marked increase in the number of log cabins being built and the fact that these cabins are erected, not in the howling wilderness, but within relatively easy commuting distance from towns. Evidently, people are looking for new frontiers or hungering for frontier atmosphere, and the way to gratify it is to build a log cabin. Evidently, the summer population is just dying to go native.

In your Daffodil order include some of the miniature types which are so fascinating.

25. MEETING THE ARMERIAS. Home from parties where we've met new people, we chant in duet (if we've liked 'em) :—"We must get to know those people better." I feel the same way about many plants we see in other people's gardens. The Armerias, for instance. Long since we've made the acquaintance of common English Thrift, *A. maritima*, which, like its relatives, delights in a sunny, sandy loam. Having just seen them in a neighbor's rockery, I realize that three wee ones are worthy cultivating—Bee's Ruby type of *A. alpina*, Bee's *A. caespitosa*, with tight little clumps of rosettes (Gerard calls them "Our Lady's Cushions") that grow about an inch high, and *A. laucheana*, a form of *Maritima*, whose habit is about the same as *caepitosa* only the flowers are a deeper rose. Several more are worth shaking hands with—*A. cephalotes* (sometimes called *A. latifolia*), which grows quite tall and has fairly

broad leaves and flowers on eighteen-inch stems and *A. plantaginea,* with broad leaves.

Tomorrow look up the new varieties of Altheas or Rose of Sharon. They are definite advancements over the older types.

26. WETTING SPORTS. The Baroque period, that obese flowering of the Renaissance, saw the introduction of water tricks into gardens. No estate was worthy the name unless it had some fountain that spattered the on-looker or a seat that sprayed amiable ladies, to their consternation. These were called "wetting sports." For a long time they were carefully tended by gardeners who, when company came, didn't mind subjecting themselves to a dousing if tips were passed around afterward. So far I have seen no indication of their revival in modern gardens. Perhaps the wetting sports of our time will be restricted to mischievous small boys flicking around the garden hose. Gardeners will simply have to go untipped.

At this season we begin sending seeds from the best of our Hollyhocks to various gardening friends who have admired them.

27. SWEDISH AMERICAN. Some years ago, so the story runs, a dealer in Early American antiques went to Sweden and bought up an appreciable quantity of peasant furniture which he carried back to America and sold along with his primitive American pieces. No one seemed to notice the difference, for the simple reason that there were

no differences to notice. The same sort of trees supplied the wood. The furniture was put to the same domestic purposes. Both the Swedish peasant and the Early American farmer were sprung from Nordic stock. In other words, they were brothers under their tables.

It is about time you gave a look at those house plants you set out in a shady corner.

28. OIL AND MOLES. In his "Gleanings From French Gardens," William Robinson describes how he saw a French gardener exterminate a mole: he poured into a fresh run two jugs of water followed by some heavy oil. When the water receded it left a film of oil around the mole which, beginning to asphyxiate him, the varmint crawled up to the surface to die. As we have tried, without avail, all other methods, I am going to give this a test. Monoxide gas, pumped into the runs through a hose attached to the exhaust pipe of a car, chased them out for about three months. Poisoned worms failed to make an impression on them. Traps have sprung but the moles were quicker. Our top-lofty Persian cats, "Pekin" and "Peekout"—condescended to average four a week in the spring and then lost their taste for these pests as summer came on. So I shall try the Frenchman's trick and use up old crankcase oil, with hopes of rapid and abundant asphyxiations.

If you are planning to sow a new patch of lawn this autumn, you should start working on the soil now. Dig deep, fertilize deep and rake it to clear of stones.

29. FORGOTTEN IVY. So bombarded are we with advertising of Japanese Spurge as a shade-loving ground-cover and so accustomed have even newly initiated gardeners become to letting *Pachysandra terminalis* trip off their tongues, that good old Ivy is allowed to suffer an eclipse. I presume it will return to favor eventually and gardeners will be instructed in planting it properly, clipping it and giving it the necessary winter protection. Spring is the ideal planting season, although plants and slips set out in late summer have never given me any trouble. The merest sprigs will root if pinned down. This is a slow and exasperating job. Having gotten the slips in place, broadcast some good soil over the planting. Keep it watered and soon the spot will be interlaced with hundreds of roots. If the planting is in sun, a sacking cover raised on slates will protect it from winter scorching. The real fun, however, is in keeping the bed clipped. In France Ivy panels and verges are very popular. We can as easily have them here if we will take the trouble to keep stray top wisps clipped back and the sides neatly shaped.

A final clipping of hedges can now be undertaken.

30. GRAVEL TO LOAM. These late August and early September days, whenever a line of vegetables is cleared off, we immediately fork the soil and dribble in seed for a cover crop. The effect, by the beginning of winter, is that of an unshaven face or one badly shaved—here the Clover is quite high, yonder it has scarce begun. Nevertheless by

this dribble method no time is lost and by spring a good stand is ready to be turned under. Ten successive years of doing this have transformed the gravel of the vegetable garden into quite respectable loam.

If you want perfect Grapes you should now begin to bag them. We also tie up the bunches that promise to be heavy.

31. GARDEN CONFESSORS. So great has been the female rush to form and join garden clubs that the mere male, who delights in the sublime sport, finds himself either trampled under foot or pushed out of the picture. Occasionally a docile and housebroken husband will accompany his wife to an "open meeting" of the club, but he acts rather sheepish about it. To these forgotten men it may come as heartening news that no less than seven garden clubs for men only have been organized up to the moment of this writing. Others doubtless will follow.

Just what form the meetings of these clubs will take I cannot say. They unquestionably will forego the usual tea-and-cake refreshment with which women's garden clubs top off their assemblies. Probably we can go into something more robust, in the beer and pretzel line. The hand that pulls the hoe can easily lift the seidel.

Nor am I worrying over these masculine gardeners going into "artistic arrangements," although I personally would gladly plait a Laurel crown for the woman who can put the brakes on them. What men need to advance their position

in gardening is neither refreshment nor competitive esthetics. We need "confessors."

In the calendar of saints you are constantly finding persons listed as "confessors." In evil times they stood up boldly and confessed to being Christians. Today most of the games in which men indulge are highly commercialized. Sports have fallen on evil ways. We need men to stand up boldly in their clubs and gatherings and confess gardening.

Look over the leaders of American horticulture today, and you will observe that to a man they are zealots of the deepest dye. After five minutes' conversation with J. Horace McFarland, I was convinced that a man hadn't the slightest chance of going to Heaven unless he grows Roses. Talk to John C. Wister, and you realize that unless you grow Iris and Lilacs you are positively *declassé*. B. Y. Morrison has his social doubts about anyone who doesn't go in for Daffodils. My own conviction, which I gladly shout from the housetops, is that the man who doesn't garden hasn't begun to live.

Bribe the cook, who says that those Beets are too large and tough for table use, to turn them into Borsch. This is a soup for gods and heroes.

LONG PIECE

GARDENS OF FORGOTTEN PLEASURE

MOST of that morning in Paris I had had my nose deep in the works of Gervase Markham, "a

base fellow," as Ben Jonson called him, who wrote brilliantly and at length on the arts of gardening, husbandry and horse-breeding, to the delight of sixteenth-century England. In those quaint old pages I had found his instructions for planting a "Garden of Pleasure"—those knots and mazes of "Germander, Issope, Time or Pinkegilly-flowers," so popular in Stuart days. And I was just finishing his dissertation on why paths should be made of gravel, when a very *précieuse* person called to take me to see what he termed the last word in garden design.

Thus far in Paris, so I thought, I had run the gamut of Modernism and nothing could shock me. Yet old Markham was humming through the back of my mind as I followed into the bedroom off which this garden lay. A bedroom of which the floor was stone, the walls riveted sheets of steel, the ceiling corrugated cork, the tabletops stupendous slabs of plate glass and other furniture—a cock-eyed version of our Craftsman style —completely covered with snake skin. From this cell of the condemned Modernist I stepped out to a flagged terrace (not half so picturesque as the inside terrace of Sing Sing) where the ultimate word had been spoken.

The surrounding walls were of mirrored glass to give the illusion of added size, and in the middle of the paved terrace was laid down a pattern of jumbled angles and obese curves worked out in humble little Box bushes. Occasionally in this strange pattern a block of purple or yellow Pansies was allowed to grow; but the majority of the

pattern was covered with beds of vari-colored pebbles and broken glass.

A long, long way from the formal beauties of La Notre, a vast distance, this, from that famous thirty-acre vegetable garden De La Quintinye planted at Versailles during his forty years of service as "Director General of the Fruit and Kitchen Gardens of all the Royal Houses" of Louis XIV—yes, this ultimate word in Modernist garden design had traveled a long way from the glorious classicism of France, but it offered a solution that, I am sure, would have pleased even Gervase Markham. For here could be made a Garden of *Forgotten* Pleasure.

Presumably when the owner of this *intime* Paris parterre tires of the color scheme, instead of ordering his gardener to substitute white Marguerites and blue Veronica for the tiresome Pansies, that worthy husbandman merely goes to the ash bin and devises a new color scheme out of the last week's drinking. Something fancy in shattered Pomery Sec green, Barsac yellow and deep brown Vat 41. The next morning the owner paces his terrace and, beholding the new array of bedded broken bottles, is cheered by pleasant recollections of all those divine vintages and distillations.

This custom in gardening should be immediately imported to America. Since the local groceryman refuses to take back perfectly good "empties" of his potable wares, the average householder in the country and suburbs is embarrassed by the bottles that accumulate. The gardener may bury them, but they make mighty lean fertilizer. You may shatter them against the garden wall, but

you'll rue the day. Why not, then, rid ourselves of both the pother about flowers and empty bottles by discarding the one and using the other?

Outside my study window lie two little formal beds that each year cause me no end of trouble. First in the autumn they must be planted to Tulips for the spring; then in spring between the Tulips must be set Pansies and Forget-me-nots to carry over the color after the Tulips are gone, and finally in July these must be taken out and Marigolds and Zinnias substituted for late summer and autumn bloom. How much simpler would it be to make a quaint pattern with powdered Canada Dry green, Gordon Gin white and Cointreau brown! Or a pastel effect might be had with Grenadine pink, Yellow Chartreuse and little accents of French Vermouth green. And I might add to the delights of this garden by doing something in the sixteenth-century manner with Angostura Bitters brown, Forbidden Fruit orange and Seltzer Water white, the bed edged with green mint.

With such a garden I need never worry about weeds, or apologize for its condition. The beating rain will not break it down as it does the spires of my Delphiniums, nor bugs gnaw its beauty as they do the hearts of my best Roses. And since I am tired of referring to the "Rose Garden," the "Formal Beds" or the "Terrace Border," we might lighten our garden conversation by merely suggesting that our visitors have a peep into the "Pope's Dream," the "Old-Fashioned Whiskey," the "Side-Car" or "Planter's Punch." When callers come, the maid has merely to say, "You may

find Mr. Wright in the 'Texas Fizz.' . . . Or if he's not there he'll surely be in 'Harry's Pick Me Up.' "

Such a garden, too, would be easier for the average visitor to understand. It is rather embarrassing to explain to a perfectly intelligent caller that what she thinks are Marigolds are, in reality, *Anthemis tinctoria.* Especially women who belong to garden clubs are apt to make such mistakes. Or they congratulate you on your healthy yellow Lilies when they actually mean *Hemerocallis Thunbergi.* All this shadow-boxing with botanical Latin would instantly cease if we had a Garden of Forgotten Pleasures. The veriest tyro could stroll past, remarking, "Ah, yes, that's Boothby's Gin—and look, yonder's my old favorite Bacardi!" And the professional gusher (can't you hear her?) will exclaim, "My dear, where *did* you get that lovely Créme de Violette!"

THE MONTH OF SEPTEMBER

1. A BULB BOOKSHELF. At this season when most of us are planting bulbs of some sort, it might be to our advantage to read up on the subject. Were the opportunity and the money to arrive simultaneously I would collect a really respectable bulb bookshelf. It would begin with Dean Herbert's study of Bulbous Plants—a noble work printed in 1837. Then "The Narcissus, Its History and Culture" by Burbridge and Baker; "The Bulb Book" by John Weathers; "Bulbs for American Gardens" by John C. Wister; "The Book of Bulbs" by F. F. Rockwell; A. F. Calvert's "Daffodil Growing for Pleasure and Profit"; "The Tulip" by Sir Daniel Hall; "Notes on Tulip Species" by W. R. Dykes; "Garden Cinderellas" by Helen M. Fox; "Lilies and Their Culture in North America" by W. N. Craig; "Hardy Bulbs for Amateurs" and "Tulips," both by J. J. Jacobs; "The Lilies of Eastern Asia" by E. F. Wilson; "The Genus Crocus" by George Maw; "Handbook of Crocus and Colchicum for Gardeners" by E. A. Bowles; and "The Gladiolus Book" by McLean, Clark and Fischer. The study of these books, incidentally, would make a pleasant diversion for those who cannot forget their gardens even in Winter.

In remaking borders you often find that the roots of nearby shrubbery have in-

vaded the bed. These can be stopped by dropping into the soil a strip of tin or sheet iron.

2. DISCONNECTED THOUGHTS ON WATERMELONS. Among the claims to immortality made by Parker County, Texas, is that it grows the largest and finest Watermelons in the universe. This will probably be disputed by lesser sections with envious eyes on Parker County's reputation. However, they will have to step lively to beat its methods of carving these magnificent melons. Once a year, I am told, a monster "slicing" is given for the benefit of the populace, and at these affairs the surgeons and butchers are delegated to cut up the watermelons, presumably because both of them are handy with knives. . . .

There was a time when the Watermelon shared with the Mango the honors for being a bathtub fruit. You ate it first and did a lot of washing afterward. You tickled both ears with the rind and expelled the seeds with a splendid, primitive gusto. Today its eating is reduced to a parlor refinement and we politely munch little balls that the cook has scooped out. So much for its gustatory progress. Nevertheless, the Watermelon carries with it a comprehensive benediction—at least to the Moslem, "Whoso eatheth a mouthful of Watermelon," said the Prophet, "God writeth for him a thousand good works and cancelleth a thousand evil works and raiseth him a thousand degrees, for it came from Paradise. . . ."

Vegetables and fruits, it would seem, do more to affect the course of history than flowers. York

and Lancaster would have fought anyhow, even if they had never plucked their respective Roses, but the Potato Famine in Ireland turned the tide of the Irish to America. Even such a commonplace fruit as the Melon has written its footnotes to history, for the gluttonous and inordinate love of this fruit has brought many a tragic end. Pope Paul II in 1471 died from eating too many Melons; Frederick of Germany came to his untimely tomb in 1493 from a surfeit of that fruit and his son went the same Melonian way. History does not record whether these indulgers in Melons ate them with salt or sugar, pepper or lemon juice.

Start setting out the spring-flowering perennials you've been raising in the frames, so that they can become established before frost.

3. COVERT REPAIRS. None of us seems to be above it. Even the most upright. Let us have some little accident with a chair in the home of a friend, or drop a cigarette-box and break off the elephant handle or burn a small hole in a doilie, and we rush quickly to cover it up. The chair back is slipped into place—and we take another chair. The elephant is set in place. The handle of a spoon is slid over the hole. Do we take the blame? Do we confess our accident when the hostess appears? Not we!—unless she catches us red-handed making the repairs. We, good Christians and bad alike, are hoping we won't be caught and are satisfied to let the next fellow take the blame.

Though Tall Bearded Iris should have been planted last month, finish the job this week. Then go on to Siberian and Japanese.

4. PLANTING CHOICE DAFFIES. Experience has shown that even Daffodils have their preferences as to soil and location. The smaller types obviously should go into the rock garden or protected coves of a small border. Since too much wind is apt to "rub" the flowers, the leeside of a gently sloping hill or behind a hedge and in the lower reaches of a forested glade are best for naturalizing these bulbs. Poeticus and large Trumpets seem to thrive better in a moist location. For the average run a well drained loamy soil is good—but it must be well drained. In planting, it is obvious that the larger the bulb, the deeper you set it. In a heavy soil, plant the bulb shallower than in a light one, say three inches on heavy and four on light. The first group to go in are the Poeticus, but the entire planting should be finished by the end of September. After the bulbs are set, scratch in some wood ashes or Scotch soot. This intensifies the colors, especially of the red cups.

By the first week in September begin planting Narcissus. Crocus can also go in at this time.

5. ENGLISH BREAKFASTS. Perhaps it may be attributed to the revival of hunting in this country, or to a desire for ease of household management—whatever the cause, the English style of

country breakfast is appearing here. The dishes are prepared and kept warm on a side table, and each one helps himself as he comes down. It simplifies the kitchen work in a house where the family and guests straggle down at all hours. It also affords a chance to create interesting and tempting buffet arrangements—the dishes with their silver covers, the ranks of supine forks and knives and spoons, the piles of plates. And over all hangs, like incense in an old church, the aroma of bacon and coffee.

Go over your borders and select the tender plants you want to pot up for indoor use. Lemon Verbena should be rescued before frost.

6. THE BOOK OF PROMISES. Once on a time I used to depend on my memory, but having made many grave mistakes, I now keep a small note book in which are set down the names of plants and seeds that visiting friends admire and are promised. This custom simplified matters, but it doesn't help in the case of those friends I meet casually on trains or in the street and to whom I blandly say, "Come up some time with a basket and I'll give you lots of 'em." They invariably do appear, sometimes with two baskets, and for the life of me I can't remember what it was I did promise them. Often my open-handed spouse has already given "them" away and I'm obliged to convince the basketeers that our divisions of Siberian Iris come from a really remarkable strain and that the Silenes, with which I am so prodigally

generous (and so glad to be rid), are actually very superior border plants.

This is the month for setting out ornamental trees, shrubs, bush fruits and fruit trees that are not of the stone variety.

7. NAME FOR A GARDENER. Recently I have been looking over a list of well-known professional gardeners. With a dull sameness the Scotch are called Andrew, the Germans Peter, the Irish Patrick and the Dutch Jan. Now if some aspiring mother, who hopes that her babe will become a famous gardener, only turns to the 28th verse of the 27th Chapter of the 1st Book of Chronicles, she might be led to naming that child after King David's gardener, Baalbranan. This person was especially entrusted with the care of the Olive and Sycamore trees.

Stop in your autumn labors long enough to observe the first turning of the leaves. The Swamp Maples usually open the fall symphony.

8. DISCIPLINE. Every now and then when I get to thinking that I am a perfectly grand horticulturist and far above the ordinary labors of the garden, I find it a salutary exercise to do some of those ordinary jobs. Spading the vegetable garden and mowing the lawn incur no appreciable amount of mental exhaustion. They don't have to be looked up in books beforehand. They are not concerned with complicated Latin names.

They do not smack of botanical pedantry. They carry no aura of glory. They are, however, very effective forms of discipline. I wouldn't give the snap of my fingers for the man who thinks he is always too good for them.

Tomorrow see that Michaelmas Daisies and Chrysanthemums are firmly staked.

9. FLOWERY FIREWORKS. Among the summer flowering bulbs that are well worth growing are Montbretias or Tritonias. These bulbs, having recently been the object of some successful hybridizing, their colors are now infinitely improved and their size enlarged. From New York southward they prove hardy if covered in winter with a three-inch mulch of manure. And they should be allowed to stay where planted because their increase forms in a little bulb that develops at the end of a long root. Lifting them each fall cuts off this new bulb. A leafmold soil, quickened with a dust of bonemeal, is their preference. And above all, their soil must never be permitted to dry out.

In blossom, the Montbretia is like a flowery fireworks—a burst of scarlet, yellow, apricot, orange or pink stars.

Unless you are a garden wastrel you will now begin to rake leaves and pile them on the compost heap.

10. SOLEMN STATEMENT ON PLATES. To the ten thousand things requisite to an enjoyable life, I would add the ten thousand and first—the

proper temperature of plates. They either make or ruin a meal for me. From the tempered heat of the soup, fish and roast plates, one should plunge abruptly into ice-cold plates for salad. Plates for fruit should be cool but not chilled. Though I am rarely caught at it, I never, either at home or abroad, have a plate set before me but I feel it. Its temperature is a sure indication of the capacity of the hostess for grasping the finer subtleties of gastronomy.

You can now take cuttings of Geraniums and other tender plants. Set these in moist sand in a shaded frame.

11. ANCESTORS. Years ago, while walking through a famous English garden, George Yeld, the Iris breeder, stopped before a clump of flowers beautiful to behold but with fragile stems. "That's a weak one," he remarked to me. "And it always will be. Its ancestors had no strength."

The scene came back in a flash the other day when I sat beside a woman battling her way through almost overwhelming pain. Save for the nurse, no one else was in the room. But suddenly it was crowded. Against the dusky walls stood a splendid company—elegant old ladies and gentlemen who had lived clean lives nor softened the fibre of their bodies with excess. And in that hour I realized how necessary it is to have had—and to be—the right kind of ancestors.

Since this is the setting-out month par excellence, *don't forget that Peonies go in*

now. After planting, scratch in a handful of bonemeal and wood ashes to each plant.

12. THE DECENT PRINCE. One expects a prince to do princely things, and my pet prince, Eddie of Wales, seems to be doing them all the time. His favorite dog, they say, has grown old and rheumaticky. He can't leap on chairs and bound onto beds as he used to. Yet the day is not allowed to start, even for a prince, unless this old dog comes up to the bed to say, "Good morning." This thoroughly decent prince keeps an easy pair of stairs at the head of his bed and each morning the old fellow climbs up them for his morning's visit on the royal counterpane.

Resist the temptation to prune spring-flowering shrubs (unless, of course, you are obliged to prune now) for you will throw away next year's bloom.

13. HIS FATHER BEFORE HIM. Just the faint suggestion of a mist comes over the eyes when one reads in the horticultural press the obituary notice of an aged gardener, some old codger who has spent his whole life making the earth give her increase of flowers and vegetables. Even more impressive is it to read, as we do of some of these men, that their fathers before them were gardeners. Our horticultural and botanical past provides many examples of successive generations devoted to this practice and study. It begins with the three generations of Tradescants, back in Stuart times, the grandson even collecting plants

in America. It includes the two generations of Jussieus and de Candolles, French botanists, each with an appallingly long list of learned works to their credit. It numbers the Lindleys, father and son; the Curtises, with the father starting the *Botanic Magazine* and the son continuing it and writing a famous monograph on Camellias; and stretching down to the threshold of our own times with the Sowerbys and Loudons. Evidently the heritage of the soil and of the things which spring from it is not easy to root up.

Feed manure water to those Delphiniums you cut back in July and which are coming now into second bloom.

14. FALSE SPIREA. Among the shrub names that I enjoy rolling around under my tongue is *Sorbaria sorbifolia.* One of the False Spireas, it came to this garden, like many another treasure in it, through the generosity of the beloved Ernest H. Wilson, and it has grown from a mere rooted stick to a handsome bush topping six feet and equally as broad. Its fuzzy whitish panicles set their color through July. And in these days I stand before it and exclaim, in my best chest tones, *"Sorbaria sorbifolia."* Only I wish it weren't so inclined to reproduce itself all over the place. Anyone who comes up to the garden can have all he wishes of the seedlings. I will even teach him how to roll out *"Sorbaria sorbifolia."*

Before one of those autumnal gales strike them, see that the Cosmos are securely staked.

15. A BISHOP'S FLOWER. Although we generally associate purple with bishops there is one who is remembered in blue—John Browall, Bishop of Abo in Sweden, for whom Linnaeus named the Browallia. This tribe comes from South America. Often it is raised in greenhouses, but those who want a quaint pot flower for summer should try *B. speciosa*, which is violet-blue with a white throat. Started indoors in early spring, it reaches its flowering in autumn. It can also be used for a border plant and is especially adaptable to many parts of this country since it thrives in rich soil and delights in hot, dry summer climate. In September it can be potted up and brought indoors for a house plant.

This is almost the last call for planting Lilium Candidum. Set the top of the bulb about two inches below the soil surface. They will start into immediate growth.

16. TOWELS AND A MINOR PROPHET. In the course of conversation the other day I made a bad blunder: I referred to a towel as a Habakkuk, whereas I meant Huckaback. This mistaking a minor prophet for an old-fashioned towel sent me chasing the name. Huckaback is a form of weaving whereby, in the heddling or stringing of the loom, two double threads are put together with five or six singles between. In the passing of the shuttle, the double threads are depressed so that the shuttle makes a raised space without a knot—really a small fold. This creates a rough weave that serves excellently for toweling. These goods

used to be hawked about the country. The toweling takes its name from a Perthshire word meaning an itinerant vendor.

The source of Habakkuk's name, on the other hand, I have never been able to discover. He has absolutely nothing to say about towels. Though a most poetic prophet, he seems to have suffered one lamentable weakness—he was a violent Prohibitionist.

You can now begin making the beds for Tulips that are to go in next month. New Rose beds can also be dug this month.

17. PELARGONIUMS FOR THE NOSTRILS. People with greenhouses should collect plants just as people with bookshelves collect books. Your winter floral library may be a jumbled mixture or confined to a half dozen families. If ever fate is generous and that greenhouse comes within the range of my purse, the first families I would collect are the Geraniums and Pelargoniums. There's a multitude! The very first catalog I dip into offers twelve of the ordinary bedding sorts. They have been subjected to the hybridizers' skill for two centuries, until now a bewildering array is available. Bailey's "Cyclopedia of Horticulture" devotes no less than nine pages to them and in Mrs. Wilder's "The Fragrant Path" a whole chapter charmingly describes them. It would be presumptuous to try to squeeze them into a paragraph. However, a recent visit to a friend's greenhouse has set me on their trail.

The first point you have to learn, it seems,

is the difference between a Geranium and a Pelargonium. The former bears regular flowers and the latter irregular. Both of them can be easily grown from cuttings, as every housewife knows, and they prefer a lean soil to a rich one. They also will thrive in a temperature between 50 and 60 degrees. So saith my instructress. But what fascinates me is the varying fragrance of their leaves. *P. graveslens* is the favorite Rose Geranium although *P. capitatium* also has the same fragrance. The nutmeg-perfumed are *P. odoratissimum*, whereas the Apple-scented are merely *P. odorata*. The mint-scented, *P. tomentosium*, with soft green, velvety leaves (some people say they smell of Pennyroyal), and the Lemon-scented, *P. limoneum*, and *P. crispum*. One kind, *P. triste*, spreads its fragrance only at night. There are also those, in old collections, that smelled of Cinnamon and Orange and Anise and Pine and Violet and Balm.

I can imagine no greater pleasure for a dismal winter day than to work among these scented plants, to twitch their leaves and sniff at your fingers. What a splendid exercise for one's nostrils!

As crops are cleaned off in both the cutting and vegetable patches, sow Winter Rye or Clover for a cover crop to be dug in next spring.

18. FOR BRIGHTER DEPOTS. I've often wondered why our railroads don't start those good-natured gardening competitions between station masters that are fostered by railways abroad. There the

planting and care of the depot grounds is entrusted to the station master and prizes are offered for the best ones. Here a railroad supports a landscape department which plants the station grounds—and the local master has no interest in it. Well, the grounds around most of our stations show the lack of interest. . . . Why don't the railroads look into the filling-station contests that garden clubs are now conducting? The filling-station is actually becoming a thing of beauty while the railroad station still wallows in ugliness.

Get the old crab net down and secrete it somewhere near the pool. You'll need it for scooping leaves.

19. COUPE DE MARRIAGE. This being my wedding day I rejoice in two other celebrations—the boat that brought Her safe home from abroad landed in good time; and with her came a pretty gift for a bride of eighteen anniversaries to give her bridegroom. It consisted of a little collection of Coupe de Marriage.

In the south of France it was customary for the bride and groom at their wedding to drink good health to each other and their friends out of a silver cup. This cup was then marked with the bride's name and the date, and it then became her prized possession. "Bornay—Nuits—1797" runs the rough incising on the largest of them, a classical piece six inches across, standing on a sober and dignified base. The second, which is slightly smaller, is marked, "Drapier—Beaune 1800" and its handles are fashioned in the shape of swans.

The third, a little fellow, has the horns, face and beard of satyrs for its handles. Monsieur Cauthey gave it to Mademoiselle Georey in 1803. From these cups we, too, now drink our bridal toasts each successive September 19th.

Tomorrow cut the Straw-flowers and hang them head down in bunches in a cool, dry place.

20. THE DECAY OF TINKERS. Just about this time of year the old man gets around. He sets his wheel on the back porch and we bring out all the knives and clippers. It takes him the good part of a morning to sharpen the Wrights, because we keep him talking. He's our only tinker. All the years we have lived in this Connecticut valley no others have ever come this way or stopped off here. And I'm sorry that tinkers seem to have decayed. Time was when there were plenty of them around this countryside, so the natives tell me.

In the beginning the peddler or itinerant merchant was usually also a tinker. He peddled tinware and could repair it, or he peddled hardware and could fix a lock. As business increased, he left tinkering to others—to umbrella menders and scissor grinders and the Gypsies who worked in iron and copper and the quick-fingered fellows who knew the secrets of clocks. Foreigners they were mostly; born nomads who lived on little and slept anywhere and drove their petty trades up and down the American highways. Some were Irish and spoke the Shelta cant, the secret tongue of Erin's itinerant under-world. Many were

Romany *chals* whose argot, come from India centuries ago, only the rarest scholar could comprehend. On foot and in wagon they went from house to house, some following a regular itinerary, some never calling that way again. And against their arrival the thrifty housewife saved the leaky pot and the broken umbrella and the clock that wouldn't strike.

In those days they helped to make thrift a virtue and to prove waste a deadly sin. Nothing was abandoned until it fell beyond repair. Then, like as not, it was hid away in the attic or a barn corner because some of the parts might "come in handy" some day. Nor were they always then forgotten and left to corrupt and gather dust. Our forefathers had an ingenious way of making things "do." Constantly these derelict bits of household life were resurrected and made to serve some other useful purpose.

According to economists today this type of saving and thrift is the worst sort of citizenship. We live in a machine age. To maintain prosperity we must keep the machines working, for when machines are functioning men can labor and earn wages. The good citizen does not repair the old; he buys new. Throw away the cracked shoes! When the car gets crotchety, haul it to the town's dump! Give the ashman that leaky pot, that broken umbrella, that wheezy clock! To maintain prosperity we must keep those ghastly machines going. We must always be prepared to consume their enormous output. So say the economists, and they make me a little sad. I like tinkers.

If a new lawn is to be made, sow it this week and keep the area well sprayed should you have a dry spell.

21. GARDEN INTO ROOMS. The reason for dividing a garden—especially one on a flat site—into several distinct and different sections is the same reason that causes us to divide a house into rooms. Each room in a house has its own purpose and characteristics. The hall differs in use and nature from the adjoining living-room. The library is quite different from the dining-room. So, I hold, should be the parts of a garden.

Moreover a garden so divided does not reveal itself at one glance. In our search for all the garden's beauty we are obliged to pass from room to room. Enter a public hall and you see everything; enter a private hallway and very little is revealed. Like the progress through a house, the progress through a garden should be from one room's personality to another's. The walls that separate these rooms may be clipped hedges or informally massed shrubbery or even so slight a dividing line as Cedar posts and chains with Climbing Roses trained on them.

Start banking Celery with earth or use cylindrical blanchers.

22. GARDEN CLUBS IN SEPTEMBER. This month and next offer a good chance to garden clubs to test the varieties of outdoor Chrysanthemums for hardiness. So many enthusiastic gardeners have suffered disappointment from the blighting of

Chrysanthemums by early frosts that each neighborhood should undertake its own experiments, and thereby learn the varieties which can withstand local frosts.

Garden personalities that might prove worth studying for the September program can include L'Abbé David, the famous Chinese plant explorer and missionary; Miss Ellen Willmott, the great English garden-lover who wrote "Genus Rosa"; and Mrs. Charles Cotesworthy Pinckney of South Carolina who, in 1745, introduced the cultivation of the Indigo plant and thereby brought both an honorable occupation and prosperity to her state.

For an account of L'Abbé David one would dip into a stout tome called "The History of Botanical Discoveries in China" by Dr. E. Bretschneider or in Ernest H. Wilson's two volumes, "Plant Hunting." Miss Willmott would come in *Who's Who* and Mrs. Pinckney in any encyclopedia of American biography.

This month the hedges and evergreens that are kept shaped should be given their final clipping.

23. CONQUERING CRABS. We were in a quandary. The ladies who were coming to dinner that night were all hardened flower show judges. There was scarcely a conceivable combination of flower and foliage that they hadn't either tried themselves or judged. It would be hopeless to make a flower arrangement for that company. Just as She was about to give up in despair, our weekend

guest, a city woman, conceived a great idea. She had the gardener lop from the top of a Crabapple Tree an especially fine spray of fruit. This she carefully polished. Then she laid it on a large, flat pewter platter. Other Crabapples she slit to hold place cards. Having fortified them with cocktails, we waited breathlessly for the judging dragons to approach that table. We could see the appraising glint in their eyes. They took one glance and, in chorus, exclaimed, "I never saw that before. . . ." The dinner party was a great success.

Disbud hardy Chrysanthemums tomorrow morning.

24. THE NEW ABOLITIONISTS. Abolition of human slavery, in America, if I recall my history aright, sprang from New England, the section of the country that waxed fat spinning and weaving cotton that was grown by slave labor in the South. Which, of course, has very little to do with this tale. For this is the story of a new Southern home. It appears that a certain affluent Northerner, having acquired a lovely acreage below the Mason and Dixon Line, determined to grace it with a house in the old Southern style of architecture. With this dream he went to his architect. It was to be a home that in every respect would reproduce the style and atmosphere of the old plantation "big house." He even would reproduce the "cook house" set apart from the main structure, and at the proper and traditional distance, the row of slave cabins. But slave cabins, as they developed

in the South, had no especial architectural merit apart from their picturesqueness, and this squalor and lack of style did not appeal to the architect, so he began searching in other sections for designs of old cabins. Oddly enough, in the state of Maine, he found exactly what he wanted, and this Yankee cabin will serve for the model of the slaves' quarters on this new Southern estate. Proving, of course, that the mountain can come to Mahomet, and that we are a thoroughly united and reciprocal country!

Since many winter losses are caused by plants famishing for water in dry autumns, keep the hose busy up till frost.

25. THAT POTENTILLA PHASE. Once, in a burst of botanical ardor, I yielded to the blandishments of the Potentillas. I had visions of myself carrying on illuminating and erudite intimacies with them. Collecting seed hither and yon, I proceeded to raise an incredible number of different kinds, until the Top Garden looked as much like a Five-Finger Field as it had looked like a Pineapple plantation in the days of my Red Hot Poker passion. To list all those kinds would only be wearisome to the flesh. I had them high and had them low, had them crawling and had them erect. Some flowered in white and some in red and some as yellow as d'Artagnan's pony. Raising many of them, I confess, was an out and out work of horticultural supererogation. And having given all that I could to the neighbors and saved a few to keep as old friends, I dispatched the remainder

to the compost heap. Peace reigned once more in the family, and I was content. It is often advisable to get things out of one's system, even Potentillas.

The cane fruits now deserve an overhauling. Cut the old wood down to the ground and tie up the new shoots.

26. LUCULLAN GARDENER. William Temple speaks of gardening as being "the inclination of kings," yet I daresay there never was such a Lucullan gardener as the Prince Potempkin. Famous for the gardens he made in several parts of Russia, the prince never traveled without a garden and a retinue of gardeners. Actually! When his entourage halted for the night the gardeners would set up the boxed trees and shrubs around the prince's tent, lay out paths and generally landscape the spot. The next morning, when camp was struck, back onto the wagons went the garden, to be hauled to the next stopping place.

Though you do not cut it as closely now as in the spring, all grass should be mowed until it ceases growing.

27. SUNDAY THOUGHT ON TRAPS AND BARS. The short-tempered behavior shown by some people of late is being charitably excused because of the financial pressure of these times. We hear it said that So-and-So, having lost a great deal of money, feels trapped, like an animal in a cage, and snaps at anyone who approaches the bars.

Each man, it seems, has his own kind of trap, fixed with his own kind of bars, and most of us make our own. Those whose hearts are set on money make bars of money about them and are trapped (however much of a paradox it may sound!) when their money is gone. And those whose hearts are set on beauty would be equally trapped if sight or smell or touch or the sense of hearing were taken from them.

Evergreens that were planted last month should be carefully watered. They are still getting themselves settled.

28. TRUCK PALETTE. It is quite fashionable now, since the magazines have been making so much of them, to register admiration for the fascinating colors of vegetables. The slim whiteness of the Leek, the rotund carmine of the admirable Tomato, the plaited facets of *Finocchio*, the sturdy richness of Carrots, the cool greens of Peas, the gray overtones of Broccoli, the Chinese lacquer of red Peppers, the golds of Summer Squash, the zebra stripes of Zucchini, the architecture of Cabbages in cool greens and mysterious garnets. In the present of the Egg-plant, there are those who wax as esoteric as Oscar Wilde once did over the Sunflower. Thus does the truck garden add to our palette of delights. I am waiting, though, for someone, possessed with a vocabulary sufficiently poetic, to rhapsodize on the subtle tones of Squash. Not the ordinary deep orange warty Summer Crookneck but the grays and bluish greens and all

the Whistleresque tones of the Hubbards. These, my masters, are colors to fascinate the eyes!

If you are really a Sweet Pea enthusiast, you can prove it by digging a two to three foot trench for them. Use plenty of manure. Plant the seed now.

29. A SOWER WENT FORTH. Strange, how we make some motions instinctively! Just now I have come in from broadcasting fertilizer over the orchard grass. I tied the bag around my waist and tossed it by hand in great spreading arcs, walking forward slowly in a straight line. No one taught me that stride or that swing of the arm, yet these were precisely the motions made by men for thousands of years as they scattered seed over plowed fields. In fact, I caught myself swinging an arm to the rhythm of the words, "A sower went forth to sow."

In ancient France, so I learn from a recent history of the French countryside by Gaston Roufnel, the *parcelles* of farmland were deliberately made narrow so that, when a man sowed seed, he could easily cover it with the sweep of his hand.

You can now sow Lettuce in the cold frame for a late fall crop.

30. THOSE WICKED SHOWS. If I had time I should like, some day, to list all the inncocent diversions that parsons have thundered against as works of the Devil. The catalog might commence in Cornwall, that grand country of miners, sea-farers and

gardeners. In the early days of Methodism it was descended upon by swarms of itinerant preachers. These "florid ministers whet their polished tongues" as De Foe puts it, and condemned everything in which the Cornish innocently took delight. They declared, for example, that "Sally in Our Alley" was Devil's music and solemnly told their congregations that flower shows were worldly and to be avoided. After this, about all left to the people were work, worship and sleep, with a cup of tea thrown in for good measure. . . . . I'm just wondering what would happen to a preacher today if he even so much as raised a polished eyelid against a flower show!

Give the chickens chopped Corn stalks.
They'll soon make short work of borers.

LONG PIECE

LISTENING TO INCENSE

IN THE 14th Century there appeared in Japan a strange religion called Zen Buddhism. It had traveled from India with a handful of devotees. Feudal Japan looked on it, at first, with a mildly curious eye. Gradually the cult began to gather adherents who were drawn from the court and military classes, from people who had been very much in the world and yet realized that they were missing something of life.

The purpose of the cult was to develop in its devotees an inner perception whereby they could see life a little deeper and, perhaps, a little clearer.

Armed with this equipment, many hitherto unperceived subtleties of life and the world could be enjoyed.

In the course of several generations the leaders of Zen Buddhism evolved many phases of Japanese art that exist today—the Tea Ceremony, the No plays, the Ikebana or spiritual symbolism of flower arrangement and the Dried-River style of garden design. In this style the garden is made to represent the dried bed of a stream. The beholders' inner perception furnishes the water! The Japanese print is never entirely finished—one's inner perception does that. The position of the flowers in an Ikebana expresses a symbolism, the import of which one's inner perception quickly grasps. And so it goes through all these forms of ancient Japanese art. Indeed, some of the devotees of this cult claimed that they could hear odors, and they used to sit around listening to incense!

It is a far cry from those days of ancient Japan to these times and yet we might conceivably do many things less beneficial than listening to incense. We might find the enjoyment of life a little more real if we stopped long enough to develop some sort of rudimentary inner perception.

For many years we heard about the "art of gracious living." Magazines bandied such phrases around until they became common parlance. They described what was believed to be an ideal standard of life. Had you happened to have investigated what these magazines proposed as aids to this gracious living, you would have discovered that they concerned themselves with chairs and tables and curtains and rugs and the china on one's table and

the clothes on one's back. The art of gracious living was an expensive ambition and, so far as I could ever find, it had to do merely with one's material surroundings.

As you will recall, the late '20's saw a hectic rush to surround one's self with these material aids. We simply couldn't live graciously unless we had certain kinds of rooms decorated to a certain high fashion of taste, unless we entertained in a certain high style. Having acquired these possessions, we thought we were living graciously.

How fantastic that all seems now! How absurd it would have seemed to those splendid gentlemen and ladies of old Japan! We now realize that gracious living can commence only when we relish the beauty that surrounds us. The gold-rush days of the '20's furnished us the surroundings. The lean '30's will teach us how to enjoy them. The graciousness of our living will depend upon our capacity for that enjoyment and our ability to share it with others.

A woman has a beautifully decorated room, for example. Heretofore she was so busy showing it to friends, so busy using it as a backdrop against which to play the act of living, that she never had time to sit in the room and really enjoy it. Now's her chance! People bought quantities of books in those days. Now they are actually reading those books. In short, we are now standing on the threshold of a new type of enforced leisure and the wise man and woman will be prepared to make the most of it.

There is great talk these days about adjusting ourselves to the machine age. We have substituted

mechanical for human hands. The machine brought about world-wide unemployment. The new leisure, instead of being a calamity, may prove to be the attainment of an ambition the human race has struggled for ever since it emerged from its primitive stages. It can place within our power the freedom to give each man a chance to pursue the art of living, as he conceives it should be lived.

Those ancient Japanese chose simple and common things to aid their enjoyment of life—tea, stones, flowers. They took the world about them as they found it. No extra material equipment was necessary to the development of their inner perception. Time and the willingness to spend one's leisure profitably were all they asked. They also developed the habit of enjoying one thing at a time. To this day a Japanese gentleman wouldn't dream of displaying a whole caseful of beautiful bowls. Each bowl is locked away in its own place and taken out individually.

The new leisurist might well learn these habits. While it is scarcely conceivable that we should go to such fantastic extremes as the Oriental, yet we Westerners can sit at their feet to learn. The power and vitality of the perception which they employed came from within. The art of gracious living begins inside ourselves. It is developed by thoroughly enjoying what we have.

THE MONTH OF OCTOBER

1. RELIEF IN OCTOBER. A blissful month, October, blissful especially for those who live in the country. Leaves begin to turn and the countryside is gaudy in its habiliments. Cool days encourage garden work—shrubs to be moved, Peonies divided and replanted, the last of the perennials put in their permanent border places, the multitude of bulbs given entombment in the brown earth against their spring resurrection. On the cellar shelves preserves stand in orderly rows. The coal bin is spilling over. Log wood is stacked on the back porch and the cider is hardening in its barrel. Yes, a grand month, October. By then we country dwellers have entertained all our city friends: now we can enjoy the place ourselves!

When the Maple leaves turn color, plant your Hyacinths. They go in five inches deep. Don't give them manure.

2. GOURD PARTY. If one must ride such a hobby as Gourds, then why not have some fun out of it? My special pet Gourd hobbyist, Mr. Charles A. Stevens of Chicago, gives a Gourd party for children each fall. He makes cups and queer animals from them and on each is hung a package of Gourd seed. . . .

In Chicago, I'm told, they have a Gourd Society, a select and limited group to be sure, but still a

Gourd Society. Perhaps they call themselves the Chicago Curcurbites!

Perennial seedlings should now be placed in the cold frames to winter over.

3. LEARNED FACT ABOUT POP CORN. Those who will be sitting around open fires this autumn popping Corn may find their outlook on life entirely changed by discovering why Pop Corn pops. It explodes because the moisture held within the kernel, on being heated, breaks its shell. It blows up, like a bomb or a still. If your Corn refuses to pop, soak it in water for a few minutes, and dry off the kernels in a towel. Enough moisture will have penetrated the shell to restore the kernel's explosive propensities.

As you pile leaves on the compost heap dust on some lime and water down the pile to hasten decomposition.

4. ANACHRONISMS. Once I had the temerity to stand before a characteristically erudite Boston audience and spell out the word "Anachronism." It was—and still is—a pet theory of mine that our gardens often display anachronisms and that these mis-fits are responsible for much of our distaste for those gardens. I curl up like a Sensitive Plant when I encounter an elaborate classical marble bench in a wild garden or see a rockery given over to Pansies or, as I discovered on the campus of one of our well-known colleges, a sun dial placed in the shade of the dear old Elms. Something about

my lean horticultural soul shivers when I see Tulips and Brazilian Caladiums combined or hear people raving about an exhibition where Mertensias are used for a ground-cover under a Pine on a dry bank.

Especially in spring flower shows do we find seasonal anachronisms. In order to make their effects, nurserymen force and display in their exhibition gardens plants that often have no seasonal relation. This always causes comment from the horticulturally discerning who wonder why such gardens are given medals. The trouble, of course, lies in the fact that we have too many medals and we give awards with loose discernment and prodigality. One of these days some flower show management will have the courage to stiffen its requirements and demand more actual weighing of merits and demerits by the judges. Then we will see fewer of these amazing anachronisms.

Apple and Pear trees can be set out at this time. Mulch them well and tie them to a stout stake.

5. VOICES OF THE BROOK. A landscape architect was recently heard consulting with a client about a brook that he was to design. "Do you want a swish, a splash or a gurgle?" he asked. The client being a man of considerable means and having a large place, took all three.

It was the sort of brook you turn on, like a tap in a bathtub. After the company has gone, you turn it off. Of course I realize that this sort of thing is all right if you like this sort of thing. Peo-

ple who haven't got a brook on their place and simply must have one are obliged to indulge in such mechanical toys. In my heart of hearts, I must confess—or maybe it is in the pit of my stomach or the back of my neck—they give me a slight pain. It isn't horticulture or good landscape architecture, it is Nature faking.

October is the ideal month for planting most Lilies. Madonnas went in during August and September. Prepare the ground now for those that will arrive later.

6. AUTUMN WOMEN. There are times these autumn days when I wish a Titian-haired woman was around the place, for I would take the bright purple berries of *Calacarpa Japonica* and make a coronet of them for her. Lacking a Titian, I would accept a blonde, and try my hand with the scarlet berries of *Pyracantha Coccinea Lalandi.* Since neither of these is immediately available, I shall do my best with Snowberries and bronze sprays of Enkianthus leaves and the brown-haired person God has given me.

The rock garden can be given a top dressing of stone chips. Put collars of them around plants that grow in rosettes and are apt to perish from too much winter dampness.

7. COMBINATIONS KIND TO THE EYE. This past year I noted in the borders and vegetable garden the following fourteen companion flower groups—

most of them made more by chance than by planning—which pleased my eye:

(1) A bed of deep red-green Lettuce flanked by Iris Argynnis, the Lettuce having almost the same mahogany as the falls of the Iris.

(2) Iris Opaline and Apricot, yellow blends, with a single white Peony that had pronounced golden stamens—Clairette.

(3) The pink of the Jap Peony Ama—no—Sode above the orchid pink of Susan Bliss Iris.

(4) An annual group consisting of Newport pink Sweet William, blue Bachelor's Buttons and white Pansies.

(5) The red-purple and orange-bearded Iris R. W. Wallace, the white-flecked red of Peony Festiva Maxima and a clump of Lemon Day Lily.

(6) The tall pink Iris Marian Cran, gray foliage of Artemisia Silver King and yellow Foxgloves just beginning to show color.

(7) White Siberian Iris and mauve *Centaurea dealbata.*

(8) The pronounced pink of *Silene Carolina,* Tansy foliage, with a drift of late, medium-sized yellow Iris.

(9) Iris Shekinah at the foot of a trellis covered with the faint yellowish buds of the Climbing Rose Glen Dale.

(10) The Gloxinia-like, mauve flowers of *Pentstemon grandiflora* stiffly held, beside an airy, wayward, long-spurred pink Columbine.

(11) Deep purple Siberian Iris and Iris Primrose.

(12) The soft mauve of Iris Mme. Schwartz,

a white Peony and the pale yellow of *Potentilla sulphurea.*

(13) A Josekaea Lilac about which was grouped the bronze blend of Iris Amerind and the yellow-veined-with-red of Citronella.

(14) The soft violet of Iris Lady Byng, the yellow of Iris Chasseur and, for a punctuation mark, the violet blue of Siberian Iris Emperor.

Watch the thermometer and pray that the wind doesn't die down. A cold still night usually means frost.

8. SON OF CLEANTHES. For several years, before She celebrated my birthday by continuing the water pipes up to the Top Garden, my nightly exercise in dry spells used to be lugging innumerable pots of water with which to quench the thirst of my gasping pet plants. Drudgery, to be sure, but not harmful to one's figure and certainly good for the character. Nor did the memory of those hot nights take on any especial dignity or interest until, quite recently, I encountered the Stoic philosopher, Cleanthes. He spent his days in study and public discourse; at nights, in order to make his daily bread, he used to draw and carry water for gardens. The Areopagus, growing suspicious of a man with no visible means of support, hailed him before it and after a severe cross-questioning, wrung from Cleanthes his water-lugging confession. That was 'way back in 300 B. C.

You can now begin sowing seed of hardy annuals in the frames. This will save time next spring.

9. SUBTLE DIFFERENCES. In England, they say, Narcissus enthusiasts measure the differences between old and new hybrids with calipers, so slight are the variations appearing in new flowers. To the hit-and-miss gardener this is drawing things a bit fine. The subtle differences in new Roses, new tall bearded Iris and even in new Peonies are often hidden from the casual glance. "They all look alike." If you pass them without close scrutiny, many of the newer forms of Siberian Iris, especially when growing in widely separate garden clumps, will appear very much alike. Take one flower of each in the hand, and their differences are apparent at a glance. A fair deal to any new hybrid can be given only when we consider it, first, from its effect in the garden either alone or with other flowers; and, second, as a house decoration in a vase indoors.

Get out some stakes and sacking so that you will be prepared to cover the Chrysanthemums if frost comes tomorrow night.

10. CALIFORNIAN PARADOX. In blowing trumpets, no other group of people is more adept than the Californian. They blow long, loud and hard. They invariably talk—about their own strip of God's earth—in pronounced italics. This habit can be forgiven them, for they have much worth talking about. In due time and after much conversation of this sort, the rest of the world, either through ennui or real interest, is willing to sit still and listen. Despite this, Californians offer a strange paradox: they have not yet insisted that the whole

world grows their wild flowers. Almost meekly they offer them.

This contradiction came to me as I turned from a trumpeted California boost-talk over the radio to a humble little group of Californians immensely worth growing and, somehow, not commonly found in Eastern gardens. I refer to the Godetias. Here is an annual, closely allied to the Evening Primrose, that is easy to grow and abundant and colorful in flowering. It prefers light soil and sun and can either be sown where it is to grow or be transplanted. Twelve kinds are listed. English hybridizers have been improving them for some time. We of the East will doubtless buy the seed from England at extravagant prices—and never think of California. . . . Blow, trumpets, blow!

All tender bulbs and roots can now be harvested—Cannas, Dahlias, Gladioli, Hyacinthus candicans, *Montbretias, Tuberoses and Zephyrantes. Burn the foliage.*

11. NATURE PRINTING. About the middle of the last century there began to appear flower and fern books illustrated in what was termed "nature printing," or, to give its complete name, the "natural, self-acting printing process." It was first produced by a Louis Aver, director of the Imperial Printing Office at Vienna, in conjunction with Andrew Worring. Their discovery was first outlined in 1852. The purpose was to afford a swift and simple manner of producing plates for printing copies of plants. One single impression was made

to give an embossing effect and another to lay on the colors.

This new style aimed at skipping the accustomed steps of having an artist draw the subject and then engraving this on copper. With the "natural" process one merely placed a leaf, flower or textile between a copper plate and a lead plate. They were run through rollers and the image of the plant was pressed into the soft sheet of lead. From this matrix any number of plates could be cast.

This process was capable of reproducing the most minute characteristics, although its subjects were limited to those that were relatively flat, such as ferns and leaves. Those who have looked into "Ferns of Great Britain and Ireland" by Thomas Moore, published in 1859, will remember the amazing plates that illustrate the text. An English printer, George Bradbury, who did the work on these volumes, evidently held a franchise for using the process. Today this is a curiosity and collectors of garden books always keep an eye open for stray volumes in nature printing.

If you didn't prune your Climbing Roses, do so now. Be sure that they are firmly lashed so that they won't whip around in the wind.

12. CROCUSES AND THE REFINED TASTE. A lively appreciation for the Crocus is, in my humble estimation, indicative of that refined taste to which ambitious garden-lovers aspire. Even when this corm is planted in great quantities there is nothing

blatant about its flowering. You do not hear (praise be!) leather-lunged horticulturists calling for Bigger and Better Crocuses. Somehow the world is content to let this little delight follow the philosopher's advice: Become what thou art! And it "becomes" in sufficiently diverse forms and colors, wild and hybridized, to satisfy the most exacting.

Since one should scarcely plunge headlong into flowers that demand more than passing discernment, the beginning Crocus-phobe can start with the easily-raised spring-flowering varieties. The first year he can be satisfied by selecting such kinds as Amethyst in pale lavender, Dream in violet blue, Excelsior in lilac, Kathleen Parlow and Snowstorm in white, Masterpiece in deep purple, *Purpurea grandiflora* in purple-blue, Striped Beauty in white striped lavender, Versicolor in white feathered purple and Excelsior and Grand Yellow in yellow tones. These, having survived the depredations of mice, will naturally lead one to some of the species—the starry-shaped Korolkowi from faraway Turkestan and the mauve Imperati from Southern Europe. And having found such sustained delight in the spring-bloomers, the Crocus connoisseur will then inevitably pass on to the autumn-flowering species, Medius and Nudiflora, Sativus, Asturicus, Pulchellus, Speciosus, Zonatus and such and the various types of Colchicums or Saffron Crocus.

While the hybridized spring-flowering types should be planted in generous drifts to gain an effect, the species call for no such prodigality. Indeed, it is better to grow a few of each kind in

some sequestered corner where the right soil and drainage will be carefully supplied and the protection from winds sufficient. One should really be selfish about some of the smaller species. They are scarcely the kind of flower one can fully enjoy in a nondescript crowded company.

Tomorrow dig up the Beets and Carrots and lay them away in peat moss.

13. SUNSPOTS AND SHADE. The part that sunlight and shade can play in the garden picture is so obvious that many of us neglect to take advantage of it. True, in countries where the sunlight is strong, the patterned shade cast by vines and nearby trees is always neatly calculated. Arbors deliberately made to cast shadows are quite another matter. Two examples come to mind from such widely separated sites as a New England foreshore and a hillside at Angora in Turkey.

At Angora has recently been built a new president's palace. Constructed around a large patio, the side arcades are roofed by a thick cement projection in which, at regular intervals, are cut large square holes. The holes serve a two-fold purpose —to aid ventilation and to lay on the floor of the arcade a pattern of sun-gold squares.

In the New England garden the middle area is paved with flat stones from which rises a long, arched, delicate arbor. One slight vine is allowed to throw its slender tendrils over a section of the arbor, but that is only to break its long lines. So slight is the construction that one would not think of seeking shade under this arbor; indeed its obvi-

ous purpose, in addition to being a decorative feature in itself, is to etch a pattern of shadowy lines on the pavement beneath.

This month is the ideal time for planting Tulips. They go in from four to six inches deep. Enrich the soil with bonemeal. Try a few of the species.

14. POST-MORTEMS AND MR. SWITZER. As the bridge-player over his game and the fisherman over his catch and the wilderness hunter over his heads and a widow over her recently deceased, so do we gardeners love to linger and extol the glories of the season recently gone by. Here I am in mid-October still talking about that first crop, that infinitesimal first crop, we gathered this year from the orchard of dwarf fruit trees set out some years back. I was tempted to write something flowery about the way fruit-growing brings the amateur countryman a whole succession of innocent delights, when I happened on Mr. Stephen Switzer. He came to me through a neat little copy of his "Practical Fruit-Gardener," "printed . . . at the Half-Moon over against St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet Street" in 1724. Mr. Switzer was a famous 18th century gardener and he pushed no mean quill. In fact, he wrote what I had intended to say. Read aloud for the delectation of your family and friends this noble paragraph written with the best flourishes of the times:

"If Fruit-Trees had no other advantage attending them than to look upon them, how pleasurable that would be? Since there is no flowering Shrub

excells, if equals, that of a Peach or Apple-tree in Bloom. The tender enammoll'd Blossoms, verdant Foliage, with such a glorious Embroidery of Festoons and Fruitage, wafting their Odours on every Blast of Wind; and at last bowing down their laden Branches, ready to yield their pregnant Offspring into the Hands of their laborious Planter and Owner. Indeed a well contri'd Fruit-Garden is an Epitomy of Paradise itself, where the Mind of Man is in its highest Raptures, and where the Souls of the Virtuous enjoy the utmost Pleasures they are susceptible of in this sublemary State. For there the happy Planter is cooking and refreshing himself with Scooping the brimming Stream of those nectarous Juices, and the philosophizing thereon."

Pull up the flower stakes, clean them of crusted soil and knotted string, sort them according to their sizes and store away.

15. URBANUS ET INSTRUCTUS. On this day I fill my glass and drink to the memory of a friend to whom gardeners everywhere will always owe a deep debt of gratitude. To Ernest Henry Wilson, who on this day, went so tragically to his death. To one whom the Romans would have called "*urbanus et instructus*"—a gentleman and a scholar.

To his memory I drink a deep draught. Then, with what is left in the cup, I drink confusion to those who, when his torn flesh was scarcely in the ground, ruthlessly ripped out a great planting of trees in which he took most pride and ever since

have apparently striven to reduce his splendid labors to a passing memory.

Tomorrow morning start the final weeding and don't call your autumn work complete unless, by the time the ground is frozen, every weed has been rooted out.

16. PHILANDERING. Looking back on the various flower Sundays that are gone, I realize now that I have been an unconscionable philanderer. In early May I surrendered my heart to the daintiness of the Daffies. The next week I was carried away by the unearthy clouds of diverse flowering Crabs. I swore eternal fealty to fifty-odd Lilacs, gave my hand to an unbelievable number of Iris, paid court to a couple of hundred Roses, chucked some fifty Hemerocallis under the chin, got down on my bare bones to admire the quaintness of twenty-eight separate Sedums—and am now succumbing to such an ordinary raft of jades as Phlox.

No flower family is more persistent in its demands for attention. From the earliest hours of *Phlox subulata* to these last pre-frost flower days of *Phlox decussata*, they have dogged my footsteps, displayed their most attractive sides, have been humble, graceful, blatant and alluring—and I have been faithful to them, after my fashion.

Sow drifts of blue Muscari under the Forsythias and along the edges of your shoals of yellow trumpet Daffodils. Put the white variety under Japanese Quince or beside Alyssum saxatile.

17. EXCELSIOR. The authorities seem to be divided on the source of the word "excelsior" as applied to shredded wood. From one I find it as follows—that the representative of a factory in Maine showed these wood shavings to a Mr. Glover, member of Manning, Glover & Co., Boston dealers in bedding and upholstery supplies. The product hadn't a name. Mr. Glover, having attended a concert the previous evening at which he heard Longfellow's "Excelsior" recited for the first time, suggested it be called after the poem. Poplar wood was first used.

One well-known antiquarian claims that the name came from the Excelsior Mills located in the Arkansas Mountains, of which a John Twomley was owner. He made axe, hammer and flail handles and, from the butts of wood remaining, turned out wide shavings. These were thrown into a machine and torn to shreds and the product was shipped to St. Louis in bales, to be used for packing. This was in the early 50's.

The trees that you should not *set out in the autumn are: Dogwoods, Magnolias, Maples, Sweetgum and Tulip trees.*

18. HARDY CYCLAMENS. The hardy Cyclamens are a little group that should be better known. Too often we associate Cyclamens merely with the potted plant of the florist. These hardier types offer the same beauty and curious form in miniature. They can be grown from seed, which requires about six weeks to germinate. Wintered over in the cold frame, they can be set out two inches apart

when frost has left the ground. In setting them, see that the top of the tuber is level with the surface of the soil. A well-drained spot where there is sand, leafmold and a modicum of lime seems to be their happiest environment.

Late October is the best time to plant Lilacs. The holes should be dug deep and well-rotted manure put at the bottom with a covering of soil.

19. INHERITANCE. Part of the inherent nature of good furniture is that it has a long life. Every well-constructed traditional piece rejoices in the possibility of becoming a legacy, to be handed down from generation to generation. We often think of grandmothers in terms of the furniture they have left us, furniture we, in our time, will pass on to our sons and daughters. And yet—and yet I have still to see a modern grandmother stand before a chair made of metal tubing and say, "My child, when I am gone, you will have that." Even modern grandmothers value their lives.

Although this is a hectic month of work, stop now and then, sprawl on the ground and dream of the beauty you will see next year from the work you are now doing.

20. THE DIONYSIAC URGE. This day I was caught—and proud of it—in a noble and soul-stirring labor. As a protest to the blue-noses I rigged up my wine press on the front lawn, stripped to the buff or as near to it as I dared, and

there, *coram populo*, pressed the grapes of this autumn's vintage. The rich juice poured into the tank as I turned the screw. It spattered on my face and hands. It tossed an incarnadined stream down my manly chest. Tighter and tighter the screw . . . and at that moment She drove up with the most proper company. However, I made no apologies. We oinophilists have too long and proud a heritage and our produce bears in its substance too much of the strength of the soil for us ever to make explanations. Compared with the drinkers of whiskey and gin we wine-makers and wine-drinkers are self-controlled, disciplined, positively ascetic. That was the tenor of my remarks. The company listened to them politely. But She—She, having suffered me through prologue, interlude and peroration, merely remarked, "All the same, my dear, we'd like you much better if you'd go in and take a bath and put on some clothes."

Begin potting up those Tulips you plan to force indoors. These should be buried in cinders for the present.

21. A PEONY RESOLVE. I have resolved that the next time any Peonies are added to the seventy-odd that grace this hilltop, no Doubles will come in. My choice will keep strictly to Singles and Japs. The obese flowering of the Doubles, however subtle in tint, soon cloys. There is too much of them for my eye to grasp. The Singles and Japanese have a delicate simplicity that does not tax the vision.

For those who would go along with me in this

heterodoxy, I suggest for the first ten the following:—

Ama-no-sode	pink with a golden anther heart
Fuyajo	mahogany with light bronze tips
Gypsy	bright red with gold center
Pride of Langport	pink with gold stamens
White Lady	large white
Tamat—Bako	pink
Albiflora	white
L'Etincelante	silvery pink with gold stamens
Yeso	white with chestnut burr
Some ganoko	dark crimson gold center

For the second ten (although such advanced collectors as Mrs. Edward Harding and Franklin B. Mead might blush to own them) are:—

Fujimine	white
La Fraicheur	rose pink
Margaret Atwood	white
Tokio	clear pink
King of England	garnet red
Marguerite Dessert	white dusted with pale pink rose dots
Wilbur Wright	deep maroon
Perle Blanche	white and gold
Shir Aginu	enormous white
Mikado	cerise crimson

After these twenty Singles and Japs, the next swift step down to financial Avernus is to indulge oneself in Tree Peonies. Of these I shall not write, for just around the corner from Tree Peonies stands the Poor House.

Tomorrow morning take a look at your house plants and begin the daily inspection for dead leaves and bugs.

22. PRECISION UNDER GLASS. The ritual of putting small plants in the frames to winter over, practised by every good gardener at this time of year, gives such a sense of finality and pride that someone should write an ode on it. Of course we are careful to space the plants just so and keep our lines straight. A frame thus filled, say with infant Pansies, sets a noble pattern of neatness to the beholding world. Invariably I show them to visitors, and with equal regularity, they say, "We didn't know you were so precise!" But that precision lasts only a short while: by spring the plants are sprawling every which way. Next to a vacuum, Nature seems most to hate a straight line.

Begin collecting all stray pots and pot saucers.

23. THE INFORMED SECATEURS. Just as many writers on the Rose have made such a to-do about Rose pests and diseases that the beginner is fairly terrorized, so, I hold, have writers on pruning given such a complicated lot of instructions about this simple and commonplace practice that the man with secateurs in his hands for the first time is either bewildered into doing nothing or bedeviled into going berserk.

The start of an understanding on how and when to prune lies not in the clippers and the cuts to make with them, but in a knowledge of

the plants themselves. How do they grow? How do they flower? Learn these, and both the reasons for pruning and the amount of wood to be pruned will be as clear as day. Read the books, by all means. Soak in any information you can obtain from the printed word or from friends—and then go out and study each type of plant before you take the secateurs out of your back pants pocket. Yes, study each plant, for good pruning requires individual treatment. Even a barber knows that! What is one man's tonsorial triumph is another's disgrace.

If green Tomatoes are on the vines now, harvest them. They'll ripen indoors or can be made into pickle.

24. SHAKERS AND HERBS. In the first few decades of the last century the Shakers, members of the United Society of Believers, were the leading factors in the business of cultivating and preparing medicinal herbs for drug stores. Indeed they supplied much of the seed sold in those days and practically all the American herbs handled by druggists. The physic garden at Mount Lebanon, New York, occupied 50 acres and the annual output of herbs was 8000 pounds. At the Harvard commune 10,000 pounds of medicinal herbs and roots were produced each year.

Tomorrow call up the nurseryman who is going to take care of those plants in tubs this winter.

25. PARIAHS' RETURN. Compare seed catalogs of, say, ten years ago with catalogs today and you'll notice how many old-fashioned flowers are being grown now. We evidently passed through a period when neat and modest plants were cast out beyond the garden gate. The remembrances of a grandmother's garden apparently did not measure up to our tastes. Now those tastes have changed. Now the old flowers come back, not as husk-fed, wearied prodigals, but as proud pariahs, ready to assume their ancient dignity and place. The reasons? Doubtless there are many, but I prefer to believe that their return is part and parcel of the revived taste for things Victorian and old-fashioned. The Sweet Rocket and the whatnot can now exchange glances and smile. Between the antimacassar and the Lychnis passes an understanding wink.

At this season of the year, when the necessity for laying in coal becomes evident, farmers are often apt to part willingly with their manure for ready cash.

26. THE HINGE FETISH. For some time I have been trying to figure out the singular attraction that old hinges have for most people. Let a man have a door in his house hung with an ancient H-hinge, and he invariably calls attention to it. If it is a strap hinge, he remarks proudly on its sturdiness. If he sights one with an unusual shape he has never seen before, he will start wheedling the owner for it. These hinge enthusiasts haunt old houses and go snooping into dusty old barns.

They simply can't resist 'em. They fairly smell an old hinge. I myself already have enough hinges, gathered in all parts of the world, to equip a dozen houses, and yet, when I see a hinge that is new to me, I am unhappy until I can call it my own.

We hinge-lovers are, in fact, unregenerate pagans. Every time that hinge-madness seizes us, we are reverting to the days when our ancestors sprinkled incense on the altar of a Roman divinity. For it seems that the Romans, too, made a fetish of hinges. They set apart a separate (and apparently charming) goddess whose sole duty it was to preside over the hinges of doors. Her name was Cardea. The hinge-disease, then, may be called Cardealitis and the act of obtaining an old hinge from its owner, either by purchase or flattering persuasion, would be dubbed a Cardeaoptomy.

Any cool morning now you can begin sawing wood. After the first hour or so you will not only increase the wood pile but discover the presence of muscles hitherto unknown.

27. AFRAID OF FRECKLES. While it may be true that the eagle alone, of all the beasts and birds, is the only one that dares stare at the sun, most of the flowers raise their blossoms to it without blinking. Nevertheless one of them is more shy (or afraid of freckles) for it closes in full sunlight. The Bartonia does not open its flowers until the softer afternoon light appears. Morning Glories, too, close their flowers in full light, in fact, this

habit has played on us many a scurvy trick. Friends who heard us boast of our Heavenly Blues came trooping up at noontime, only to be confronted by a disgusting multitude of tightly twisted or languishing flowers. In self-defense I'm obliged to explain that in Japan members of the Morning Glory Society make their garden pilgrimages only at dawn.

And if they are not impressed, I then refer them to Bacon's whimsical paragraph:—"There are some Flowers that have Respect to the Sunne, in two Kindes: The one by Opening and Shutting; and the other by Bowing and Inclining the Head. For Mary-golds, Tulippa's, Pimpernell and, indeed most Flowers, doe open or spread their Leaves abroad, when the Sunne shineth serene and faire: And again (in some part) close them, or gather them inward, either towards Night, or when the Skie is overcast. Of this there needith no such Solemne Reason to be assigned; As to say, that they rejoyce at the presence of the Sunne; And mourne at the absence thereof. . . . For the Bowing and Inclining the Head; it is found in the great Flower of the Sunne; in Marigolds, Wartwort, Mallow-Flowers; and others. The Cause is somewhat more Obscure than the former; But I take it to bee no other, but that the Part against which the Sunne beateth, waxeth more faint and flaccide in the Stalke; And thereby lesse able to support the Flower."

Sulphuric acid poured on the roots and stumps of Poison Ivy will pretty completely discourage it.

28. THE EASY FOXGLOVES. My weakness for growing as many members of a family of plants as I can muster led eventually to the Foxgloves. The better known hybrid sorts, in their neat colors and speckles, have always been tenants of our borders and have added each year to their progeny. But have you ever tried *Digitalis ambigua*, with its brown-spotted yellow flowers? Or *D. lutea* that grows to only two feet and seems satisfied with the soil and partial shade of a Rhododendron bed? Or *D. nervosa* with the miniature flowers? You might try a Western type—*D. nevadensis* or one from Spain, *D. thapii* which has purple bells or *D. lantana* from Greece with creamy yellow. So easy are these to raise from seed that I can recommend them to those who have an insatiable gardening curiosity.

As you won't be using water now, drain the outdoor pipes.

29. ROCK GARDENS FOR THE ROTUND. German garden designers have recently been departing from the naturalistic style of rockeries. Instead of putting imitation Matterhorns and Sierra Nevadas in their Teutonic backyards, they have been making architectural rock gardens. These consist of a series of descending terraces that lead down to a pool at the lowest level. Each terrace is supported by dry stone work in which small plants are set and on the top of the terraces is ample space for all kinds of little alpine gems. Here one can make special pockets of soil to suit particular plant

tastes and it is even possible to arrange for a little moraine, that *ne plus ultra* of rockeries.

I'm all in favor of these terraced rock gardens. They simplify gardening for those of us who are rotund. After a certain age, most of us have difficulty getting down and much more difficulty getting up, and if we can garden on a table set at a reasonable height, our favorite sport becomes less calisthenic.

Screen doors come off, awnings come down. See that a space is cleared to store them.

30. GLORIFYING THE WINDOW SHADE. Mr. Raymond Hood, who can always be depended upon to do something original and eminently sane in architecture, has recently endeavored to glorify the window-shade. Or rather, to decorate a building with them. An office building he designed recently for a New York firm is almost wholly shorn of the traditional sculpture that is supposed to lend a building interest and color. His façades are flat planes of blue tiles and color is given them by harmonizing window-shades. Thereby the owners were saved several thousands of dollars and, at the same time, acquired an architectural achievement.

Just how this idea could be adapted for the home is left to architects with willing and courageous clients. Certainly it contains the germ of a suggestion. Before the Civil War, colored and gilded window-shades played a minor but nevertheless important part in the appearance of a

house façade. They were a product of Victorian taste. Perhaps we shall see a revival of them.

If you are a careful householder, you will have had your chimneys swept by this time, your furnace looked over and your coal bin filled.

31. ETERNAL APRIL. Already a drabness has crept across the garden. One realizes, even while beholding the gaudy glory of autumnal foliage, that remorseless spoliation goes on apace. The ecstasy has fled and the incredible sweetness and all the enchantment. Down the late October twilight breeze comes a challenge before which we, poor foolish delvers in the wild raw earth, retreat as a defeated army, back through the gate that, so few months ago, we entered with such stirring of heart.

Then it is we dream of that Eternal April, that *ver perpetuum* of which poets have sung from the beginning of time, that wish so poignantly written by a mediaeval scholar, "I wish that all times were April and May, and every month renew all fruit again and every day Fleurs de Lis and Gilliflowers and Violets and Roses wherever one goes, and the woods in leaf and the meadows green and every lover should have his lass, and they to love each other with a sure heart and true, and to every one his pleasure and a gay heart!"

If it rains tomorrow, you can sort and stack pots in your work shed. Clean them before putting them away.

LONG PIECE

THE CLOUD OF WITNESSES

GARDENERS are lucky people. Their world of green, growing plants can mean so many things to them, can represent so many other worlds. Scarcely a garden worth the naming but grows its mementoes of friendships—here a Violet collected from a woodland meadow of pleasant associations, there an herb or an unusual tree sent from the garden of some friend. Without such growing reminders of friendship, a garden is poor indeed.

Then there's the vast amount of traveling one can do in the garden. Whereas in the beginning, gardens were made mostly of those plants that grew in the immediate neighborhood, today our gardens are composites from all the world. The seven seas have been crossed to bring them back from their native fastnesses. Explorers have toiled arduously through jungles and over mountain peaks searching for plants new to discerning eyes.

Walk around any garden, and it is like turning the pages of an atlas. Tulips from Holland, Narcissus from a Spanish hilltop, Iris that baked in the blistering heat of the Near East, Rhododendrons that scattered their beauty unappreciated for a thousand years in hidden Thibetan valleys. From the Swiss Alps comes a humble Sedum, from our own Rockies a brilliant Pentstemon and from the flat prairies of Texas a Phlox of abundant and colorful flowering.

Though we may call them by common popular names, in their botanical titles we can read their heritage and romance. The Bush Honeysuckle that casts sprays of little garnet flowers in May reveals its story in its names—Maximowitcz' Saghalein Honeysuckle, a Honeysuckle bush from the island in the Pacific to which old Russia sent her worst political offenders. Through many centuries the eyes of exiles knew spring had come when those garnets appeared. A Russian botanist named Maximowitcz discovered it there and brought it by painfully slow stages across Asia to St. Petersburg, whence, by equally slow stages, it traveled to our gardens.

If she wills it, the gardener can be surrounded by even more ethereal presences than these. A veritable cloud of witnesses hovers over the garden. From the noble army of martyrs and the serried ranks of the saints there step forth figures to walk along with us as we tread a garden path.

It was natural, as Christianity spread over the world and its leaders attained the good repute of saints, that these same holy persons should be remembered in the names of flowers. The Church was quick to change the old pagan titles into names associated with the advancement of Christianity. And so it came about that a large number of flowers, trees and shrubs bear the names of saints. Artists have further cemented the association by making certain flowers symbolize certain figures. Thus the Lily is always the flower of the Annunciation and of the Virgin.

During the Reformation this pious custom of naming flowers for saints was stopped. Many of

the names were changed back to their old pagan style, so that today we have almost as many flowers associated with Venus as we have with the Virgin. Since then the two have come down the garden path side by side. Venus's Chariot—*Aconitum napellus*—will flower amicably in the shade cast by the Virgin's Bower—*Clematis virginica*! Jove's Beard—the humble Houseleek—will spread its rosettes around the feet of the Geum, which is called St. Bennet's Herb!

It was natural, too, that the Virgin, should receive most of the flower names, and there is scarcely an attribute or personal element that has not been given its flower. Her hair is the tender grass, *Briza media*; her bedstraw—whereon she is supposed to have lain the Christ Child—is *Galium verum*; her candle is the Verbascum. Because its leaves are spotted, *Pulmonaria officinalis* is known as Mary's Tears and down in Mexico, where grows a wonderful sky-blue Morning Glory, the natives know the flower as *Manto de la Virgen*—the Virgin's Mantle. There is even a flower called the Virgin Mary's Pinch—*Polygonum persicaria*. It is said that once she happened to pinch this flower and ever afterward it retained the mark.

St. Catherine, always symbolized by the wheel on which she was martyred, has given her name to *Nigella damascena*. The *Crataegus pyracantha* is known to pious folk as Christ's Thorn. St. Barbara's Herb—*Barbarea vulgaris*—was so called because it was used as a salad in the winter season, and her day comes on the 4th of December. How many farmers realize that Timothy, the

name of an excellent grass for hay, was called St. Timothy's Grass in the beginning? The Reformation lopped off the St.!

During the course of time new saints succeed the old or they have their crowded hour of popularity and are forgotten. Because of this, flower names often change their saintly associations. The Rose that St. Francis rolled in to rid himself of temptation is forgotten when some new warrior of the spirit appears to capture it for himself.

Since these varied associations are always available, gardeners never seem to tire of their self-appointed and self-made Paradises. They are constantly accompanied by friends. They are always being reminded of far places. And they can, when they will it, be surrounded by that great cloud of witnesses these past nineteen centuries of Christianity have enrolled. They can walk with them in the cool of dusk, can struggle with them in the noontide heat and greet them afresh each morning.

Strange company to keep? Not strange for gardeners. Inside themselves gardeners are strange folk anyway. Their flower interest gives them a comradeship with high and low. The world of green-growing things is a vast democracy, and of its many and diverse citizens, not the least are its saints.

THE MONTH OF NOVEMBER

1. CATS. The world just now seems divided into two classes of people—those who adore Siamese cats and those who prefer Persians. And, somehow, never the twain do meet. The Siamese champions rush to arms at the slightest criticism of their darling's sleek coat and monkey face. And with equal fervor do the Persian factions defend the coat that is like a gray cloud, the tail that's a plume, the pronounced saddle on the neck and the ruff about the face. But whether Siamese or Persian, you can rest assured that both these little creatures are poseurs of the highest order. No odalisque was ever vainer, none more lazy, none more self-centered. Compared with them, the ordinary alley cat is an efficient, bustling business woman who can be counted on to get her rat. The Persians and the Siamese seem to fill their entire purpose in life by being decorative.

As autumn rains are apt to be heavy, see that all gutters, down pipes and culverts are cleared of fallen leaves.

2. HUSBAND'S PERMISSION. Back in 1392 an elderly gentleman of Paris took to his bosom a new and young wife. As she had not yet acquired all the wisdom he considered necessary to the conduct and responsibilities of a spouse, he sat down and wrote instructions for her. Every phase of her

job he touched on, even gardening. And in the gardening suggestion he was positively prodigal. It reads: "Know that it doth not displease, but rather pleases me, that you should have Roses to grow and Violets to care for, and that you should make chaplets and dance and sing."

After they have flowered, lift Chrysanthemum plants and heel them into the cold frame. Next May you can pot the side shoots that will develop.

3. AMALIE DIETRICH. In addition to talking about the selection and care of house plants, the Garden Club in November might look into the romantic life of Amalie Dietrich (1821-1891), the German naturalist. The daughter of a small village tradesman, she lived through the vicissitudes of poverty, an unhappy marriage, ten years spent alone in the Australian bush, and rose to a position of great eminence in the scientific world, an achievement which is probably without parallel among the women of her time. Her biography has recently been written by her daughter, Charitas Bischoff, under the appropriate title of "The Hard Road."

If you have not planted it to a cover crop, start spading the vegetable garden. Leave it rough for the elements to break down.

4. BACK COUNTRY WORDS. Do you know that, in back country conversation, loafers at hotels, where stage-coach horses were changed, were called

"bench-whittlers"? A spanking was called a "britching"? A "clip" was a shrewd girl and a "clipper" one who was forward? An abusive attack was a "down-setting." A beating given to unruly scholars was a "ferricadouzer." "Gone Josie" meant that an article was beyond repair. A "honey-foogler" was a flatterer. "Isabel" a cream colored horse. A marriage certificate was called a "lovin' paper." To "neighbor" meant spending time at another's house. "Onion snow," a late snow in spring after the Onions were set out. "Pot-walloper" was a kitchen hired-girl. To be "rumbumptious" meant to be quarrelsome. "Reaching" was to help oneself at table. And a "swell-belly" was a one-horse sleigh.

If you labor under the impression that slang is a modern invention, try this on your neighbors: "Tell those bench-whittlers to hitch Isabel up to the swell-belly or I'll give 'em a down-setting."

Tomorrow you might begin to bring in the garden furniture.

5. EPITAPH FOR A GARDENER. Mr. Vincent Corbet found immortality in grafting and collecting at his garden in Twickenham the largest known group of plums in England. Many visitors came to behold these wonders, among them the poet Ben Jonson.

Now even our little Connecticut hilltop garden has been honored by visits from poets, but it is quite beyond the realm of expectation that one of them should write either of our epitaphs. Yet any gardener could do worse than have carved on his

tombstone the lines Ben Jonson wrote for Vincent Corbet—

Deare Vincent Corbet who so long
Had wrestled with Diseases strong
That though they did possess each limb,
Yet he broke them ere they could him,
With the just Canon of his life,
A life that knew nor noise nor strife;
His Mind was pure, and neatly kept,
As were his Nourceries; and swept
So of uncleannesse, or offence,
That never came ill odour thence:
And adde his Actions unto these
They were as specious as his Trees.

Lop off water suckers from old Apple trees and cut out all dead wood.

6. MECONOPSIS YARDAGE. Up to the moment of writing this paragraph my clippings from the horticultural press of America, England, France and Germany on the subject of Meconopsis, laid end to end, measure nine yards, five and two-thirds inches. This literature is almost as confusing as the opinion on Lupins. Horticulturally speaking, I have tried less than three and a half yards of the advice and can report progress only up to the seedling stage. At that point I confess defeat. By the time I have followed all nine yards of suggestions, I expect Meconopsis will be as common around this place as Calendulas or Crabgrass. Of several necessary conditions I am certain —that the seed should be reasonably fresh, that the soil in which it is sown should be mostly screened leaf mold on the acid side and sand, and

that shade and a cool situation are essential. The seed should be planted after the killing frost and the flat set in the frame, with a reasonable chance of germination in spring.

Any time this month you can sub-surface feed your trees and shrubs with bonemeal. Use a crowbar to make holes a foot or so deep around the perimeter of the tree or shrub and pour in bonemeal. This, of course, does not apply to Rhododendrons and Azaleas.

7. GILIAS. When it came to raising Gilias, I felt like the king of Babylon, who stood at the parting of the way: my favorite catalog listed seed of only three and the learned horticultural books set down no less than thirty-three of them. Whether to be content with these three close at hand, or go ranging over the world for the other thirty was a problem. But whether you raise three or thirty-three, here is a flower group of American West Coast extraction that the veriest beginner could try—and confound her garden club by the variety of flowering. They run from eight inches in *G. laciniata* to six feet in *G. rubra* or Standing Cypress. Most of them average two feet, which makes them available for the area right behind edgings in borders. They are mostly annuals and can be sown where they are to grow, which saves a lot of trouble. The three which are generally offered are: *G. capitata* with finely divided foliage and light blue flowers; *G. rubia* best treated as a biennial, and, since it shoots up to six feet,

a back-of-the-border plant, bearing loose clusters of funnel-shaped yellow flowers spattered red inside; and G. *tricolor* or Bird's Eyes, which bears either lilac and violet petals and yellow tubes with purple markings or, in G. *tricolor rosea*, pink flowers with a widow's dash of purple.

Cut out dead wood from the cane fruits and tie the remaining branches. After the ground freezes, mulch them with manure.

8. A PARSON'S FLOWER. Some plants I am first attracted to more by their names than by the descriptions of their flowering, and since, of late, I have been making a study of the famous gardening and plant-collecting parsons, my curiosity is especially piqued when I read of Bignonias, named for L'Abbe Jean Paul Bignon; or Gunneras, named for a Swedish bishop; or Comptonias, the Sweet Fern, that immortalizes a bishop of London who once collected in his garden at Fulham many of the world's exotics. Just so the Incarvilleas appealed to me, for the sake of the Jesuit Pierre D'Incarville, French missionary to China, one of the first parson plant explorers of China, who, having sent back to Paris hundreds of seed and herbrariam specimens, died in Pekin in 1757. To him we are indebted for the China Aster and the Ailanthus tree so acceptable to city back yards. In his honor was named the Incarvillea. Though six kinds of plants bear this name, the two most commonly grown are *Incarvillea delavayi* and *I. grandiflora*, the one rose purple, the other pronounced carmine. The shape of the flower is reminiscent of the

Gloxinia. *I. delavay* has the added attraction of also being named for a plant-exploring missionary, Fr. Jean Marie Delavay (1838-1895), whose gatherings, made mostly in the province of Yunan, totaled some 200,000 specimens of plants.

If you have gardened faithfully this autumn, take a day off, go into town and treat yourself to a show or a concert.

9. SIAMESE AGAIN. A few paragraphs back I spoke my piece on Siamese cats, designed to stir the hearts of those who hold the Siamese to be above all other feline tribes. Listen now to the tale of Anne Catherine de Ligneville. Born in 1719, at the age of thirty-two she married the philosopher, Claude Adrien Helvetius. As a consequence—or perhaps in spite of this matrimonial venture—he wrote a poem on Happiness in six books. He was also author of "De l'Esprit," in which he claimed that man was merely an animal, whereupon the pious made a bonfire of the horrible tome. He died in 1771, and, quite inconsolable, Anne retired to Auteuil and lived with twenty-one Siamese cats. A great wit and a magnificent beauty, it is said that, despite these cats, Benjamin Franklin wanted to marry her.

Work in some well-rotted manure around the Strawberries and then begin to lay a winter mulch between the rows.

10. IN PRAISE OF QUINCES. People who do not know any better will tell you that Quinces are a

waste of time. Perforce, they do not care for Quinces! Their palates lack the necessary attunement to enjoy the delicate flavor of this fruit; their nostrils miss its fragrance. I'm sorry for them—sorry, and go right on caring for my trees, watching over them for blight and borer and seeing that they are not over-fertilized. The Quince has a marked preference for a dampish soil or, at least, dampness at its roots. Near water it fairly outfruits itself. In addition to the customary stewing, Quinces lend themselves to jam and, in Applesauce, one Quince to every dozen or so Apples lays on the palate a memorable overtone—like a whiff of amber in a lighter perfume, like a diminutive oboe obbligato in a slow passage of stringed instruments.

Although most Buddleias kill back to the roots, do not cut them down. In a mild winter or a protected place they often do not die at all.

11. COLOR BLOCKS. Although at first thought the scheme might seem monotonous, one solution for handling color in the perennial border is to plant it in color blocks. Have a yellow section and a blue and a red and a mauve and so on. All the perennials flowering in a definite tint range are planted in one section. It should be a fairly wide swath of the border and should be planted on an angle so that, to the eye, there is a constant color mingling as one passes along the border.

This would seem to be a simpler method than spotting irregular drifts through the border and

vainly hoping that the colors won't clash. By carefully choosing perennials for height and season of bloom, each color section can give continued flowering. The bald spots would be filled in with annuals. And, of course, these planting blocks would be repeated in different juxtapositions: if yellow fell between blue and white at this end, it would come between mauve and scarlet at the other.

Put away your seed catalogs—but not so far away that you can't find them next month. When all other literature palls, we gardeners can always get a thrill from an old seed list.

12. LITERARY FIRE. To those pleasant domesticalities that make homelife so amusing and, consequently, are so worthwhile, I add the following custom of a household in Hingham, Mass. It has two kinds of fires—after-dinner fires, which are of wood, and "literary fires"—short, quick-burning conflagrations for those few minutes when the family assembles before breakfast. The latter consists merely of yesterday's newspapers rolled into loose logs. An old servant, who considers all forms of the printed word as literature, gave the fire its unique name. Would that some magazines and books burned as easily as newspapers!

Look over the Apples and Pears that are stored away and take out those that show signs of going soft or rotting.

13. ALPHA AND OMEGA ANEMONES. At the opposite ends of the seasons stand the two Anemones —*A. vernalis,* opening with the first crack of spring, and *A. japonica,* toward the end of autumn.

Let the Maples begin to show a deep red haze, and the rosette of Parsley-like, coppery leaves of the vernal Anemone start pushing up their silky stems. Before you know it, the starry flowers have opened and are displaying their golden stamens. Since it comes from the high Alps, this Anemone will stand any amount of frost. It goes on growing apparently even while the "peepers" in the pond are frozen. However, it is not long-lived. Three springs, and you see it no more. But it can be raised from seed, and every year or so a new batch should be sown or new plants introduced. Of longer life are the Pasque Flower, *A. pulsatilla,* and the Snowdrop Anemone, *A. sylvestris,* both spring bloomers.

For the first year *Anemones japonica,* the fall bloomers, are apt to be tricky. Their roots should be set deep, along in early April, in a well-drained location supplied with plenty of humus. Some super-phosphate, too, will help. While shade is their traditional preference, once the roots are well established, they wil thrive in the sun. In these parts they should be well protected over winter, the mulch being removed in early April. A touch or two of late frost does not seem to hurt them.

Sifted old manure, peat moss and good garden soil in equal proportions make an

excellent top dressing for lawns. It can be put on now.

14. SPECULATION ON A COMPOST HEAP. It came to me this morning, as I was giving the compost heap a grand turn-over, that somewhere I had read a statement about peacocks, how they were first introduced into Greece from India in the 5th century B. C. What this had to do with compost only a Freudian could explain. Nevertheless the purely mechanical labor of cutting down those layers of sods and leafmold did not interfere with my speculation on who it could have been who first preferred to see them strutting in the garden to having them served up before him as an entrée. I was also bothered by wondering why the Power that provided this peacock with such superb beauty and noble posturing hadn't made a finished job of it and given the poor bird a decent call.

Cut down all tall perennials and burn the foliage and seed heads. This will make the borders shipshape for the winter mulch that is to follow.

15. SUNDAY THOUGHT. It may be possible—but scarcely desirable—to live without some sort of interior life, that life (shall I say?), which is lived in the presence of God.

So much of our waking hours we live in the presence of men. By thought, by word, by action, we give of ourselves to them. Constantly they are draining us. If we are to go on giving, then we

must recharge that interior battery, we must let the wells fill up again from the hidden springs of our being.

Brother Lawrence found his re-energizing in being a cook; in the garden and in the act of gardening I find mine. Surely, as Lawrence cooked in the presence of God, so can we garden in that Presence and from It capture renewed stores of energy. Even after the black frost has withered the garden to nothingness and the trees are stark and the whole world lies naked and bereft and exposed to the chill of winter, even then the Presence is acutely there, penetrating and engulfing. . . . It is as the wise man wove into the hem of that ancient king's burial robe—"All things on earth pass away save the reality of God."

Last year's compost heap can be turned over. Don't pile this year's leaves on it. Make a separate heap each year.

16. WAR ON GNOMES. If there is any ugliness to be seen in a garden, this is the time of year to see it. And I, having just come back from seeing a garden, am in the state of those Egyptians who went about "shooting horrible sparkles out of their eyes." For this garden contained gnomes. Not one gnome, but many gnomes. They stuck their ugly little painted terra-cotta faces out of frost-killed Funkia clumps. They leered at me beside a pool choked with leaves. They minced along a wall. And, to make matters worse, I was asked, "Don't you think they're cute?" Now a gentle-

man can't turn around and answer, "No, Madam. I think they are abominable!" But that is what I thought and what I shall always think and if ever I go garden crusading, it will be to banish gnomes.

If you have a greenhouse, plan now for the plants you can take to the monthly meeting of the garden club.

17. PLANT STYLE. The habit of a plant's growth is always an important feature that judges consider when valuing new hybrids and that garden designers weigh in selecting plant material for an effect. Thus certain new Iris may have an undesirable stiff growth or a bad carriage of flower. The Mockorange Virginal is apt to have a "sticky" habit—growing in rigid lines. Delphiniums often have a poor disposition of bloom. On the other hand, a pronounced habit may give a plant striking character and thus equip it for various landscape effects. The weeping or pendulous types of Cherries, Beech, Larch and Willow, for instance, as contrasted with the narrow, erect or fastigiate growth of Lombardy Poplars, Italian Cypresses and Cedars.

Habit in a plant is equivalent to style in a woman. It is an inherent quality. Either she has it or she hasn't, and if she hasn't, no amount of expensive clothes will give it to her. No amount of surrounding plants will quite hide the awkward flowering and form of a plant that lacks good habit.

The dried flowers you cut some time ago and hung up in the barn can be brought indoors for winter bouquets.

18. BUSYBODIES. When I was a lad in Philadelphia we used to have affixed to the second story front windows of our house a mirrored gadget called a "busybody." If someone pulled the front door bell (for in those days they "pulled" bells) and you were upstairs, you had merely to glance in the busybody to see who was there. They may still be used in that city of cautious brotherly love. Some day I am going to get myself one of them, for they can be put to so many interesting uses. Samuel Pepys, the old flirt, carried one in his pocket when he went to church. At St. Margaret's, Westminster, he records that, with a perspective glass, he "had the great pleasure of seeing and gazing at a great many very fine women and what with that and sleeping, I passed away the time till sermon was done."

Tomorrow afternoon cut a collection of all the berried shrubs on your place and bring them indoors to study at leisure.

19. HOUSE-BROKEN HUSBANDS. It has become the established legend in America that the choice of furnishings and decorations is the untrespassed province of the wife. Since she is endowed with taste and acquainted with the household's needs, her will is the first law to be observed. Save in rare instances, this fundamental axiom is accepted by all husbands. Nevertheless they are graciously

permitted to sit in on the conferences as sort of official observers without portfolio and without vote. The sessions of these conferences run something like this:

"Do you think this *Bois de Rose* satin will look better for the living-room curtains, or the Egg Plant velvet?" He really prefers the Egg Plant velvet and besides, he can't quite pronounce *Bois de Rose.* So he indicates the Egg Plant, and instantly he is told, "Well, my dear, I think you are wrong. The *Bois de Rose* is much more harmonious with the walls and the upholstery." The husband takes the first count, and the battle moves on to the furniture shop.

Now on furniture he has some ideas. To the average male, comfort is as necessary as bread and beefsteak. Contour, period purity and such nuances of furniture-lore may have been neglected in his education, but comfort he knows and comfort he is going to insist on. A bed should be wide enough and long enough. Chairs should both appear as though they could bear the weight of a normal human being, and actually bear it. Couches should be deep and wide and, for ordinary use, not so elegantly upholstered that the average shoe cannot come in contact with them. These things men know and, if they have the courage of their convictions, will stick to. But it is amazing to find that beauty is so often divorced from utility, and in choosing between the two, beauty wins.

More of these marital skirmishes might be cited at length and in detail. There's the choosing of lamps and shades, no small battle. There's hanging pictures, which is an entire warfare in itself.

There's the selection of carpets and rugs, of wall-papers—dreary sniping from one trench to the other. Like the Irish, in this siege of decoration the husband goes forth to battle but he always falls. And the wife? She, poor dear, teeters on the brink of a nervous breakdown and, as soon as the house is finished, must take a long journey to recover her nerves and her usual delightful and charming aplomb.

For these various reasons it should be made a rule in every household that, when the idea of furnishing and decorating is broached, either the husband or the wife should acquire the latest steamship catalogs and railway folders and plan a trip somewhere. During the arduous process of selecting furniture, materials and such and battling with paper-hangers, painters, carpet-layers and curtain-drapers, either one or the other should be blissfully at a distance. Either the husband should take the trip and accept without cavil or protest those things his wife selects; or the wife should take the trip and thereafter hold her peace or, in subtle, diplomatic and unseen ways, correct the mistakes her husband made.

Or the problem might be solved by assigning one room to the husband as his very own, to furnish and decorate as he pleases. There he may have the enormous chairs that are his idea of comfort. On the walls he may hang the picture of himself in running-trunks when he was in college and the faded photograph of the historic baseball-team that, in his collegiate day, trimmed Yale 27 to 0. There he may keep his golf things and his guns and his fishing-tackle, without respect to color

schemes, contours or period perfection. There he may be a bull in a china shop—and an expensive bull he will be, for most men, given a bit of leeway with the things they think they'd like about them, spend money with the prodigality of sailors on shore leave. Perhaps it would be wiser to reserve the furnishings of the husband's room to the last, lest the rest of the house feel the pinch of purse.

Having seen how many tent caterpillars they attract, you will probably be convinced that the place ought to be rid of all Wild Cherries.

20. GARDEN BEQUESTS. Has any modern flower-lover followed the example of Theophrastus, the early Greek botanist, in asking to be buried in his garden? Aristotle gave his Botanic Garden at Athens to Theophrastus, who, having improved it with the help of a wealthy friend, finally bequeathed it to trustees, and desired to be buried in it. He, no doubt, cultivated in it the exotic plants with which he shows familiarity.

Another strange garden bequest is contained in the will of Sir William Temple. It reads: "I desire and appoint that my heart may be interred six foot underground on the South East side of the stone dyal in my little garden at Mooreparke." The remainder of his body was interred in Westminster Abbey.

Deep pools that contain tubs of hardy Waterlilies should now be boarded over.

21. MINCED MOSS. A certain Long Island estate boasts one of the most beautiful forest glades imaginable. The trees were there and so was a swamp. By cleaning out the swamp and tamping the bottom mud, a shallow natural spring-fed pool resulted. Then on one side was laid such a rich carpet of moss that the visitor invariably remarks on it. And with characteristic generosity the mistress explains how it came there. No moss grew in that slope. So she went into the woods and collected moss. This she put through a meat grinder. The minced moss was then mixed with sand and the mixture sown on the slope and rolled in. Within a few days the infinitesimal plants had taken root—and there was your green carpet!

Start collecting evergreen boughs for winter mulch.

22. TRACKS IN FROST. These November days, when the frost rime lies thick on the lawn, I enjoy going out early and surveying my wintery domain if only for the pleasure of glancing behind me to see the wriggling pattern of my footsteps, as I search out a possible late stayer—a Viola still in bloom or a sprig of Verbena. With such "foolish toyes" do some mad gardeners amuse themselves.

If you really want good house plants and are serious about avoiding sore throats, equip your house with humidifying devices.

23. COMMON COASTERS. It shocked me to discover that, in the Year of Grace 1633, the Massachusetts Court of Assistants proclaimed an edict against "common coasters, unprofitable fowlers and tobacco takers."

Many a man has been an unprofitable fowler, and it seems odd to have legislated against those who weren't good shots. But then, our Pilgrim forebears were strange old fellows. They even had it in for the humble citizens who enjoyed an occasional pinch of snuff and a good sneeze. When it came to "common coasters" I was puzzled.

I knew that at one time the Boston worthies forbade the celebration of Christmas, but it did seem odd to shake the legislative finger at young men and maidens who went belly-bumping down New England's hills. However, it has all been explained—common coasters were those young men who wasted their precious time loafing and gunning and fishing and smoking along the coast. Afterward the term "coasting" was applied to the business of sliding down hill, which isn't so reprehensible an act for those who enjoy old-fashioned winter sports.

Bulbs planted outdoors as late as this should be well mulched so that they can make some root growth before the ground freezes.

24. WINTER MULCHING. The funereal rite of winter mulching, with which most of us are concerned at this time, should, if we did things in the classic manner, be accompanied by the music

of muted violins and muffled drums. Lacking these, we might accompany this autumnal ceremony with common-sense. There is no mystery to it. We mulch a plant after freezing for the same reason as we pack ice cream—to keep it frozen, to keep it from melting. Other than this, winter protection is given to screen certain evergreens from the weight of snow or the blister of winter suns. Quite a number of plants, like full-blooded people, prefer light blankets. These are the types that a heavy covering would induce to rot off—the Anchusas, Foxgloves, Oriental Poppies and Madonna Lilies. For these especial cases we save through the summer all the excelsior that comes with packages, and, when the borders are to be covered, the exceptional ones get a fluffy ball of excelsior held up by twigs and the top layer of leaves is scattered over them sparingly.

Before the sash goes on the frames, see that all panes are whole and well puttied.

25. THE FIELD CALLED ARDATH. The Apocrypha, which I don't mind confessing, is one of my favorite dipping books before the light is switched off, provided this text for herb enthusiasts when I dipped into it last night. It is found in the 9th chapter of the second book of Esdras:—

"Go into a field of flowers where no house is builded and eat only the flowers of the field; taste no flesh, drink no wine, but eat flowers only. So I went my way into the field called Ardath like as he commanded me and there I sat among

the flowers and did eat of the herbs of the field, and the meat of the same satisfied me."

On second thought, this might also be inscribed above the beds of Vegetarians.

By this time all tender bulbs and roots should be stored away in a frost-proof cellar.

26. GARDEN MIRRORS. The Dutch, it seems, were responsible for that garden toy we call the gazing globe. It gave their little gardens a vast expanse to those who looked in it and compelled the sunlight to sparkle in that particular spot where it was located. But even before it crossed the Channel to England, Francis Bacon was suggesting that gardeners hang bits of colored glass about the flower beds. They both confounded destructive birds and made a pretty glinting. From this one can leap to the ultimate word in Modernism and find, in the Paris garden of the Vicomte Charles Noailles, a small city garden where the surrounding walls are covered with sheets of mirror that make the tiny garden seem large and volley back and forth to infinity the shapes and colors of the garden beds. These vanities, then, are both old and new.

Equally ancient is the garden mirror that is made of water. To the Saracen, living in a hot country, still water was a great error, since it stagnated and bred mosquitoes. In less tempered climates the still pool is often used deliberately as a mirror. Its surface unbroken by aquatic plants, it serves merely to reflect the passing argosies of clouds and the

blue of the sky and the tints and forms of such plants as verge on it. These still water canals and pools the contemporary garden designer has adopted rapturously. Sometimes he makes a checker-board of small square pools and small beds of flowers planted to solid colors. Or he lays down long narrow sheets of water mirror to repeat the long line of the paths. In one garden on the Riviera the owner and the designer compromised: the owner wanted to grow Water Lilies and the designer wanted an unbroken mirror. So a large square shallow pool was made with narrow side pools of greater depth to accommodate the Lily root boxes. The compromise now pleases every one.

About this time of year we begin hilling the Hybrid Perpetuals and Hybrid Tea Roses. Heap the earth around them and trim them back.

27. BIG GAME WIVES. Once on a time my sympathies used to be spilled at the feet of the charming wife of a Dahlia specialist. She, loyal to her husband, would wear the flowers he grew, and so large were they that you rarely saw much of the wife. Recently my sympathy has been turning to the wives of big game hunters who are decked out in coats made from the skins of wild beasts their husbands have shot. There's loyalty for you! The Dahlia big as a plate will fade, but imagine the fortitude of the wives who have to wear, winter after winter, the pelts of blue baboons, and swathe

their swan-like necks in the pelage of mountain goats!

You should now be gathering Christmas Roses—Hellebores. Put a small frame over them so they won't be beaten down.

28. CIMICIFUGAS. In addition to having a Latin name that, to some gardeners, is a stumbling block and to others a unique arrangement of vowels and gutturals interesting to roll around the tongue, the Cimicifugas offer an aspiring beauty. To my palate at least the name Cimicifuga conveys a pleasanter taste than Bugbane or Snakeroot or Black Cobash. The most interesting types are found in the Racemosa section, a group in which you find *C. cordifolia* and the variety Simplex. The latter is a wildling from Kamtschakta, of all places! Its tall feathery spikes put it head and shoulders above the others. Heretofore these plants have been considered as suitable only for wild gardens, but Simplex is admitted easily into the more refined company of the perennial border. There are times when its white feathery spike is almost as beautiful as the flowering of the Eremerus. Like its kin, it prefers dampness at the foot and a rich soil. Nor have I found it insisting on shade.

Sift a coat of manure on Lilies of the Valley.

29. JUNIPER FOR SWEETNESS. Just when you think that your pet little domesticalities are of

your own invention, along comes someone from the past to make you feel very small. All morning we have been lopping off evergreen branches and stacking them on the back porch so that our morning-room fire would give out a sweet perfume. And before that fire I have been sitting contentedly as I thumbed over the pages of an old book, never opened, I confess, since I left college—a volume of Ben Jonson's plays. My eyes blinked with chagrin when they encountered in "Every Man Out of His Humor"—the statement, "He doth sacrifice twopence in Juniper to her every morning before she rises . . . to sweeten the room by burning it." I might try that, but it would be a risky way of waking the average spouse. Farther back in the book, in "The Mayor of Quintboro" came the lines—

> Then put fresh water into the bough pots
> And burn a little Juniper in the hall chimney.

Nevertheless, despite my chagrin, I tossed another sprig of *Juniperus horizontalis* on to the embers.

The Grape wine should now be bubbling in its barrel. Start drinking last year's vintage.

30. ANTI-FREEZE. There is no necessity for draining a garden pool in winter. To prevent the ice from cracking the walls, merely throw in a couple of logs. When the ice expands it will push up the logs. Meantime your gold fish can be

hibernating on the bottom. The same anti-freeze device can be used on a shallow uncovered bird-bath—merely lay in one or two largish stones.

Begin building windbreaks around Rhododendrons and Boxwood. For the latter use burlap stretched on frames.

LONG PIECE

PAUSE

ALTHOUGH for many centuries the West has been penetrating the East, there still remain countless points on which we never see alike.

To us average Westerners the music of the East, for example, is either a doleful sing-song or a hideous concatenation, both of them beyond our understanding. We merely clap our hands over our ears and run away.

Yet this music of the East is a subtle, traditional and highly symbolic art. Perhaps our failure to understand it is due to the fact that Asiatics enjoy music for reasons quite different from ours.

The music of the West is intended to break the silence. The music of the East is intended to prepare the listener for the pause that follows. Sound is used only in order to emphasize silence. These moments of silence are considered, sometimes, to have even greater significance than moments of sound. For it is during the silence that the listener is revealed to himself. The great poet-philosopher, Lâo-tsze, explained this theory by using the simile of a vase: "A vase is useful, not

because of the thickness of its sides, but because of the empty space they enclose."

The Asiatic, then, believes that silence frees him from the discordant emotions that the music has aroused. He reaches an appreciation of the value of emptiness. He endeavors to raise to a subtle art the enjoyment of a pause.

To our way of thinking a pause is a necessary evil. We endure it only when circumstances force it on us. We can't quite grasp the meaning of the ancient phrase where men are described as having strength because they sit still. Pausing and sitting still and enjoying silence are scarcely experiences that we have harbored within the scope of modern life. In fact, for years the tempo of living had been so quickened that we dreaded even the mention of its slowing down. We always called for faster music.

Then came the crash of a few years back. Ever since, we have been trying to adjust our lives to a slower tempo, to a steadier mode of living. We may be approaching the time when we can actually enjoy the stopping of activities, when a pause will be a treat. It is even conceivable that this Christmas a great many more people than ever before will "rest beside life's weary road and hear the angels sing." And not just because life has proven frightfully weary to them, but because there is something to be gained when we cease singing ourselves, and begin listening to angels.

Just as the Asiatic has discovered that silence reveals himself to himself, that it rolls out life before him like a carpet, so may we Westerners light upon some rare nugget of wisdom in the

course of enjoying a pause. There are signs that many people already have discovered it.

Year after year we go on teaching these very facts to our children. The essence of the poem we recite to them on Christmas Eve is that. . . .

> All through the house
> Not a creature was stirring,
> Not even a mouse.

Unless they are very quiet, the Santa they so long for will not ride down from the skies. And, of course, he is no Santa unless he does come from on high.

We tell them, too, about the star that stood still. Without that part of the story, Christmas wouldn't be Christmas at all. And while we are telling it, somehow the realization creeps over us that if only we could accept that story with the implicit faith of our children, life would be so much easier, so much less complicated.

We are all too certain that stars normally pursue their courses, that they are always plunging through infinite space at break-neck speed. But this star stopped. It paused. It stood still. And men, too, paused to watch it, and for those who paused it pointed out a way they were seeking. Pointed it to a varied assortment of people, ranging from men rich and wise down to the humblest peasant.

The problems that confronted these rich and wise men were probably no different from the problems that face rich and wise men today. For a long time they had been dragging themselves around corners looking for the elusive prosperity

that was never there. What the shepherds sought was no different from what the rank and file of us are seeking today. Each man, after his own kind, evidently found what he needed—for he was very happy.

Such happiness arrives when we cease seeking. The emptiness of the vase, which is life, becomes more useful when we forget the material surroundings that make it.

THE MONTH OF DECEMBER

1. NEW SIMILE. The weather had been extraordinarily mild, so I fled the city for a solitary weekend in Connecticut. As is his custom, Cap, my country-man gardener, made a fire in the round-bellied cottage stove, brought me a pail of water and left me to my own devices. During the night and without warning the temperature dropped to the bottom of the glass. I awoke in the silent bitterness of the Arctics, and was just screwing up my courage to put a foot on the icy floor when the old fellow poked his head in the cottage window, "Morning," said he. "It's as cold as jealousy's kiss."

If the ground is frozen tomorrow start mulching the borders with leaves. Hold them in place with evergreen boughs.

2. THE NUREMBURG STOVE. Although Americans pick and choose at will in the various fields of furniture and decoration, one item they appear to have overlooked: the German stove. Because we first associate it with a folk-fable about Nuremburg, that name has always clung to it in our memory. A massive affair, this, its generous flanks glistening with colorful tiles. It was the palpitating center of Papa Biedermeier's world. Why not, since we are adopting Biedermeier wholesale, take up his stove? Where rooms are large enough—

and many of our houses afford adequate area—this stove might prove quite a decorative and interesting feature. Either in plain white tiles or in the colored, it is available in many desirable shapes. Even the Modernist versions of it are generally pleasing in line.

Bird feeding stations should now be put in place. Wire lumps of suet to the trees in the orchard.

3. WITCH HAZELS. With the serene conviction that I shall some day be able to set down in my diary, as English gardeners do, that the Witch Hazel is blooming in December, I go on caring for these shrubs. The hurdle to be leaped is a lack of peaty damp soil on this place, an essential to their flourishing. Because of this, twice *Hamamelis mollis*, the Chinese species, slipped through my fingers ere it became established, although the third attempt appears to be succeeding through an especially-made soil-pocket (or, rather pit) and buckets of water in dry weather. The various Japanese species, by blooming in March, take you up to the threshold of spring. There is no need of growing the common type, *H. virginiana*, since it is quite plentiful here about on the fringes of woods. But Mollis, the elusive Mollis, shall be mine one of these days!

Long before this you should have potted up Parsley and Chives and kept them growing in a sunny kitchen window.

4. BED-TABLE BOOKS. There was a time when a pious generation considered it necessary to fill the mind with quieting religious sentiments before blowing out the candle. To their guests they offered Richard Baxter's "The Saint's Everlasting Rest," Keble's "Christian Year" or "The Imitation of Christ"—and in one old house I once actually found a copy of William Law's "Serious Call To A Devout and Holy Life" which, if taken in small bits, is a delectable mental nightcap.

Nowadays the literary sleeping-potion is of quite a different sort. D. H. Lawrence, Aldous Huxley, unrhymed verse and hair-raising mystery stories are more in the tempo of the time.

The pious books of our grandmothers were calculated to make you think of your own sins and follies before you went to sleep. The bedside books of today make you think of other people's sins and follies. It is obvious that considering the weaknesses of other people is more conducive to sleep than mulling over our own. Consequently the dust gathers on Thomas à Kempis and Baxter and Keble. There are times, however, when I hanker for a paragraph of the "Imitation" and a hymn from "The Christian Year."

Lift some pans of potted Tulips and bring them indoors to commence forcing.

5. SARTORIAL RITE. Each year at this time I perform the same sartorial rite and, usually, under the same compulsion. With a fine fury She begins to set the house to rights ere we close it for the winter and retire to town. Pictures are taken down.

Pillows laid away on shelves. Windows divested of curtains. Finally she arrives at my closet. "Those terrible gardening pants!" she exclaims, "They *must* be burned!" "Burn those pants?" I answer, and snatching them from the impending flames, I carry them carefully to the barn where I secrete them.

These pants have been my companion on great labors and have beheld great sights, from the first Crocus drilling through the soil to the ultimate Black Frost. They have known the chastisement of wind and the lashing of rain. They have seen the microscopic seed grow into a man-high flower. They have watched the procession of the blooms —the colored clouds lying on the rock path in May, the dignity of Tulips, the abandon of Peonies, the Iris spears, the golden planes of Yarrow, the delicate uncurling of the Rose, the tall reaches of the Hollyhock, the twinkling stars of Michaelmas Daisies and the coppery flowering of Chrysanthemums. They have rejoiced in the contact of freshly-turned soil and withstood the spattering of poisonous sprays. They have defied the merciless attacks of Rose thorns and the side-swiping of hoe and rake and digging-fork. Abandon those pants to the flames? Never!

In the hollows between the hilled Roses should now be laid manure. Heap it on generously and pray for an even-temperatured winter.

6. PERSIANS IN TREE TOPS. At last I have discovered that it was the Persians who started all

this tree-top sitting. They had a passion for platforms and little rooms built up in the branches of tall trees. When life on the ground became too hectic for them, they retired to these eyries and communed with the birds! That, presumably, was after they had had enough of the book of verses, jug of wine and thee-beside-me-in-the-wilderness *underneath* the bough.

All iron work around the place should be scraped and repainted.

7. RAUCOUS LAUGHTER. That bellowing noise you hear proceeds from my own stout frame. It is my answer to a solemn pronouncement handed down publicly by a lady landscape architect who, in chanting her creed, gave voice to these two items:—

(1) In the making of gardens form is everything.

(2) In mid-summer no one wants to be bothered tending flowers, consequently gardens should consist mainly of evergreens and shrubs that need little care.

These sentiments were expressed, mind you, in a period of blackest depression, when landscape architects by the score were starving. At the same time 105,000 people paid admission to the New York Flower Show to see flowers, America's garden club members were estimated at over 2,000,000 and one large Rose-growing firm confessed that its sale of Rose bushes that year was 8,000,000. I do wish the landscapists would come down to earth.

The hens will enjoy a cello-glass sitting room. Build one out from the poultry house.

8. FRANKLIN THE ELECTRICIAN. Lest, with our completely electrified homes, we should count ourselves very advanced, it would be well to glance back at Benjamin Franklin, the first American electrician. In 1750 he proposed giving an electrical banquet on the shores of the Schuylkill. "A turkey is to be killed for our dinner," he told them, "by the electrical shock and roasted by the electrical jack before a fire kindled by the electrical bottle, when the healths of all the famous electricians in England, Holland, France and Germany are to be drunk in electrified bumpers, under the discharge of guns fired from the electrical battery."

What, I wonder, would Franklin think if he stepped into a modern kitchen, with its electric stove, electric ice box, electric clock and its multitude of egg-beaters, orange-juice extractors and other current-run gadgets.

It is not too early to start making a terrarium. This is a great indoor sport for gardeners.

9. SHY CALLICARPAS. Some fruiting shrubs flaunt their berries like mutinous jades—Sharlet Firethorn, for example—while others are quite maidenly and shy. Into this latter and admirable class fall the Callicarpas. Through some oversight I have completely neglected the American native, *C. American,* and have bestowed my favors on

foreigners, Orientals especially. The three that are growing here are *C. dichotoma*, the Chinese species; *C. giraldiana*, collected first by the Italian missionary, Fr. Giraldi; and *C. japonica*. All three are hardy here and, although you generally are supposed to give them protection from wind, I have subjected a bush of *C. japonica* naked to the sweeping and persistent western winter gales of our hilltop without it batting an eyelash. However, if it does winter-kill, I need only trim out the dead wood and wait for the roots to sprout again.

As to their shyness: Both in flowering and fruit they are far from flamboyant. Obscure pinkish white flowers are borne in the axils, followed in autumn by small berries. The fruit of *C. japonica* is violet and of *C. giraldiana* and *C. dichotoma*, lilac-violet. Indoors they last quite a long time.

If you have to prepare a paper for your garden club this winter, for Heaven's sake do some original work on it. Don't merely copy data out of books. Work it up from your own garden notes if the subject permits.

10. THE READING LULL. Between the time the garden is finally blanketed for Winter and that fateful day in January when the first catalogs arrive, comes a lull. Some people get as far away from their gardens as they possibly can. The rest of us, destined to take life as it comes, either fiddle around with house plants (with which I am a most dismal failure) or retreat into the past. Personally I prefer to retreat. I draw a date for dead line and

swear that I'll not read any gardening books written after that particular date. These dates serve the same purpose that strings dividing the lawn into blocks serve when She and I have a Dandelion slaughter—they keep us from straying.

Start, say, with the 17th century. Look up the books and either borrow them from friends or dip into library copies. You could devote one winter reading Thomas Tusser, Gervase Markham, Gerard or Parkinson. Having consumed these patiently and copied into your commonplace book such lines as please your fancy, you will be fresh-minded and free to meet any catalog the postman brings.

Or you might concentrate, as I have been doing these past few years, reading the diaries of old gardening parsons—Woodforde and Coe and Turner and some of the salty clerics of Sussex and Devon. Most of Woodforde's five volumes I read aloud, and we got to know his parishioners and garden so well that, when the last entry was reached, we felt as though we were moving out of a neighborhood where we had lived a long time.

Those who are addicted to rock gardening will find December an especially favorable time for traveling about the countryside and collecting picturesque stones.

11. IDIOSYNCRASIES OF LONICERAS. For some years now I have been studying the effect of dampness at the root of shrubs. My own garden is a dry hilltop; another garden I have a half a mile up the road is on a water table that provides constant dampness to the soil. A Maachi Bush Honeysuckle

in my dry garden grows slowly and now, after six years, has apparently reached maturity at a scant eight feet, whereas the same variety on the water table has grown eighteen. Wilson declared it one of the noblest he had seen. On the other hand a bush of *L. multiflora* has grown into a huge Gretchen in a very dry spot for the simple reason that it is located near a cesspool. *L. oblongifolia,* the Swamp Fly Honeysuckle, that should insist on dampness, seems to thrive in a dryish spot because that spot is the other side of the chicken-yard fence and much enrichment leaches through the soil to its roots. Of *L. coerulea dependens,* I have quite despaired. It was given the world's best soil, a sheltered place on a slope in the orchard, and though it continues to live, it apparently is determined to be a runt. *L. coerulea viridefolia,* on the other hand, waxes stout with each season. It is the earliest of all to flower for me, tossing its miniature fringed wan yellow bells the first week in May.

Plant Paper-white Narcissus in pebbles and water and Lily of the Valley pips in fiber. You'll soon have flowers indoors.

12. CATANANCHE IN CROWDS. Of course, sometimes one Cupid's Dart is enough to make a finished job, but in the garden you'll need several plants to make an effect. This quaint perennial gives us one of the neatest blues we have. You can grow C. *coerulea* for the pure blue, or C. *coerulea bicolor* for blue and white. From the foliage, which grows about two feet high, shoot up foot-high stiff stems bearing flowers from June into early

September. A dry, warm soil is their choice and they grow easily from seed. They offer no especial difficulty except, as I said before, you enjoy them more when they are gregarious.

About this time your house plants will need some nourishment. Use one of the prepared plant foods.

13. RETROSPECT. Glancing back at the pages I have written so far, the thought comes that these paragraphs are a strange mixture of apparently unrelated affairs. A common flower is cheek-by-jowl with an uncommon, sentiment with ribaldry, and the whole powdered with architecture and domesticalities and dabs of music and whatnot. The reflections of a hectic mind, they reveal, nevertheless, some of the notions I cling to.

Since first I ventured to write a garden-book, it has been my firm belief that a knowledge of gardening and flowers is an essential part of a full life. Mind you, not the entirety of it, but a part. There are others. From that garden many gates lead to many worlds. For some, into the world of music. For others into the world of scientific curiosity. For many they lead into a closer apprehension of matters above and beyond this mundane world, where they touch realities more poignant than those they encounter here. "There is no garden well contrived," said Sir William Waller, "but that which hath an Enoch's walk in it."

Sow alpine flower seeds in flats and place the flats in an open frame where they can be well frozen and covered with snow.

14. REMARKS ON FRINGE TREES. These remarks must needs be brief since there are only two kinds of Fringe Trees. Instead of composing a lengthy choral on their merits they may be dismissed with a short aria. But once you have seen the Fringe Trees in bloom you will want that aria to be a good one. The Chinese *Chionanthus retusa* and its nearest relative, *C. virginica,* are both hardy in the North, though, for safety's sake, I've placed *Retusa* where it will have some shelter, in the lee of a rheumaticky Apple. The requirements are a peaty damp soil, yet here it thrives and increases in a sour gravel to which peat moss has been added. It has increased from a mere stick and from the first has never let a June pass without flowering. Much larger is the ultimate growth of *C. virginica*—thirty feet to *Retusa's* twenty. Sir Herbert Maxwell likens their foamy blossoming to a dish of whipped cream!

If you prune your Grapes now, the job will be done and you won't have to think about it next March. Tie the vines back to their wires or trellises.

15. FLORAL LUXURY. The height of floral luxury was evidently attained by the French kings who lived at Versailles. They dreaded the sight of empty flower-beds in winter, so, at prodigious expense, those beds used to be filled with Dresden china flowers, and plants made of gilded lead. Even to this day gardeners, working the soil around the Grand Palace and the Petit Trianon, turn up these fragile bits of kingly extravagance.

Just how original was this luxury with the French monarchs it is difficult to say. Prescott, writing of Peru, speaks of parterres "glowing with the various forms of vegetable life skillfully imitated in gold and silver! Among them the Indian Corn, the most beautiful of American grain, is particularly commemorated and the curious workmanship is noticed with which the golden ear was half disclosed amidst the broad leaves of silver, and the light tassel of the same material floated gracefully from its top." Sir Walter Raleigh reports in his "Discovery of Guiana," 1598, that the Incas "had all kinds of garden herbs, flower and trees of gold and silver. . . ." Ah well, after paying the price I have for some bulbs and rhizomes, I might have expected them to bloom diamonds!

A room temperature of between sixty and seventy degrees is ideal for house ferns. They need plenty of water and improve with a weekly overhead spray.

16. GRAND JURY WINDOWS AND THE SMILING SUN. When we came to fix over the barn, there were two windows we longed for with all our hearts: nice round orb windows with muntins marking the zones. But the price the mill-man wanted for them was beyond our reach. We were just about to lay away our fond hopes when I was called on Grand Jury. Indictment after indictment sped by and, at the end of the month, in came just enough of a cheque. So we call them the Grand Jury windows. We are hoping for a

dovecote, but that must wait until I am called again.

The Smiling Sun was quite a different story. I had lunched terribly well that day in London and, on the strength of feeling especially fine, began invading antique shops. In one I discovered an ancient pub sign of a man's face with great rays shooting from it. Most of the gilt was gone and cracks threatened complete disintegration. Moreover it was almost as broad as I was tall and it weighed a ton. Nevertheless I made it mine, hauled it into a taxi and appeared at the hotel, where She had been awaiting me for some time, with the Smiling Sun in my arms. . . . Did you ever stagger into the minute lobby of a London hotel with a gilded sun in your arms? Did you ever offer your wife a Smiling Sun as a pacifying present? What She said to me and what I said to Her need not be recorded here. Now that the Smiling Sun beams down on the garden from the wall of the newly renovated barn, everyone is happy. Yet, there are times when, seeing that old pub sign up there, I grin to myself. Ah! the foolish things we do when young! And what a lot we miss if we don't do them!

On the rock garden should be spread a light coating of salt hay held in place by evergreen boughs.

17. COCKTAIL GARDENING. You never know what gardeners will do when fancy notions enter their heads. There is the woman of our acquaintance who had been to France and seen gardeners

using cloches—those glass bells—under which they force especially fine flowers and vegetables. She was determined to do the same, only her horticultural ambition struck a snag when she realized that cloches simply aren't to be had in this country. So she did the next best thing. She raided the china closet and over each dear little plant set one of her husband's best cocktail glasses. For the taller one she used his highball glasses. When that husband came home later in the day, a man of huge thirst, and saw this desecration of his pet drinking equipment, he said things about gardening that I have no intention of repeating here.

Before finally stacking up the seed flats douse them with boiling water or a solution of soil disinfectant.

18. SMOORING PRAYER. Good housekeepers have always followed the custom, on retiring, of smothering the fire with ashes. Thus the embers are kept alive overnight and the next morning enough fire remains to kindle the new wood. In the Hebrides, those quaint islands off Scotland, this is called "smooring." As the housewife goes to this chore she recites the Smooring incantation:

Blest be this house, blest be this fire,
And blest be this people all.
An angel in the door of every room,
To shield and to protect you all
Till bright daylight comes in the morning.

Remember that Peonies, unless they were set out this fall, do not require mulching.

Constant freezing usually is followed by a heavy Peony flowering.

19. NICHOLAS BRETON. Among the obscure Elizabethan authors brought to light recently is Nicholas Breton. A contemporary of Shakespeare's, his dates are uncertain, although his writings have come down to us quite complete. A pious old fellow, he wrote a whole series of vest-pocket essays on the virtues, the seasons, angling, court life and other matters of his time. But especially do I like him for his descriptions of country life in the succeeding months of the year. Take this opening of April—

"It is now April, and the Nightengale begins to tune her throat against May: the Sunny showers perfume the aire, and the Bees begin to goe abroad for honey; the Dewe, as in Pearles, hangs upon the tops of the grass."

For those who have not made his acquaintance, let me repeat the "blurb" his Elizabethan publisher wrote about his books: "When read in a winter's evening by a good fire, or a summer's morning in the greene fields (they) may serve both to purge melancholy from the minde and grosse humours from the body. Pleasant for youth, recreative for age, profitable for all, and not hurtfull to any." Not exactly the sort of thing you'd write about James Joyce or most of our super-sexed authors!

Of course, since you believe in conservation, you will not make or buy Christmas wreaths of plant material that is threatened with extinction.

20. A QUIET MAN'S REAL WORLD. For some years now I have watched the unfolding of a shut-in. A busy man this, he must be very quiet at home, so he retires to his room after office and there enters upon a world that means much to him and he to it. His cairn sleeps under the bed. On the table beside him is his aquarium with minute tropical fish. In the long night hours, when sleep is difficult, he can light a bulb behind the glass and put on his own movie. Books are here aplenty and outside the window is a feeding shelf to which birds come. Recently he has taken up plants and the sunny window is filled with them. Whereas once he took the life around him as a world to conquer and control, now he is satisfied to be conquered and amused by the least of its creatures. That aquarium, that plant-stand, that bird-shelf mark the orbit of a world more fascinating than any he hitherto has known. Beside these affairs, the rise and fall of stocks and the complicated programs of corporations with which his working hours are filled, are, after all, only petty annoyances. A visit to him always makes me envious of his capacity to relish the wine of life in small sips.

Now that all the city company is content to stay in town, get to know some of your country neighbors better. You'll discover some marvelous human beings among them.

21. THE GARDEN OF ESPERANCE. Our Christmas preparations, though they are already getting

a little on our nerves, pale into insignificance beside some I'm encountering. Read this description of a masque in the time of Henry VIII, as Holinshed tells of it in his *Chronicles*, and imagine the state of the Queen's nerves—

"In this yeare the King kept his Christmasse at his manor of Greenwich, and on the Twelfe night, according to the old custome, he and the Queene came into the hall, and when they were set, the Queene of Scots also, there entered into the hall a garden artificiall, called the garden of Esperance. This garden was towred at euerie corner, and railed with railes gilt, all the bankes were set with flowers artificiall of silke and gold, the leaves cut out of greene sattin, so that they seemed verie flowers. In the midst of this garden was a piller of antique work, all set with pearls and stones; and on the top of the piller, which was six square, was a louer or an arch embowed, crowned with gold: within which stood a bush of roses red and white, all of silke and gold, and a bush of pomegranate of like stuffe. . . ."

Read up on the care of Christmas plants, and you'll know what to do with those Jerusalem Cherries, Poinsettas, Azaleas and Primula obconica *that will be sent you in a few days.*

22. LIFE'S INDECISIONS. Next to buying a new car, buying a new dog is one of the most difficult problems life presents. Knowing this, all your friends try to help. The car is fairly simple. You can have the different makes demonstrated to you

by affable salesmen. But the choice of a dog is a problem worth worrying over, especially when those aforesaid friends upset your best decision. "A Scottie every time," says one. "What about a Dauch? They are terribly popular," speaks up another. "If you want a fighter, a friend and a man's dog all rolled into one, choose a Sealyham," confides a third friend. The fourth states magisterially, "A Welsh setter is the best dog in the world." After a few such barrages of advice, you give up the dog idea and buy a canary.

I know of no better present for a garden-lover than a really good *pair of clippers.*

23. EATING GIFTS. There was once a good old custom of giving foods at Christmas, and I wonder if this year isn't a good time to revive it? Not necessary foods, but unaccustomed luxuries. Many a man and woman would be delighted with a jar of caviar. A Stilton cheese would be acceptable to some. Nor can I imagine anyone being ungrateful if she found a Virginia ham under the Christmas tree. There are canned mangoes on the market and all manner of English, French and German cakes and cookies and the kinds of preserved fruits and jams are legion. Try eating gifts this year!

All forms of Cactus can exist without much water indoors. The same is true of the Crassulas.

24. THE HOWLING BOYS. In the amusing and picturesque diary of the Rev. Giles Moore, rector

of Horstead Keynes in Sussex (Moore was one of the famous old diarists of that rural English shire) is an item of December 28th: "I gave the howling boys 6d." This cryptic entry refers to a custom, doubtless pagan in origin as most of our good Christian customs are, but nevertheless worthy of a revival if only for letting the rambunctious youths of the countryside shout out their animal Christmas spirits. In Sussex, Devon and Herefordshire the village lads "wassailed" the orchards during Christmas week. They gathered in a ring around the tree, beat the trunk with their sticks, and whilst one of them made raucous bleats on a cow's horn, sang the following incantation:

> Stand fast root, bear well top,
> Pray the God send us a good howling crop.
> Every twig, Apples big,
> Every bough, Apples enow,
> Hats full, caps full,
> Full quarter sacks full.

I'm thinking of trying this on the village lads this Christmas, but I fear that their price will come higher than Parson Moore's sixpence.

Just because this is Christmas Eve you don't have to bait your rat traps with Stilton cheese.

25. THINGS WE NEVER OUTGROW. During the past year I have been exploring two old trails and a bypath. The old trails followed the course of education and family custom; the bypath was something I tried myself, forgot what it was like

and was surprised to find what pleasure it brought. They had to do with books and a certain kind of food and, in later years, with garden work. I was curious as to why I was obliged to read those books; why, whether I liked it or not, I was made to eat that food and why I chose to do a certain kind of tedious job. The books were Shakespeare. The food was stew. The work was transplanting annual seedlings.

Having been obliged to read Shakespeare and to eat stew (the kind with lots of lumpy Carrots and Potatoes in it) I had acquired a marked dislike for them. I had sworn never to let them darken my life again. Then, this past year, I chanced to be looking up a Shakepeare quotation. In order to find it, I had to read a whole play. Before I realized it, I had read several of the plays. Not until then was I aware why, as a lad, I was made to read them. Not until then did I realize what I had been missing all these years.

The stew was different. It is homely fare, sustaining and economical, but, as I recalled it, not exactly inviting to look upon. For that reason I have sedulously avoided it. Then came a cook with a sense of decoration. She laid the Carrots in a golden heap on one side of the platter, and the Beans in a green mound on another and the Potatoes in a miniature jagged Alps on a third, and in the center the meat in its lake of brown gravy. How tempting it looked! Yet not until I had taken some of each of these things did I realize that here was my old enemy, Stew! I would not have believed it possible, but that homely supper was a

gastronomic revelry and I have indulged in it many times since.

Transplanting annual seedlings is a tedious job, as any gardener knows, and for many years I delegated it to a subordinate. Meantime, in some strange way, my taste for annuals had abated. Once I looked forward to their abundant and diverse flowering. Of late I had taken them as a matter of course, as a bothersome but necessary task that someone else should attend to while I was intent on more difficult and complicated horticultural flights. This year I went back and did all the old tedious jobs—and my eyes were opened again to the beauty of these flowers.

Under the false allure of progress and advancement, so many of us forget old trails. We wonder why we bothered with them, why we accepted them, why we were ever satisfied with their uninteresting, slow, commonplace and heavy ways. We all have had our Shakespeares, and thought we outgrew them. We all have eaten our stews, and sought to forget them in our selection of what we thought to be much better fare in life. We all, at one time or another, have grown too important to raise annuals. Yet none of us can ever be so important, or acquire so refined a taste or make such a complete avowal with modernity, but we will be better for going back to those things with which we began.

Perhaps, before we are obliged to do so, we had better return to Shakespeare and stew and to transplanting annuals! Perhaps we had better go back to some of those things we were made to do—how many years ago?—because older people said they

were good for us! Perhaps we might start all over again by believing in Christmas!

Most of us began with that—with a belief in that homely picture of poverty, dejection and weakness—a poor couple, no place at the inn, a helpless Babe. The ordinary clods of wondering shepherds and the rusticity of the stable and its cattle, how vividly do they symbolize the sort of things we think we outgrow!

Suddenly into the picture comes the song of angels! A star stands still! Wise men bring rich gifts! The world hears of redemption! It talks of peace on earth to men of good will! From the sordid circumstances we think we outgrow, the whole scene is lifted to heights none of us can ever attain, unless we start again at the beginning.

The star that is Christmas always lights the same old path, and the path always leads back to the same dingy stable. Because of this insistent return to beginnings, it has never lost its power over the lives of men, and in its Presence they have found the same peace year after year, undimmed and unconquered. Because of this, all manner of people walk the road to Christmas and discover at the end of it the same thing—children who are just beginning, men and women starting over again, the inconsequential and the important, the successful and the failures—all treading the same old road, all seeking the one thing they never outgrow.

If someone sends you packages of seed for Christmas place them right away where you ordinarily keep seed. They have a habit of getting lost in the Christmas shuf-

fle and not being found until too late next year to plant them.

26. CHRISTMAS IN JUNE. She, being of New England extraction, has a quaint way of saving string. The household is never without it. The workbench has its string box. Here are neatly twisted lengths and bits of cord of varying weights and strengths, accumulated from the day-to-day unwrapping of the household. Indeed, I believe that She actually enjoys the aftermath of Christmas because it provides so much string to save. And at the same time it provides me with amusement many months later. A wayward Rose has to be tied and I dip blindly into the string box. Eventually this American Pillar is lashed to its trellis with a tape that assures me that Macy's wishes everyone a Merry Christmas. You can discover Delphiniums held to their stake with Sherry's mauve candybox ribbon and Salpiglossis with strands of bright red and green holiday string. Of course, if we were a pair of well-organized gardeners, we would buy a dollar's worth of green bast for tying up plants, which would be neater and more professional, and throw away the string. But then, each of us has his or her own pet economies!

A good subject for study this winter is the South African or Cape plants which are coming into vogue again.

27. DESTRUCTIVE THOUGHTS ON TEST GARDENS. Whenever, in the course of reading the pub-

lications of our special plant societies I encounter the word "test garden," my mind becomes unaccountably blank. The establishment of a test garden would seem to be the first ambition toward which these societies rush with panting haste. It is inconceivable that a group of admirers, say, of the Petunia, should join forces without immediately considering where the Petunia Test Garden is to be located and how soon it can be planted.

Now what in the name of commonsense goes on in a test garden? Is it a solemn toy to amuse the scientifically inclined? Is it to try out cures for plant diseases? Is it to see how close to the edge of the ice of hardiness plants will grow? Or the effects of various kinds of soils on the various members of a particular plant family? And after the tests have been made, presuming that they are made, to what extent do the findings affect gardeners generally?

A collection garden is another matter. Thither the populace can flock to see what yellow Roses thrive in their neighborhood, what white Iris, what Peonies. A collection garden is a living catalog, a show case. But a test garden only adds to the general annoyance I feel when professors get together and try to talk like ordinary human beings.

Before the December bills come in, you might defy Fate and impending poverty by ordering a few more loads of manure.

28. FROST AT MIDNIGHT. If it fell to my lot to write a love letter at this season of the year to some particular woman whose other passion was garden-

ing, I should try to introduce, between the halting lines of my immature prose, these verses from Coleridge's "Frost at Midnight"—

Therefore all seasons shall be sweet to thee,
Whether the summer clothe the general earth
With greenness, or the red breast sit and sing
Betwixt the tufts of snow on the barren branch
Of mossy Apple-tree, while the nigh thatch
Smokes in the sun-thaw; whether the eave-drops fall
Heard only in the trances of the blast,
Or if the secret ministry of frost
Shall hang them up in silent icicles,
Quietly shining to the quiet moon.

Should you be suffering from the temptation to raise Mushrooms in your cellar, just lay that thought softly aside.

29. MY DISTASTE FOR DISBUDDING. One of these days, when we shall have arrived at an appreciation of floral beauty as it grows naturally, we will classify disbudding along with the docking of horses' tails and the slitting of the ears of bulldogs. All the garden-books go on giving the same advice: If you want bigger Dahlias. . . . If you want bigger Peonies. . . . If you want bigger Chrysanthemums.

Well, some of us don't want our flowers bigger. We may run to corpulence ourselves, but what we actually admire is the svelte figure. Why can't we do something about the disbudding and the glorification of the huge flower? If enough of us get together at flower shows and stoutly refuse to award prizes for mere size, we may help to change

the taste. Or, lacking this support, let us have two classes of flowers at our shows: Good Taste and Gargantuan.

Those who are fortunate enough to be planning a winter cruise to the Tropics, might read up on tropical plants. You never know when you'll meet another gardener.

30. THOSE LEFT UNDONE. A defeating sense of futility creeps over me when I discover at this time of year, as I usually do, the ambitious garden list I made at the opening of spring. With the catalogs heaped on the desk around me, I put in hours listing plants that I positively *will* grow this year and experiments that I positively *will* make. These are carefully put away after I receive my April 1st bank statement, with the vain hope that next year, perhaps, there need be less work at a desk and more chance to work in the garden. For five years running I've promised myself to do something about the Saxifrages, to take up Lilies in a really big way, to grow Roses well enough to dare to invite the other officers of the American Rose Society here, to take a flyer in the more difficult Iris, to make a comprehensive collection of Bush Honeysuckles and Cotoneasters, to go heavily into Crocuses and Fritillarias and Erythroniums and—well, the list is appalling. I can only hope that, if I ever get past the Pearly Gates I shan't be made a member of the orchestra and put to twanging a harp, but will be assigned to the garden section, where I can wear my old corduroy pants and inde-

scribably soiled work shirt and really have a chance to do all those many things I have left undone.

Already garden clubs are working on their plans for spring flower shows. The chairman will appreciate any original ideas you have.

31. GRAND PRAISE. Nowadays only very dull or very pious people read Jeremy Taylor. Preachers who lived in the age he did—1613 to 1667—lack the snap to catch our contemporary ear. Yet on this last day I offer, as a sublime slice of English, this magnificent sentence that Jeremy Taylor wrapped around a quaint conceit: "He is glorified in the Sunne and Moon, in the rare fabrick of the honeycombs, in the discipline of Bees, in the economy of Pismires, in the little houses of birds, in the curiosity of an eye. God being pleased to delight in those little images and reflexes of Himself from those pretty mirrors."

Go out by yourself, face the wind, hold up your head and thank God for this gardening year.

THE END

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